

THIS is the story of an American wife and mother. It tells of her lonely childhood, her courtship and wedding, her husband's terrible illness and his victory over it. It tells, too, of the children who have meant so much to their mother.

Her name is Eleanor Roosevelt. She married a man who became a great President. All her life she has moved among the mighty of the earth—but essentially this is a warm hearted woman's own story of her life with her family down to the time when her husband stood on the threshold of the greatest events of his career.

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This is my Story

by **Eleanor Roosevelt**



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THIS IS MY STORY

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MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD

BACKGROUND

MY MOTHER was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. The Halls were noted for their beauty and charm in the days when New York City was small enough to have a society spelled with a capital S! She had been largely brought up by her father, who died when she was seventeen. It must have been a curious household for my Grandfather Hall never engaged in business. He lived on what his father and mother gave him.

He had a house in New York City at 11 West 37th Street and he built a house on the Hudson River about five miles above the village of Tivoli, on land which was part of the old Chancellor Livingston estate. My grandmother's mother was a Miss Livingston, and so we were related to the Livingstons, the Clarksons, the DePeysters, who lived in the various houses up and down the River Road.

My Grandfather Hall's great interest was in the study of theology, and in his library were immense books dealing with religion. Most of them were of little interest to me as a child, but the Bible illustrated by Dore occupied many hours—and I think, probably gave me many nightmares!

A clergyman, Mr. W. C. P. Rhoades, lived with my grandfather in order that he might have some one with whom to talk on equal terms! My Grandmother Hall—who had been a Miss Ludlow—a beauty and a belle, was treated like a cherished but somewhat spoiled child. She was expected to bring children into the world and seven children were born, but she was not expected to bring them up. My grandfather

bought her clothes and adornments of every kind, but he told her nothing about business, never even taught her to draw a check, and died without a will, leaving her with six children under seventeen years of age, a responsibility for which she was totally unprepared.

The two eldest children, my mother and Tissie—whose real name was Elizabeth and who later became Mrs. Stanley Morimer—bore the marks of their upbringing by their father. They were deeply religious, they had been taught to use their minds in the ways that my grandfather thought suitable for girls. He disciplined them well. For instance in the country they walked from the house to the main road with a stick across their backs in the crook of their elbows, to improve their carriage—and that was done not only once but several times a day! He was a severe judge of what they read and wrote and how they expressed themselves, and held them to the highest standards of conduct. The result, as far as my mother was concerned—and I think the same holds good of Tissie—was strength of character, with very definite ideas of right and wrong and a certain rigidity in conforming to a conventional pattern which had been put before them as the only proper existence for a lady.

Suddenly the strong hand was removed and the two boys and two younger girls knew no discipline for how could a woman who had never been treated as anything but a grown-up child suddenly assume the burden of training a family?

I have been told that my mother for the first year or so after my grandfather died was the guiding spirit of the household but girls were married young in those days and at nineteen she was married to my father.

My mother belonged to that New York City Society which thou, hit itself all important. Old Mr. Peter Maré who gave advice parties and whose approval stamped young girls and young matrons a success, called my mother a queen and bowed before her charm and beauty and to her this was important.

In that Society you were kind to the poor you did not neglect your philanthropic duties in whatever community you lived you assisted the hospitals and did something for the needy. You accepted invitations to dine and to dance with the right people only you lived where you would be in their midst. You thought seriously about your children's education you read the books that everybody read you were familiar with good literature. In short you conformed to the conventional pattern.

My father Elliott Roosevelt charming good looking loved by all who came in contact with him high or low had a background and upbringing which were a bit alien to her pattern. He had a physical weakness which he himself probably never quite understood. As a boy of about fifteen he left St. Paul's School after one year because of illness and went out with Dr. Metcalf a friend of the family to what was then the "wild and woolly west" of Texas. He made friends with the officers of Fort McKavitt a frontier fort and stayed with them hunting wild turkeys and game of every sort and scouting in search of hostile Indians. He loved the life and was a natural sportsman a good shot and a good rider. I think the life left an indelible impression on him. The illness left its mark on him too on those inner reserves of strength which we all have to call on at times in our lives. He returned to his family in New York apparently well and strong.

My Grandfather Roosevelt died before my father was twenty-one and while his older brother Theodore—later to be President of the United States—fought his way to health from an asthmatic childhood and went to Harvard College. Elliott with the consent of an indulgent mother and two adoring sisters took part of his inheritance and went around the world. He hunted in India when few people from this country had done anything of the kind. In his letters which I collected and published a few years ago (*Hunting Big Game in the 80s*) the story of these early years both in the West and in India is told.

My father returned from his trip around the world to be at the wedding of his little sister Corinne, to his friend Douglas Robinson. Then he married Anna Hall and as is so often the case in life tragedy and happiness came walking on each other's heels.

He adored my mother and she was devoted to him but always in a more reserved and less spontaneous way. I doubt that the background of their respective family lives could have been more different. His family was not so much concerned with Society (spelled with a big S) as with people and these people included the newsboys from the streets of New York and the cripples whom Dr Schaefer one of the most noted early orthopaedic surgeons was trying to cure.

MY ARRIVAL ON THE SCENE

My father's mother whom he adored and his brother Theodore's young wife Alice Lee died within a few days of each other. The latter left only a little Alice to console the sorrowing young father and the other members of the family. My father felt these losses deeply not only for himself but for those whom he loved. Very soon however in October 1884 I came into the world and from all accounts I must have been a more wrinkled and less attractive baby than the average—but to him I was a miracle from Heaven.

I was a shy solemn child even at the age of two and I am sure that even when I danced which I did frequently I never smiled.

My earliest recollections are of being dressed up and allowed to come down into what must have been a dining room and dance for a group of gentlemen who applauded and laughed as I pirouetted before them. Finally my father would pick me up and hold me high in the air. All this is rather vague to me but my father was never vague. He dominated my life as long as he lived and was the love of my life for many years after he died.

With my father I was perfectly happy. He would take me

into his dressing room in the mornings, or when he was dressing for dinner, and let me watch each thing he did. There is still a wooden painting of a child with a straight bang across her forehead, very solemn, with an uplifted finger and an admonishing attitude, which he always enjoyed and referred to as 'Little Nell scolding Elliott.'

We had a country house at Hempstead, Long Island, so that he could hunt and play polo. He loved horses and dogs, and we always had both. During this time he was in business and with this added to the work and the sports the gay and popular young couple lived a busy, social life. Some of the older members of my father's family have told me since that they thought the strain on his health was very great but my mother and he himself probably never realized this. I knew only that he was the center of my world and that all around him loved him.

I remember our waitress Rebecca. She spoiled me terribly as a child and she worshipped my father and years later, when she had left us and was working for my husband's half brother, J. R. Roosevelt ("Rosy"), she loved nothing better than to have me bring over some of my little children so that she might tell them tales of their Grandfather Elliott.

One other thing I remember of this early period. We were on a steamer, and a collision occurred when we were one day out. The story has been told me many times but I remember only that there was wild confusion. My father stood in a boat below me and I was dangling over the side to be dropped into his arms. I was terrified and shrieking, and clung to those who were to drop me. Finally, I was safely in the little boat, and we transferred to the boat which had run us down in the fog and were taken back to New York.

My father and mother and Tissie started out again for Europe a few days later, but a terrified and determined little girl refused to go near a boat again, so I was left for the summer with my father's aunt, Mrs. James King Gracie, my Grandmother Roosevelt's sister. That summer I remember

Memories of My Childhood

the pretty house and grounds at Oyster Bay, the chickens which were called mine, and the eggs I brought for breakfast. Occasional "Br'er Rabbit" stories, told me by sweet and gentle Auntie Grace, visits to Auntie Bye, my father's older sister, who, it seems to me, had a cottage in the woods near by.

When the European trip was over, I returned to my family, and one little brother must have been born about that time, Elliott Roosevelt, Junior, but of his arrival I have no recollection whatsoever.

A short time after must have come a serious accident. My father was riding in a society circus held, I believe, on Mr. James M. Waterbury's estate in Westchester County. His leg was broken, and later it had to be rebroken and reset. I remember the day well, for we were alone in his room when he told me about it. Little as I was, I sensed that this was a terrible ordeal, and when he went hobbling out on crutches to the waiting doctors, I was dissolved in tears and sobbed my heart out for hours. From this illness my father never quite recovered.

Whether it was some weakness from his early years which the strain of the life he was living accentuated, whether it was the pain he endured, I do not know, for of course at that time I had no realization that anything was wrong—he began, however, to drink, and for my mother and his brother Theodore and his sisters began the period of harrowing anxiety which was to last until his death in 1894.

MY FIRST TRIP ABROAD

My father and mother, my little brother and I went to Italy for the winter of 1890 as the first step in the fight for his health and power of self-control. Of this trip I have only vague pictures in my mind. I remember my father acting as gondolier, taking me out on the Venice canals, singing with the other boatmen, to my intense joy. I think there never was a child who was less able to carry a tune and had less gift for music.

than I I loved his voice however, and above all, I loved the way he treated me. He called me Little Nell, after the Little Nell in Dickens "Old Curiosity Shop". Later he made me read the book but at that time I only knew it was a term of affection and I never doubted that I stood first in his heart.

He could however be annoyed with me particularly when I disappointed him in such things as physical courage—and this unfortunately I did quite often. We went to Sorrento and I was given a donkey and a donkey boy so I could ride over the beautiful roads. One day the others overtook me and offered to let me go with them but at the first steep descent which they slid down I turned pale and preferred to stay on the high road. I can remember still the tone of disapproval in his voice though his words of reproof have long since faded away.

I was about five and a half and very sensitive to physical suffering and quite overcome by the fact that my little donkey boy's feet were always cut and bleeding. On one occasion we returned with the boy on the donkey and I was running along beside him my explanation being that his feet bled too much!

I remember my trip to Vesuvius with my father and one other person and the throwing of pennies which were returned to us encased in lava and then an endless trip down. I suppose there was some block in the traffic, but I can only remember my utter weariness and my effort to bear it without tears so that my father would not be displeased.

Two other experiences stand out in my mind. One was in Germany where my father went to a sanitarium. Perhaps it illustrates how one's childhood marks one's future life!

We often went to the cafés and the older people drank steins of beer with the delicious looking foam on top. I saw little German children drinking it too. I begged my father to let me have one of the small mugs as the other children. He refused for a while and then said "Very well but remember if you have it you have to drink the whole glass." I promised

without a suspicion of the horror before me. When I took first taste instead of something sweet and delicious I found I had something very bitter which I could hardly swallow. I was a disillusioned and disappointed child but I had to finish the glass! Never since then have I cared for beer.

I remember too that we children were left to travel into Paris following the older members of the family. My father's man and our nurse looked after us. The nurse and I got out at one of the stations and managed to be left behind! Such excitement on the part of the nurse for of course she had neither money nor tickets! Such terror for me and exasperation on the part of the station master! Finally after much telegraphing we were put on a train and met later that night by a worried but distinctly annoyed father and mother in Paris.

My mother took a house in Neuilly outside of Paris and settled down for several months as another baby was expected the end of June. My father entered a sanitarium while his older sister Anna our Auntie Bye came to stay with my mother.

The house was small so it was decided to put me in a convent to learn French and to have me out of the way when the baby arrived. In those days children were expected to believe that babies dropped from Heaven or were brought in the doctor's satchel.

The convent experience was a very unhappy one. Of course I was not yet six years old and I must have been very sensitive with an inordinate desire for affection and praise—perhaps brought on by the fact that I was fully conscious of my plain looks and lack of manners. My mother was always a little troubled by my lack of beauty and I knew it as a child senses those things. She tried very hard to bring me up well so my manners would in some way compensate for my looks but her efforts only made me more keenly conscious of my shortcomings.

The little girls of my age in the convent could hardly be

expected to take much interest in a child who did not speak their language and did not belong to their religion. They had a little shrine of their own and often worked hard for hours beautifying it. I longed to be allowed to join them, but was always kept on the outside and wandered by myself in the walled in garden.

Finally, I fell a prey to temptation. One of the girls swallowed a penny. The excitement was great; every attention was given her; she was the center of everybody's interest. I longed to be in her place. One day I went to one of the sisters and told her that I had swallowed a penny. I think it must have been evident that my story was not true, but I could not be shaken, so they sent for my mother and told her that they did not believe me. She took me away in disgrace. Understanding as I do now my mother's character, I realize how terrible it must have seemed to her to have a child who would lie!

I finally confessed to my mother, but never could explain my motives. I suppose I did not really understand them then, and certainly my mother did not understand them.

I remember the drive home as one of utter misery, for I could bear swift punishment of any kind far better than long scoldings. I could cheerfully lie any time to escape a scolding, whereas if I had known that I would simply be put to bed or be spanked I probably would have told the truth.

My father had come home for the baby's arrival, and I am sorry to say he was causing my mother and his sister a great deal of anxiety—but he was the only person who did not treat me as a criminal!

The baby, my brother Hall, was several weeks old when I finally left the convent, and soon we sailed for home, leaving my father in a sanitarium in France where his brother Theodore had to go and get him later on.

CHANGED CONDITIONS

We lived that winter without my father. I had the whoop-

ing cough and was extremely grateful that Mrs Loomis, who lived next door, on 34th Street, would allow me to come in and play in her house, because her children had had the disease. I was also fortunate in being allowed to go to study with the children of Mr and Mrs Cleveland Dodge, so time did not hang altogether heavy on my hands.

I slept in my mother's room, and remember well the thrill of watching her dress to go out in the evenings. She looked so beautiful, I was grateful to be allowed to touch her dress or her jewels or anything that was part of the vision which I admired inordinately.

My mother suffered from very bad headaches, and I know now that life must have been hard and bitter and a very great strain on her. I would often sit at the head of her bed and stroke her head. People have since told me that I have good hands for rubbing and perhaps even as a child there was something soothing in my touch for she was willing to let me sit there hours on end.

As with all children the feeling that I was useful was perhaps the greatest joy I experienced.

There was one mysterious visitor that winter, Uncle Jimmie Bulloch who came over from Liverpool where he had lived ever since the Civil War. On account of the work he and his brother had done for the Confederacy they had not been included in the general amnesty and so had had to settle in England instead of returning to their own country. He was, of course, entirely safe but he had come over under an assumed name, and there were many people in New York who would not receive the man who had succeeded in getting the *Alabama* out to sea to prey upon the northern ships and had actually sailed in her as a junior officer.

I, of course, knew nothing of this story at the time but I remember a very vital big man in my mother's sitting room playing with me, giving me a strange sense of adventure even though I knew nothing of the reasons for it.

I had my troubles, too. The doctors did not want me to

have sugar, and I had a very sweet tooth. I loved candy and sugar, so when we had dinner parties and there were sweets to go on the table, I stole into the pantry, and if I could find a paper bag with any of the sweets, I not only ate them but once or twice, fearing I would not have a chance to eat them on the spot, I took the whole bag and decided the best hiding place was down the front of my dress. I remember sitting on the lap of my brother's nurse, who was very strict with me, and when she felt something crackle she demanded to know what it was. I evaded the question, and, of course, was discovered at once. She scolded me, and then I was taken in to my mother, who scolded me again and sent me to bed in disgrace.

This habit of lying stayed with me for a number of years. I now realize I was a great trial to my mother. She did not understand that a child may lie from fear; I myself never understood it until I reached the age when I suddenly realized that there was nothing to fear.

Those summers, while my father was away trying to rehabilitate himself, we spent largely with my grandmother at her Tivoli house, which later was to become home to both my brother Hall and me.

My father sent up one of his horses, an old hunter which my mother used to drive, and I remember driving with her. Even more vividly do I remember the times when I was sent down to visit my great aunt, Mrs. Ludlow, whose house was next to ours but nearer the river and quite out of sight, for no house along that part of the river was really close to any other.

Mrs. Ludlow was very handsome, very sure of herself, an excellent housekeeper of the kind that existed in those days but is rarely seen now! She was a good cook, could show her servants how things should be done, knew exactly how much sugar and flour and coffee should be used in a day and how much was used in her house.

On one memorable occasion she set to work to find out how much I knew. Alas and alack, I could not even read! The

very next day and every day thereafter that summer she sent her companion to give me lessons in reading and then she found out that I could not sew and could not cook and knew none of the things a girl should know!

I surmise that my mother was roundly taken to task for after that Madeleine became a great factor in my life and began to teach me to sew

That summer stands out in my mind because of two laborious tasks—the effort to learn to read and the effort to begin to sew I think I was six!

I still slept in my mother's room and every morning I had to repeat to her some verses which I had learned in the Old or the New Testament I wish I could remember today all the verses which I learned by heart that summer!

Sometimes I woke up when my mother and her sisters were talking at bedtime and many a conversation which was not meant for my ears was listened to with great avidity I acquired a strange and garbled idea of the troubles which were going on around me Something was wrong with my father and from my point of view nothing could be wrong with him

If people only realized what a war goes on in a child's mind and heart in a situation of this kind I think they would try to explain more than they do to children but nobody told me anything

We moved back to New York the autumn that I was seven to a house which my mother had bought and put in order on East 61st Street two blocks from Auntie Bye who lived at Madison Avenue and East 62nd Street She had Uncle Ted's little girl Alice with her a great deal and that winter our first real acquaintance began Already she seemed much older and cleverer and while I always admired her I was always a little afraid of her and this was so even when we were grown and she was the Princess Alice in the White House.

That winter too began a friendship with young Robert Munro-Ferguson who was a young man sent over here from

England by an elder brother to make his way in the world. My father and mother had known this elder brother, Ronald (later Lord Novar) and so had Auntie Bye. The boy, when he came here, was taken into her house and given a start in Douglas Robinson's office. He became a dear and close friend to the entire family.

For my education, my mother formed a small class which was to meet in our house in a very pleasant school room on an upper floor. The fashionable teacher of the day was Mr. Rosa, but younger children were not taught by him, they were taught by one of his teachers, Miss Tomes. As I think back, I doubt that he was a remarkable teacher, but for Miss Tomes my admiration has grown as the years have gone by. She taught us well and thoroughly.

I was always disgracing my mother; however I remember on the first day this class met I was asked to spell some simple words and completely failed, with the result that my mother took me aside afterwards and told me seriously that she wondered what would happen if I did not mend my ways! She knew that I knew them all and was too shy to open my mouth.

That winter I spent happy, rainy afternoons in the maid's sewing room at Auntie Bye's, where I was allowed to have cambric tea and cookies and no one bothered me.

My mother always had the three children with her for a time in the late afternoon. Little Ellie adored her, and was so good he never had to be reproved. The baby Hall was always called Josh, and was too small to do anything but sit upon her lap contentedly. I felt a curious barrier between myself and these three. My mother made a great effort for me, she would read to me and have me read to her, she would have me recite my poems; she would keep me after the boys had gone to bed, and still I can remember standing in the door, very often with my finger in my mouth—which was of course, forbidden—and I can see the look in her eyes and hear the tone of her voice as she said: "Come in, Granny." If a visitor was there

she might turn and say She is such a funny child so old fashioned that we always call her Granny I wanted to sink through the floor in shame and I felt I was apart from the boys

I was still forbidden sugar and I ate my breakfast from a tray in the library by myself Once my mother came into the room and found me covering my cereal with sugar which I had cajoled the waitress into bringing me I had got away with it for many days and was caught at last

The French maid whom I hated and who took me out in the afternoon used to hold over my head the threat of telling my mother that I spent my pennies for cakes and candies which I shared with my little cousins who occasionally came to play with me in the front basement which was our usual playroom

I remember too sitting on the bed in the guest room admiring our most beautiful guest Mary Leiter later to be Lady Curzon I adored her because she let me sit and worship her

All in all however life moved smoothly Suddenly everything was changed

MY MOTHER'S DEATH

We children were sent out of the house I went to stay with my godmother Mrs Henry Parish and the boys went to my mother's aunt Mrs Ludlow My grandmother left her own house and family to nurse my mother for she had diphtheria and there was then no antitoxin Bob Ferguson sat on the stairs outside her room to do any errands that might be asked of him both day and night My father was sent for but came too late from his exile in Virginia Diphtheria went fast in those days

I can remember standing by a window when Cousin Susie (Mrs Parish) told me that my mother was dead She was very sweet to me, and I must have known that something terrible had happened Death meant nothing to me and one

it wiped out everything else—my father was back and I could see him very soon

This was on December 7th, 1892

He did not come right away, and later I knew what a tragedy of utter defeat this meant for him. No hope now of ever wiping out the sorrowful years he had brought upon my mother—and she had left her mother as guardian for her children. My grandmother did not feel that she could trust my father to take care of us. He had no wife, no children, no hope!

Finally, he came to take me out driving, and as I climbed up beside him in the high dog cart, everything but the excitement of seeing him was forgotten.

He was driving his best hunter, Mohawk by name, and as we went up Madison Avenue, a streetcar frightened the horse, and we nearly had an accident. My father lost his hat which a policeman restored to him. He looked down at me and said, "You weren't afraid, were you, Little Nell?"

When we reached the Park, with its long line of carriages and horses, he again looked at me and said, "If I were to say 'hoopla' to Mohawk he would try to jump them all." Inwardly I prayed that he would do nothing of the kind.

In spite of my abject terror, those drives were the high points of my existence.

Finally, it was arranged that we three children were to go and live with my Grandmother Hall. I realize now what that must have meant in dislocation of her household, and I marvel at the sweetness of my two uncles and the two aunts who were still at home, for never by word or deed did any of them make us feel that we were not in our own house.

After we were installed, my father came to see me, and I remember going down into the high-ceilinged, dim library on the first floor of the house in West 37th Street. He sat in a big chair. He was dressed all in black, looking very sad. He held out his arms and gathered me to him. In a little while he began to talk, to explain to me that my mother was gone.

that she had been all the world to him, and now he only had my brothers and myself, that my brothers were very young and that he and I must keep close together. Some day I would make a home for him again, we would travel together and do many things which he painted as interesting and pleasant, to be looked forward to in the future together.

Somehow it was always he and I. I did not understand whether my brothers were to be our children or whether he felt that they would be at school and college and later independent.

There started that day a feeling which never left me—that he and I were very close together, and some day would have a life of our own together. He told me to write to him often *to be a good girl, not to give any trouble, to study hard to grow up into a woman he could be proud of, and he would come to see me whenever it was possible.*

When he left, I was all alone to keep our secret of mutual understanding and to adjust myself to my new existence.

LIFE WITH MY GRANDMOTHER

The two little boys had a room with Madeleine and I had a little hall bed room next to them. I was old enough to look after myself except that my hair had to be brushed at night. Of course, someone had to be engaged to take me out, to and from classes and to whatever I did in the afternoons. I had governesses, French maids, German maids. I walked them all off their feet. They always tried to talk to me and I wished to be left alone to live in a dream world in which I was the heroine and my father the hero. Into this world I retired as soon as I went to bed and as soon as I woke in the morning and all the time I was walking or when any one bored me.

I was a very healthy child but now and then in winter I would have a sore throat and tonsillitis so cold baths were decreed as a daily morning routine—and how I cheated on those baths! Madeleine could not always follow me up and more

ot water went into them than would have been considered beneficial had any one supervised me

My grandmother laid great stress on certain things in my education. I must learn French. My father wished me to be musical. I worked at music until I was eighteen, but no one ever trained my ear!

Through listening to my Aunt Pussie play I did gain an emotional appreciation of music, for she played with great feeling this young aunt whose name was Edith and who later became Mrs W Forbes Morgan. She was a fascinating and lovely creature, almost a genius in many ways, and her playing was one of the unforgettable joys of my childhood. I would lie on the sofa in the 37th Street house and listen to her for hours.

I would have given anything to be a singer, partly because my father loved to sing, and when he came to the 37th Street house he would sing with Maude and Pussie, and partly because I admired some of their friends who were professional singers. I felt that one could give a great deal of pleasure and, yes, receive attention and admiration! Attention and admiration were the things through all my childhood which I wanted, because I was made to feel so conscious of the fact that nothing about me would attract attention or would bring me admiration!

As I look back on that household in the 37th Street house, I realize how very differently life was lived in the New York of those days, both in its homes and in its streets.

There were already, of course, a number of very large and beautiful homes, most of them on Fifth Avenue. Madison Square was still almost entirely residential, and from 14th Street to 23rd Street was the shopping district.

Our old-fashioned, brown-stone house was much like all the other houses in the side streets, fairly large and comfortable, with high ceilings, a dark basement and inadequate servants' quarters with working conditions which no one with any social conscience would tolerate today. The laundry

had one little window in it opening on the back yard and of course, we had no electric light. We were really very modern in that we had gas!

The servants' rooms, as compared with today, as I remember them, were not very comfortable in their lack of ventilation and comfortable furnishings. Their bathroom was in the cellar, so each one had a basin and a pitcher in a tiny bedroom.

Our household consisted of a cook, a butler, a houseman—who was maid as well to my young aunts—and a laundress. The family consisted of my grandmother, Pussie and Maude who had been the baby of the family until our arrival, Vallie my older uncle, and, for brief periods, Eddie, who was some two years younger. Eddie had a roving foot, and took at least one long trip to Africa which I remember.

Into this household I moved with my two little brothers and their nurse.

My grandmother seemed to me a very old lady, though I realize now that she was still quite young. She was relegated almost entirely to her own bedroom. She came downstairs when she actually had visitors of her own, but the drawing room, with its massive gilt furniture covered with blue damask, was the room in which, by tacit consent, she saw her guests. Her daughters took possession of the library, which was a large front room where the piano stood, and where a large bow window on the street gave more light.

The dining room, in the extension at the back, was quite a bright room, having three windows on the side. Back of that was the pantry, where I spent considerable time for the butler, Victor, whom I remember very well as he was with us a good many years, was kind to me and taught me how to wash dishes and to wipe them though when I broke one he was much displeased. Still he did not tell my grandmother! Sometimes when I was in disgrace and sent supperless to bed, he or Kitty, the chambermaid, would smuggle me up something to eat.

The years had changed my grandmother. With her own children she had been chiefly concerned in loving them but not in disciplining them. That had been my grandfather's part. When he died she still wanted to surround them with the tenderest love but later on she found that she could not control Vallie or Eddie or Pussie or Maude. She worried over them a great deal and she was determined that the grandchildren who were now under her care should have the discipline that her own children had lacked and we were brought up on the principle that "no" was easier to say than "yes."

There was a great deal of coming and going of young people in the house. My aunts had a great many friends and they were belles as soon as they came out and even before that magic time came.

So much for the way we lived in our home in New York City.

In the streets there were no motor cars. Beautiful horses and smart carriages of every description took their place. Horse-drawn stages labored up Fifth Avenue and horse-drawn street cars ran on other avenues and crosstown streets. cabs and hackoms were the taxis of those days.

One of my most exciting experiences took place in a Fifth Avenue stage. I was never allowed to go out alone always having a maid follow me but naturally in a stage we could not always sit side by side. One day a poor wretched looking man jumped up and tried to snatch a purse from a woman who sat near me. Everyone screamed and there was great confusion. I was so terrified that I shot out of the stage into the street and found myself on the sidewalk in the midst of a milling crowd which was yelling "Stop thief!" Luckily I stood still and a very irate maid got out as soon as the driver realized that something was wrong and brought the horses to a stop. She came back and reproved me sternly for jumping out of the stage when it was going. We proceeded on our way to my French lesson but I am sure I learned very little that day for the face of that poor haunted man was too vivid

idly before me, and it continued to come before me in my dreams for months afterwards

I was very much afraid of burglars. A sneak thief had entered the 37th Street house one day and taken several things off tables on the first floor before he was frightened away.

My great grandmother, Mrs. Edward H. Ludlow, was still alive though a very old lady. She lived in a house on East 34th Street. I have no very clear recollection of her, but my grandmother used to take us to see her after we had attended church on Sundays.

I remember very vividly stopping there with Maude to explain one Sunday that my grandmother had a cold and could not come. The old lady—who had a violent temper—I gather—shook her stick at us and told us to go straight home and send Molly (my grandmother's name was Mary) down immediately. We went home and I think my grandmother got out of bed and went to see her.

During the summer of 1896 she had a long illness prior to her death on Christmas Day, so that my grandmother was much in New York with her and slept in a room over the front door. It was very easy for an active man to climb up to the window of this room and one night my grandmother woke to find a burglar in her room and had to hand over her rings. She was unable to call for help until after he left.

This story I listened to with bated breath and when later he was caught and sent to prison and the jewelry for the most part was recovered I was much relieved. I remember my fear and dismay years later when my grandmother told us he was about to be let out again and she wondered if he would try to take any revenge for having been kept in prison.

In view of this terror on my part I have always thought that one incident which occurred during these years from ten to fifteen was very significant.

Pussie was ill with a bad sore throat and she liked me to do things for her which made me very proud. One night she called me. Everything was dark and I groped my way to her

om She must have ice for what she had had was all melted
be asked if I would go to the basement and get some from
ice-box That meant three flights of stairs the last one
ould mean closing the door at the foot of the stairs and be-
ing alone in the basement making my way in pitch black
arkness to that ice-box out in the back yard!

My knees were trembling but as between the fear of going
and the fear of not being allowed to minister to Pussie when
he was ill and thereby losing an opportunity to be important
I had no choice

I went and returned with the ice demonstrating again the
act that children value above everything else the opportunity
to be really useful to those around them

Very early I became conscious of the fact that there were
men and women and children around me who suffered in one
way or another I think I was five or six when my father took
me for the first time to help serve Thanksgiving Day dinner
in one of the newsboys clubhouses which my grandfather
Theodore Roosevelt had started He was also a Trustee of the
Children's Aid Society for many years I was tremendously
interested in all these ragged little boys and in the fact which
my father explained that many of them had no homes and
lived in little wooden shanties in empty lots or slept in vesti-
bules of houses or public buildings or any place where they
could be moderately warm Yet they were independent and
earned their own livings

A few of them had homes but then they usually had added
cares a mother and little brothers and sisters to help The
boys clubhouse was their only place for recreation often
their only chance of education The men who went there
were their friends and advisers

After dinner was over the boys themselves put on an enter-
tainment and as I remember it if I hadn't been so sleepy I
would have enjoyed it but I am afraid I disgraced myself by
placidly going to sleep!

Every Christmas I was taken by my grandmother to help

dress the Christmas tree for the babies' ward in the Pe Graduate Hospital. She was particularly interested in the charity.

My father's aunt Annie, Mrs. James King Gracie, whom we children called 'Auntie Gracie,' took us to the Orthopaedic Hospital which my Grandfather Roosevelt had been instrumental in helping Dr. Newton Shaffer to start and in which the family was all deeply interested. There I saw a number of little children in casts and splints. Some of them lay patiently for months in strange and curious positions.

Perhaps I was particularly interested in them because I had a curvature myself and wore for some time a steel brace which was vastly uncomfortable and prevented my bending over.

Even my Uncle Vallie, who at this time was in business in New York, a champion tennis player and a very popular young man in society, helped along my education in human suffering and want. I suspect now that some of his interest in good works was because a lady he thought very charming was also interested in them. But, nevertheless, he took me to help dress a Christmas tree for a group of children in a part of New York City which was called 'Hell's Kitchen.' This was for many years one of New York's poorest and worst sections. I also went with Maude and Pussie to sing at the Bower Mission, so I was not in ignorance that there were sharp contrasts, even though our lives were blessed with plenty.

Of course, I did not really understand many of the things I saw, but I still think that I gained impressions that have remained with me all my life.

My father was very much interested in my education and certain things were done entirely for his pleasure. Much of my reading was done at his suggestion. At the age of five I could recite a good part of Longfellow's *Hiawatha* because that happened to be a favorite poem of his.

My French teacher, Mlle. LeClerq, was quite an old lady but she taught French well and we learned to repeat verses

son verse of the New Testament in French I thought this great waste of time, but later found very useful the well trained memory which all this learning things by heart gave

However, I realize now that it was unfortunate that I was not taught to reason anything out. Mathematics, from plain arithmetic to geometry, was torture to me, and all grammar just about as bad, because both required a certain amount of reasoning, and I tried to do them entirely from memory. My formal education did not begin until I went abroad at fifteen.

Though he was so little with us, my father dominated all this period of my life. Subconsciously I must have been waiting always for his visits. They were irregular, and he rarely went out before he arrived, but never was I in the house when he came. Even in my room two long flights of stairs above the entrance floor, that I did not hear his voice the minute he entered the front door. Walking downstairs was far too slow. I slid down the banisters and usually catapulted into his arms before his hat was hung up.

My father gave me my first two puppies. The first one, a tiny fox terrier, drank so much milk that he died, and the second one, rather older and more healthy, escaped by the back door and ran away. For twenty-four hours I was inconsolable, but no matter how violent the sorrows of childhood, time is very efficacious in healing them.

I consoled myself by playing with a small round white ball of a puppy looking like a baby polar bear which Maude bought on the corner of the street. He grew up entirely white with pink eyes, his name was Mickey, and he was of no recognizable breed. He was however, very intelligent. He could follow a hansom in crowded New York City traffic. Once he was left in the country, returned to the station, jumped into the baggage car where luckily the man recognized him, got off the train at the Grand Central Terminal and came home! He was part of our family for many years.

My father never missed an opportunity for giving us pres-

ents so Christmas was of course a great day for us and I remember one memorable Christmas when I had two stockings for my grandmother had filled one and my father was in New York and had one brought to me on Christmas morning.

I was still supposed to believe in Santa Claus but I think my belief must have been shaken that year. However I pretend for years that I believed in him and used to try to stay awake and play possum in the hope that I would see someone come to fill my stocking hanging on the foot on my bed but I always fell asleep and woke to find it mysteriously filled.

MY FIRST PONY

It was on my birthday however that my father lavished the greatest thought. He was anxious that I should be a good horse-woman and gave me a pony when I was still quite young. The pony arrived with a cart when we were in Newport one summer with my great-aunt, Mrs. Ludlow. Miss Parish took us out driving, and the pony ran away. He was returned! Later at Tivoli I had a pony of my own called Captain and on my birthday came a saddle of my own. Captain was a fair-sized pony and quite spirited.

I used to dislike very much the days when we drove for Madeleine did the driving and my little brother sat beside her. I had to sit in the back seat while we meandered for hours over the country roads, usually in the afternoons.

Riding was different and I loved it especially going with my aunts and uncles. They were endlessly patient in taking me with them wherever they went and Vallie spent hours down in the field below our house teaching me to jump.

I remained quite fearless until one sad day when I was fourteen. I rode a gray polo pony sent up by one of my aunt's friends. He ran away with me twice and from that day I've been full of fears and very grateful that my father never knew it.

He was always writing me about riding with all the little children down in Abingdon, Virginia where he lived.

was always longing to join the group and know some of the children who seemed to be so much a factor in his life. One child in particular I remember, Miriam Trigg, and I envied her very much because he was so very fond of her. She used to come in and sit in his sitting room and play with his foxgloves. He had a great many of these, and several horses which were taken care of by an excellent and very willing darky groom.

Only three years ago I met a number of the Trigg family when I went down to the music festival at White Top, which is near Abingdon. The old darky who had been my father's servant came to see me that day and brought me one of the teacups which he had cherished all these years and which I recognized at once as being part of the same service which belonged to my Grandmother Roosevelt some of which I still have and use today.

One more sorrow came to my father the winter that my mother died. My little brother, Ellie, was simply too good for this world, and he never seemed to thrive after my mother's death. Both he and the baby Josh, got scarlet fever, and I was returned to my Cousin Susie, and of course, quarantined.

The baby got well without any complications, but Ellie developed diphtheria and died. My father came to take me out occasionally, but the anxiety over the little boys was too great for him to give me a great deal of his time.

I am deeply grateful to my cousin Mrs J West Roosevelt who lived not very far from Mrs Parish and who allowed me to come over and have supper and play with her children Laura, Nicholas and Oliver, very frequently. They were much younger than I was, but I was accustomed to being with my own little brothers.

I think that in all probability, having only lessons to do alone, as I could not go to school, and going for walks in the afternoons, there were occasions when time hung rather heavily on my hands.

Mrs Parish has always been very closely connected with my life. She was kindness itself to me when I was small and I took it all for granted, though now I realize that my care have been quite a problem. She kept house at that time with the same precision and care as her mother Mrs Ludlow. Meals were always at the same hour no one was ever late. Unexpected guests were unheard of and life was a pretty well regulated pattern into which a small child could hardly fit easily. Yet I never remember a time when I needed a home that it was not offered to me by Mr and Mrs Henry Parish.

While my father was alive we children went from Tivoli during the summer to Bar Harbor Maine with my grandmother and aunts. She took a small cottage and we had our meals in an old hotel called Lyman's. I still remember the way the waitress recited the different courses—desserts always interested me especially—and she rolled them off so fast I could never make out what they were!

I loved climbing the rocks and going flounder fishing with the old man who was owner of the hotel.

MY FATHER'S DEATH

On August 14th 1894 just before I was ten years old we came that my father had died. My aunts told me but I simply refused to believe it and while I wept long and went to bed still weeping I finally went to sleep and began the next day living in my dream world as usual.

My grandmother decided that we children should not go to the funeral and so I had no tangible thing to make death real to me. From that time on I knew in my mind that my father was dead and yet I lived with him more closely probably than I had when he was alive.

My father and mother both liked us to see a great deal of Auntie Gracie. She was very much beloved by all her grandchildren, nephews and nieces. As I remember her now she was of medium height, very slender with very clear-cut features but always looked fragile and very dainty. Ladies wore long

resses in those days that triled in the dust unless they were held up, and I seem to remember her generally in the rather tight fitting bodices of the day, high in the back, square-cut in front and always with an immaculate frill of white lace or plaited linen around the neck. I suppose only certain dresses were like this, but I must have thought these particularly becoming. I can also remember thinking that her hands were very pretty with the rings gleaming on her fingers as she knitted or crocheted something out of pale blue or pink wool for some new baby in the family.

Often her hands would lie folded in her lap as she told us a story, and I, who loved to look at hands even as a child, remember still watching them with pleasure. My Saturdays were frequently spent with this sweet and gracious great aunt Alice Roosevelt, Teddy Robinson and I were the three who enjoyed these days the most. In the mornings Auntie Gracie would take us to whatever disagreeable appointments we had, such as dentist or doctor. I frequently visited Dr. Shaffer with her, and on one occasion she held my hand while the doctor lanced my ear, and she promised me something very nice afterwards if I would be a brave girl.

After these appointments she would take us back for luncheon and in turn we were allowed to order what we preferred for that meal. Being a Southerner she had some special dishes for which I have the recipes in the book which she wrote out for my father.

In the afternoons we went sight-seeing or to some place of entertainment—Mrs. Jarley's wax works I first saw with her! If it were a bad day we played games in her pleasant rooms. When we grew tired of them she told us stories of the old plantation days and the life in the South which she and my Grandmother Roosevelt loved so tenderly even though they lived in the north for many years.

After my father died however these Saturdays with Auntie Gracie were not allowed. My grandmother felt I think we should be at home as much as possible and perhaps she feared

we might slip away from her control if we were too much with our dynamic Roosevelt relatives or it may have been that getting me about was difficult. In any case my young aunts were not allowed until they were seventeen to stay overnight with anyone—guarding a girl was considered so difficult that I think my grandmother often prayed over it!

The next few years were uneventful for me. New York City in winter with classes and private lessons, and for entertainment occasionally on a Saturday afternoon a child or two for supper and play. My grandmother believed in keeping me young and my aunts believed in dressing me in a way *which was perhaps appropriate to my age but not to my size*. I was very tall, very thin and very shy. They dressed me for dancing class and for parties in dresses that were above my knees when most of the girls my size had them halfway down their legs! *All my clothes seem to me now to have been incredibly uncomfortable!*

My grandmother saw to it that I wore flannels from the first of November until the first of April regardless of the temperature and the flannels went from my neck to my ankles. Of course this attire included a flannel petticoat and long black stockings. I can remember those long black stockings in summer and how hot they were! And the high button or high laced shoes that went with them and were supposed to keep your ankles slim!

We children stayed at Tivoli in summer now with a nurse and a governess, even if the others went away and there were hot, breathless days when my fingers stuck to the keys as I practiced on the piano but I never left off any garments and even in summer we children wore a good many. I would roll my stockings down and then be told that ladies did not show their legs and promptly have to fasten them up again! <

OAK TERRACE, TIVOLI

The house at Tivoli was a big house with high ceilings and a good many rooms most of them large. My grandfather had

furnished it downstairs in a rather formal way. There are still some lovely marble mantelpieces and chandeliers for candles only for we had neither gas nor electricity. We had lamps but often went to bed by candle light. There were some vitrines with very lovely little carved ivory pieces one tiny set of tables and chairs I loved to look at and also silver ornaments and little china and enameled pieces collected from various parts of the world.

The library was filled with standard sets of books besides my grandfather's religious books. A good deal of fiction came into the house by way of my young aunts and uncles though as I look back it was astonishing how much Dickens Scott and Thackeray were read and reread particularly by Eddie who was a great reader.

On the second and third floors there were nine master bedrooms and four double servants' rooms and one single one. These servants' rooms were much better than those in the town house but no one thought it odd that there was no servants' bathroom.

There were just two bath rooms in this large house but it never occurred to us that it was an inconvenience or that it really made much work to have to use basins and pitchers in our own rooms. Such is the force of habit.

We children had to take two hot baths a week though I think my grandmother could still remember the era of Saturday night baths. I was expected to have a cold sponge every morning.

The three small bedrooms on the third floor Maude and Pussie did over to suit themselves and their taste changed frequently. I am sorry to say that they had some rather nice pieces of furniture in other parts of the house painted white—because at one period everything must be white! My grandmother protested faintly but felt that nothing was worth a real discussion and let them do more or less as they wanted.

I thought their rather frequent excursions into house de

orating were great fun, just as any new hobby either of them took up was vastly interesting to me

Pussie turned one of these rooms into a studio for a short time and painted madly, while I sat on a step-ladder which for some strange reason was in the room, watching her, and cheering her on for I always thought everything she did was beautiful! They let me take refuge in their rooms on rainy days I can remember a perfectly delightful day spent almost entirely alone, reading a book called 'Misunderstood' I cried bitterly, and had a grand time!

One escapade was stupid My brother and I thought it a very amusing thing to climb out of the window and walk around on the gutter to a window on the other side of the house We were caught and informed that the gutter was made of tin and might easily have broken under our weight besides, it was just the grace of Heaven that we did not fall off, when we certainly should have been killed

My grandmother let me follow her about in the early mornings when she was housekeeping, and I carried to the cook the supplies of flour, sugar and coffee, that she so carefully weighed out in the store room and I became extremely familiar with the basement of the house

Today very few servants would be content to cook in the semi-darkness which reigned in that big old fashioned kitchen, with a large stone areaway all around it, over which was the piazza which left only a small space for the light to filter in The room where the servants ate had one door leading into the areaway The laundry was a little better, because there were two doors leading out onto the terrace, and here I spent many hours

Our wash—and what a wash it was—was done by one woman, Mrs Overhalse, without the aid of any electric washing machine or irons She had a washboard and three tubs and a wringer and a little stove on which were all weights of irons The stove was fed with wood or coal

Mrs Overhalse was a cheerful healthy soul, apparently

able to direct her own household and come and wash all day for us, and then go back at night and finish up on her farm. She had a number of children. She taught me to wash and iron, and though I was not allowed to do the finer things, the handkerchiefs, napkins and towels often fell to my lot, and I loved the hours spent with this cheerful woman.

Sometimes she would have me spend the day with her on the farm. Her children were shy but always kind and I loved picking apples and eating her good German food. She died only a short time ago. She was ill for quite a long time. Her family sent word to me, asking that I come to see her because she talked so much of the old days with my grandmother. I went and sat with her and renewed my childhood and wondered if any of my generation would have the strength or the courage to do the work that she had done.

The date was so rigidly set for our moves up and down from New York to Tivoli that when I was young we never used the furnace which had been put in when the house was built. They spent one or two winters there when my aunts and uncles were young but never after I can remember. In the autumn, stoves were put up in all the bedrooms, with wood boxes behind them, and we were kept busy replenishing them. Open fires kept the rooms downstairs warm. The library, which had a false fireplace, was simply closed when the cold weather began.

Occasionally Uncle Vallie would want to go up in the late autumn or winter. He would choose a Sunday, and I can remember my joy if he allowed me to go with him. All the water was turned off in the house, but as we always carried our drinking water all summer from a spring which was quite a distance from the house, it did not bother me to pump what little water we needed during the day and carry it to the house.

On one occasion we got caught in a blizzard on the way down and after much difficulty we pulled into the Poughkeepsie station. Everyone on the train dashed in to buy food

but the restaurant had already been invaded by people from all the other trains which had also been stuck. The men who were looking for food proceeded to the town. I cannot remember that Vallie returned with a great deal, but my sense of adventure kept me warm in what became an extremely cold car, and apparently I did not really suffer from hunger. It was thrilling not to get to New York until the early hours of the morning.

One of the joys of these trips up and down the river was the colored man who always got on at Poughkeepsie, where there was the chief restaurant of the railroad between New York and Albany in those days, and peddled his wares up and down the aisles.

We loved the house and place at Tivoli. When my aunts and uncles were at home life was pleasant indeed. I did have to run errands for them, and many times a day I ran along the little path that went through the woods from our house to the stable. Not long ago, in telling some of the stories of my childhood, I told this to my grandson, Curtis, and he remarked patronizingly "Grandmere, why didn't you telephone?"

My grandmother built a little house for me in the woods, with a stove so I could learn to cook under Madeline's tuition. I enjoyed everything about it except cleaning up after a welsh rarebit party the older members of the family sometimes had after I went to bed.

I was given rabbits to care for but their cannibalistic habits were a constant shock and they kept escaping and being chased and killed by the dogs, so they were given up.

In exchange for everything which we children did for our elders, they did much for us. There was rarely an evening that they did not play with both my brother and me and then with me after he went to bed.

Endless games of "I spy" were played around the piazza. We used to slide down the terrace on trays. They would go with me into the woods and build camp fires and cook supper.

there. Pussie would take me off and read poetry aloud by the hour. I would be allowed to ride with them or sit in the back of the buggy when they went driving dangling my legs over the edge with a cushion under my knees so that my legs would not really be cut off!

I realize today that it must have been a nuisance if you drove with a young man to have a child tagging along but they never made me feel in the way.

I well remember being with Maude in our two wheeled go-cart when we met our first automobile. Before I knew it we were over a barbed wire fence in the field. The horse was cut. I was thrown out and dazed but unhurt and Maude was still in the cart but apparently stunned.

I rejoiced when I got my first bicycle and the errands were done more easily but I would not have given up doing them for anything in the world!

I remember well Pussie getting up before sunrise and both of us stealing into the pantry and eating bread and butter and rowing eight miles to Tivoli and back to get the mail. I do not know why this was such a spree since all children wake up early but to have an older person actually do something with you in those early morning hours was a real adventure.

Pussie adored my little brother and there are photographs taken of him as a little boy looking over her shoulder which show a real maternal affection.

On the other hand she had an artistic temperament and there would be days when I would go to Maude for comfort for Pussie would not speak to me or to anyone else. I could not understand it as a little girl but I gradually came to accept it as part of her character and to be grateful for all the lovely things she did and wait patiently for the storms to pass.

She took me one summer with my governess to Nantucket Island for a few days—an exciting trip for a child who never went anywhere except up and down the Hudson River. After a few days I think she was bored with us in any case she left. The governess did not have enough money to get us home.

Pussie was to return, but she forgot all about us. Finally my grandmother was appealed to and sent enough money to pay our bill and get us home!

During the years from ten to fifteen I became an omnivorous reader for I had no playmates near by. Little Carol de Peyster came up for a day and I spent a day with her every summer but that was all the companionship of my own age which I had. There were some little Livingstons and Clarksons about my brother's age so he had playmates, but Carol's lived five miles away and that was a long distance before the day of motors.

My aunts were often away but even when they were home we loved to be alone except for the young friends whom they asked to visit them. This solitude encouraged my habit of taking a book out into the fields or in the woods and sitting in a tree or lying under it completely forgetting the passage of time. No one tried to censor my reading though occasionally when I happened on a book that I could not understand and asked too many difficult questions before people the book would disappear. I remember this happened to Dickens' "Bleak House" and I spent days hunting for it and wondering where I could have left it!

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Certain things my grandmother insisted on. On Sundays I must not read the books which I read on weekdays but special books were kept for Sundays. I had to teach Sunday school to the coachman's little daughter giving her verses to learn hearing her recite them and seeing that she learned some hymns and collects and the catechism. In turn I must do all these things myself and recite to my grandmother.

Every Sunday the big victoria came to the door and I went to church and my seat usually was the little seat facing my grandfather. Unfortunately the seats were long and I was nearly always very nauseated before we reached the church and equally so before we reached home!

I could not play games on Sunday and we still had a cold supper in the evenings though we did not live up to a cold meal in the middle of the day, as had been my grandfather's rule

On Sunday evenings Pussie would play hymns and we all sang. This was a joy to me and I often wish it was done more often now. We also used to sing popular songs on weekday evenings for as a family we liked music.

Madeleine did succeed in teaching me to sew. I hemmed endless dish towels and darned endless stockings and if the darn did not suit Madeleine she would take her scissors and simply cut out the whole thing and a large round hole would have to be filled in all over again. Many a tear I shed over this darning.

In fact Madeleine caused me many tears for I was desperately afraid of her. I used to enjoy sliding down the moss grown roof of our ice house and always got my white drawers completely covered with green. I always went to my grandmother before I went to Madeleine knowing that both of them would scold me but that my grandmother would scold less severely!

Madeleine did not like to be disturbed in the evenings and yet she had to do my hair when I came to bed and if I was a few minutes late I not only got a scolding but my hair was unmercifully pulled.

I was not supposed to read in bed before breakfast but as I woke at five a.m. practically every morning in summer and was I am afraid a self-willed child I used to take a book to bed with me and hide it under the mattress. Woe was mine when Madeleine caught me reading!

I have no recollection now of why she really frightened me. As I look back it seems perfectly ludicrous but I did not even tell my grandmother how much afraid I was until I was nearly fourteen years old, and then I told her between sobs as we were walking in the woods.

How silly it all seems today and how hard to understand

the workings of a child's mind! However, I was taken away from Madeline's care and put under one of the nuns for the rest of the time I spent at home.

A few things I wanted desperately to do in those days. I remember very well when I was about twelve Mr. Henry Slomasky asked me to go west with his daughter, Jessie. I do not think I ever wanted to do anything as much in all my life for I was very fond of her and longed to travel. My grandmother was adamant and would not allow me to go. She gave me no reasons either. It was sufficient that she did not think it wise. She so often said *no* that I built up the defense of saying I did not want things in order to forestall her refusals and keep down my disappointments.

She felt I should learn to dance and I joined a dancing class at Mr. Dodsworth's. These classes were an institution for many years, and many little boys and girls learned the polka and the waltz standing carefully on the diamond squares of the polished hardwood floor. Mr. Dodsworth was dapper and very slim and very correct and kept us in order with what looked like a pair of castanets. Mrs. Dodsworth always in evening dress had a sweet face, and tried to make us feel at ease and consoled us if Mr. Dodsworth was too severe.

My grandmother decided that because of my being tall and probably very awkward I should have ballet lessons besides so I went once a week to a regular ballet teacher on Broadway and learned toe dancing with four or five other girls who were going on the stage and looked forward to the chance of being in the chorus and talked of little else and made me very envious.

I was very much interested in everything that they told me and particularly in the way the old lady who was an ex-dancer talked to them. I loved it and practiced assiduously and can still appreciate how much work lies behind some of the dances which look so easy as they are done on the stage.

ADOLESCENCE

I HAD grown very fond of the theater and Pussie had taken me to see Duse, the great Italian actress, when she first came to this country, and then she took me to meet her—a thrill which I have never forgotten. Her charm and beauty were all that I had imagined! I was also allowed to see some of Shakespeare's plays and occasionally to go to the opera but my young aunts and their friends talked all the time of plays which I never went to see. As a result one winter I committed a crime which weighed heavily on my conscience for a long time.

My grandmother told me to go to a charity bazaar with a friend. To escape my maid I told her my friend would have her maid with her and that she would bring me home. Instead of going to the bazaar we went to see a play *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, which was being discussed by my elders and which I at least did not understand at all. We sat in the peanut gallery and were miserable for fear of seeing someone whom we knew. We left before the end because we knew we would be late in reaching home.

I had to lie and could never confess which I would gladly have done because of my sense of guilt but I would have involved the other girl in my trouble! Finally I told the story to Josie Zabriskie, a very lovely friend of Maude's who later married my Uncle Eddie. Telling her eased the burden of my guilt and while I think she probably told my aunts I have no recollection of the final *denouement*, as I was never taken to task.

SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY

My grandmother after my father's death allowed me less and less contact with his family. Never have I quite under-

freed the reason unless it was that she felt I would grow up too quickly or become accustomed to things of which she disapproved. In any case, I saw very little of my Revere's cousins. I did, however, pay one or two short visits to Aunt Luth and Uncle Ted in summer.

Alice, who was nearest my age as I have already said was so much more sophisticated and grown-up that I was in great awe of her. She was far better at all the sports and I realize now that my having so few companions of my own age put me at a great disadvantage with other young people.

For instance, I remember the first time we went swimming at Oyster Bay. I couldn't swim and Uncle Ted told me to jump off the dock and try. I was a good deal of a physical coward then, but I did it and came up spluttering and was good-naturedly ducked and became very much frightened. Never again would I go out of my depth.

A favorite Sunday afternoon occupation was to go to Cooper's Bluff, which was a high sandy bluff with a beach below. At high tide the water almost came to its base. Uncle Ted would line us up and take the lead and we would go down holding on to each other until someone fell or the speed became so great that the line broke in several places. In some way we reached the bottom rolling or running.

I was desperately afraid the first time we did it, but found it was not as bad as I thought and then we clambered up again taking a long time to get there as we slid back one foot for every two we took up.

I remember these visits as a great joy in some ways, however, for I loved chasing through the haystacks in the barn with Uncle Ted after us and going up to the gun room on the top floor of the Sagamore house where Uncle Ted would read aloud chiefly poetry.

Occasionally he took us on a picnic or a camping trip and taught us many a valuable lesson. The chief one was to remember that camping was a good way to find out people's characters. Those who were selfish soon showed it, in that

they wanted the best bed or the best food and did not want to do their share of the work

CHRISTMAS PARTIES

My brother did a great deal more of this than I did, for he was just Quentin Roosevelt's age, and after I went abroad my grandmother let him visit Uncle Ted and Aunt Edith far more frequently than before. My only other contact with my Roosevelt family was during an annual Christmas holiday visit, when my grandmother permitted me to spend a few days with Auntie Corinne.

This was the only time in the year when I ever saw any boys of my own age. To me these parties were more pain than pleasure. In the first place the others all knew each other very well and saw each other often. They were all much better at winter sports than I was because they did them with their mothers and fathers or with one another. I rarely coasted and never skated, for my ankles were so weak that when I did get out on the pond my skating was chiefly on those ankles.

I was a poor dancer and the climax of the party was a dance. I still remember the inappropriate dresses I wore—and worst of all, they were above my knees. I knew of course I was different from all the other girls and if I had not known they were frank in telling me so! I still remember my gratitude at one of these parties to my cousin Franklin Roosevelt when he came and asked me to dance with him!

I must have been a great trial and responsibility to Auntie Corinne who tried so hard to give every one of us a good time. But what could she do with a niece who was never allowed to see boys in the intervals between these parties and who still was dressed like a little girl when she looked like a very grown up one?

Suddenly life was going to change for me. My grandmother decided that the household had too much gaiety for a girl of fifteen. She remembered that my mother had wanted to send

me to Europe for a part of my education. Thus the second period of my life began.

CHAPTER THREE

EUROPE

IN THE autumn of 1899 when I was fifteen I sailed for England with my aunt Mrs Stanley Mortimer and her family. She took me in her cabin with her and told me beforehand that she was a very poor sailor and always went to bed immediately on getting on the boat.

I must have thought this was the proper procedure because I followed suit. As a result I did not enjoy that trip at all as most of it was spent in my berth and I arrived in England distinctly wobbly never having stayed indoors so long before!

I did not know Auntie Tissie quite so well as I knew my two younger aunts but I was very fond of her and she was always kindness itself to me. She was very beautiful and is still today, tall and graceful. I think she felt more at home in Europe and in England than she did in the United States even then. She had many friends in that little London coterie known as 'The Souls'. She was one of the people that the word *exquisite* describes best.

I was to grow to know her very much better in the next few years for she really looked after me in many ways during the three years I was abroad.

SCHOOL

There had been much discussion as to where I should go to school. Finally it was decided to send me to Mlle Souvestre's school Allenswood at a little place called South Fields not far from Wimbledon Common and by the tube which corresponds to our subway a short distance from London.

The reason Mlle Souvestre's school was chosen was that my father's sister, Mrs Cowles, had gone to her school years before at Les Ruches, outside of Paris. To be sure, that had been before the Franco-Prussian War. The siege of Paris had been such an ordeal that Mlle Souvestre had left France and moved to England.

Naturally, she was considerably older than when Auntie Bye studied under her, but at least there was a personal tie, and I think the family felt that as I was to be left alone at school when Auntie Tissie returned to the United States it would be pleasanter to feel that the head mistress had a personal interest in me.

We went to Clingde's Hotel in London, and I spent only one night there. My first impression of London was rather bewildering. There were quiet little back streets and alley ways, but the main thoroughfares were appallingly crowded with traffic. London seemed to me a most tremendous city for you could go for hours in any direction and still apparently be in the heart of a great city.

The next day Tissie took me out to see Mlle Souvestre and I was left there with the promise that I would spend Christmas with her in London. I felt lost and very lonely when she drove away.

I unpacked, and found my room mate, Marjorie Bennett, a very shy, gentle girl who was a little bit younger than I was, quite ready to show me around and tell me about rules, etc. There were a great many rules, and the first one was that all had to talk French and if they used an English word they had to report themselves at the end of the day. A girl stood in the dining room door as we went in to supper and we told her the horrid truth as far as we could remember it. This always seemed to me a rather ridiculous rule as we all knew quite well we could not be accurate, but perhaps it made us remember that French was the language we were supposed to converse in.

As my first nurse had been a French woman and I spoke

French before I spoke English, it was quite easy for me, but for many of the English girls who had had very little French beforehand it was a terrible effort

On the inside of each bathroom door were pasted the bath rules, and I was a little appalled to find that we really had to fight for three baths a week and we were limited to ten minutes unless we happened to have the last period, and then perhaps we could sneak another five minutes before 'lights out' was sounded!

Of course, we had to be on time! We had to make our own beds before leaving the room in the morning so that meant that when we got out of bed we had immediately to take all the bed clothes off and put them on a chair to air. Our rooms were inspected every morning after breakfast, and we were marked on neatness and the way we made our beds. Frequently our bureau drawers and closets were examined, and any girl whose bureau drawers were out of order might return to her room to find the entire contents of the drawers dumped on her bed for rearranging. I also saw beds completely stripped and left to be made over again.

The day began with an early breakfast *café au lait* chocolate or milk rolls and butter. I think eggs were given to those who wanted them.

Mlle Souvestre older and white haired and obliged to take a certain amount of care of her health never came to breakfast, but we were well watched over by Mlle Samata a very tiny and dynamic little woman who adored Mlle Souvestre and waited on her hand and foot ran all the business end of the school, and gave our Italian lessons to those of us who took Italian.

To be in Mlle Samata's good graces you had to show practical qualities. The girls who were singled out by her to hold positions of trust were dependable could usually do almost anything with their hands, and had the ability to manage and lead their fellow students.

It took me a long time to get into her good graces, for I was

a good deal of a dreamer and, in any case, American, which to her was an unknown quantity

Mlle Souvestre, on the contrary, had a very soft spot for Americans and liked them as pupils. This was not surprising because a number of her pupils turned out to be rather outstanding women. Auntie Bye, for instance, was one of the most interesting women I have ever known.

My Grandfather Roosevelt's interest in cripples had first been aroused by the fact that he had consulted many doctors in trying to do something for his eldest daughter who was our Auntie Bye. She was not exactly a hunchback but had a curious figure very thick through the shoulders this was evidently caused by a curvature of the spine. Her hair was lovely, soft and wavy. Her eyes were deep set and really beautiful, making you forget the rest of the face which was not beautiful.

Auntie Bye had a mind that worked as a very able man's mind works. She was full of animation, was always the center of any group she was with, and carried the burden of conversation. When she reached middle age she was already deaf and the arthritis which was finally to cripple her completely, was causing her great pain but never for a minute did her infirmities disturb her spirit. As they increased she simply seemed to become more determined to rise above them, and her charm and vivid personality made her house wherever she lived the meeting place for people from the four corners of the earth.

She had great executive ability, poise and judgment and I am sure her influence was felt not only by her sister and brothers but by all her friends. To the young people with whom she came in contact she was an inspiration and one of the wisest counselors I ever knew. She always listened more than she talked when alone with anyone, but what she said was worth listening to!

From the start, Mlle Souvestre was interested in me because of her affection for Anna, and day by day I found myself more

interested in her. This grew into a warm affection which lasted until her death.

Miss Boyce, the English teacher, was always less important to me. She was naturally, interested primarily in the English girls. I had very few classes with her, and found her cold and rather forbidding. I am sure now, that she was simply shy and retiring, and I think I made no effort to know her.

As it was Mlle. Souvestre and Mlle. Samara stand out as the two most important people in this period, with Mlle. Souvestre far and away the most impressive and fascinating person.

Mlle. Souvestre was short and rather stout, and had snow-white hair. Her head was beautiful, with clear-cut, strong features, a very strong face and broad forehead. Her hair grew to a peak in front and waved back in natural waves to a twist at the back of her head. Her eyes looked through you, and she always knew more than she was told.

After breakfast we were all taken for a walk on the common—and you had to have a very good excuse to escape that walk! From about November on it was cold and fairly foggy, and the fog rose from the ground and penetrated the very marrow of your bones—but still we walked!

At home I had begun to shed some of the underclothes which my grandmother had started me out with in my early youth, but here in England in winter I took to warm flannels again, and while we had central heat, which was most unusual, one had positively to sit on the radiator to feel any warmth. There were only a few of us who had grates in our bedrooms, and those of us who had open fires were considered extremely lucky and envied by all the others.

I can remember crowding into the dining room in order to get as near the radiator as possible before we had to sit down. Nearly all the English girls had chilblains on their hands and feet throughout most of the winter. I did not suffer from these disagreeable things, and though I have never considered the English winter climate very attractive, I have to

bear witness to the fact that I never spent healthier years. I cannot remember being ill for a day.

Classes began immediately on our return from the walks, and each of us had a schedule that ran through the whole day—classes, hours for practice, time for preparation—no idle moments were left to anyone. Immediately after lunch we had two hours for exercise, and most of us played field hockey during the winter months.

I was as awkward as ever at games, and had never seen a game of hockey, but I had to play something and in time made the first team. I think that day was one of the proudest moments of my life.

I realize now it would have been better to have devoted the time which I gave to hockey to learning to play tennis, which would have been far more useful to me later on.

Mlle. Souvestre thought, however, that proficiency in outdoor sports was more or less useless. She looked upon any game primarily as a method of exercise to keep yourself well and healthy. It did not occur to her to advise me to play tennis and I liked playing with a team and winning their approbation. It was a rough enough game with many hard knocks. Most of the English girls probably had a chance to play on teams at home for many years, but I came back to the United States, where no one played field hockey and it was particularly useless to a girl.

When we came in at four o'clock we found on the school-room table big slices of bread about half an inch thick, sometimes spread with raspberry jam, more often with plain butter. Those who were delicate were given a glass of milk. I remember the milk seemed to me pretty poor and it had a rather chalky taste, but then I was accustomed to milk from Jersey cows at home.

Then we studied until the bell rang, which sent us scurrying to dress for dinner. Fifteen minutes were allowed—that was all the time we had—and everybody changed shoes and stockings and dress.

One day a week we did our mending in the period after four p. m.—under supervision, of course—in the school room.

In the evenings we worked again, though occasionally we were allowed to go down to the gym and dance. Most of our lessons were in French, though Miss Strachey, a member of the well-known literary family, gave us classes in Shakespeare—and of course, we had German, Latin and music.

My music was not far enough advanced to allow me to have a man teacher, so Miss Eames taught me for a time. Finally, I graduated to a professor. I think he was an Austrian but, in any case, he made me practice three hours a day. That was a waste of time as I know now, and those hours might have been more profitably used since I have rarely touched a piano in the past thirty years. I may have gained something in character, however, for one of those hours had to be practiced before breakfast. It meant getting up on cold dreary mornings and going into a cold and dreary room to find a piano.

The earliest months at Allenswood were marked by a friendship with a really fascinating girl, whose real name I will not give you however. I will call her Jane. She was brilliant and a real personality. She had the most violent temper I have almost ever seen and I doubt if anyone had ever tried to discipline her but she had a fine mind and a very warm heart.

Jane and I took history with Mlle Souvestre and I still say all my historical names in French harking back to this early teaching. There were perhaps eight other girls in our class, but as far as I was concerned there was no one but Jane. This impression of mine was helped considerably by the fact that Mlle Souvestre seemed to feel that there were only two members of her class—Jane and myself.

She held her classes in her library a very charming and comfortable room lined with books and filled with flowers looking out on a wide expanse of lawn where really beautiful trees gave shade in summer, and formed good perches for the rooks and crows in winter.

We sat on little chairs on either side of the fireplace Mlle. Souvestre carried a long pointer in her hand, and usually a map hung on the wall She would walk up and down, lecturing to us We took notes, but were expected to do a good deal of independent reading and research We wrote papers on the subjects assigned Jane and I labored hard over those papers This was the class we both thoroughly enjoyed beyond any other

Mlle Souvestre would ask different ones to read their papers, and I have seen her take a girl's paper and tear it in half in her disgust and anger at poor or shoddy work

Jane was half American, which perhaps explained Mlle Souvestre's interest in her Her mother had married first an Englishman and then an Irishman who owned a place in Ireland

Jane's aunt, she told me, had a big ranch in Texas She had never been to Texas nor had I, but the place was very vivid to her, and she could describe to me miles and miles of country to ride in, and the endless number of cattle that roamed the plains

I was quiet and docile so I think I was considered a good influence for Jane, and we were put alone together for our German lessons, because Jane had been so insubordinate that they found her a disturbing influence in the regular German class

She was always being sent out by the teacher for some trick or rudeness but we got on quite well until one day the teacher angered her and Jane threw an inkstand at her! I knew this was an unpardonable offense on top of all the other things which Jane had already done and I was completely heart broken

I went to Mlle Souvestre and wept after the inkstand episode, but she was adamant and Jane was expelled I was heart broken and for many years kept in touch by correspondence with her, but she was not a very good correspondent and after a time we lost track of each other I know that she has been

married and had children. Her glamour however is still with me so that I would give much to see her walk into my room today.

During my three years at school I had a room to myself for one term but one or two terms I roomed with a German girl Carola de Passavant. She was a beautiful girl with a lovely character and real capacity. She has since shown that she can meet whatever life may bring her. Her husband was an officer on the western front during the World War. She has five children and after she had been brought up to the greatest luxury her father and mother died and most of their fortune was lost with the result that she now has to be very careful but I have never heard her complain.

The rest of the time I think I must always have been with Marjorie Bennett. We became more and more intimate and I went home with her to visit occasionally.

Most of the little group of girls I remember well were the leaders in school. Avice Horn sent home from Australia to get the benefit of life at home in England was attractive and capable beyond the average. Helen Gifford a little wisy of a girl whose spectacles seemed bigger than she was was an extraordinarily brilliant child whose sister had preceded her as a pupil. Louise Gifford had been much relied on by Mlle Samaia and Helen followed in her footsteps though Helen's achievements were almost entirely intellectual. She was one of the younger girls whom we older ones picked out as a leader of the lower school. Today she is the head of a school which carries on the Allenswood traditions though it is in another place.

Another youngster I saw much of was Hilda Burkinshaw not as brilliant as Helen but very practical. She had been sent home at the age of five from India and school was almost more a home to her than any other place in the world.

Hilda or "Burky" as we called her is married and has several children. I am godmother to her daughter. I or a num

ber of years Hilda and I were thrown, at times, very closely together, as you will see later

Hilda, Helen, Marjone, Avice—and Jane, as long as she was there—and I were occasionally invited in the evening to Mlle Souvestre's study, and those were red letter days

She had a great gift for reading aloud and she read to us, always in French, poems, plays or stories. If the poems were those she liked, occasionally she read them over two or three times and then demanded that we recite them to her in turn. Here my *memory training at home stood me in good stead* and I found this a rather exhilarating and pleasant way to spend an evening. While some of the others found it even easier than I did others suffered to such an extent that their hands were clammy, and they could hardly speak.

We all assembled in the library every evening before going to bed mail was distributed and the roll called and we passed before Mlle Souvestre and wished her good night. She had an eagle eye which penetrated right through to your backbone and she took in everything about you. She did not approve very much of my clothes but she did not tell me until some time later.

I did not know that my grandmother and my aunts had written about me before I arrived so I felt that I was starting a new life free from all my former sins and traditions. I am not sure that I would not recommend this for any child who has been somewhat fearful of authority in her early youth for this was the first time in all my life that all my fears left me. If I lived up to the rules and told the truth, there was nothing to fear.

I had a bad habit of biting my nails. In very short order that was noticed by Mlle Simara who set out to cure me. It seemed a pretty hopeless task but one day I was rereading some letters of my father's which I always carried with me and I came across one in which he spoke of making the most of one's personal appearance, and from that day forward my nails were allowed to grow.

HOLIDAYS

By the first Christmas holiday I was quite at home and very happy in school. Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were spent with my Mortimer family at Claridge's Hotel in London. It did not seem quite right to have a small tree on a table in a hotel. We had always had big ones at home but Auntie Tissie saw to it that I had a stocking and many gifts and the day was a happy one on the whole.

I had been invited to spend a few days with Mrs. Woolryche Whitmore and her family, in the north of England. Her husband was rector of a church at Bridgnorth in Shropshire and she had five little girls one or two about my own age. She was Douglas Robinson's sister and held very closely to her American ties so that though I could only be considered a connection by marriage I really was made to feel like a real relative and taken into the family life and treated like one of the children. I enjoyed every minute of that visit, and it was my first glimpse of English family life.

Breakfast in the morning had food on one of the sideboards in covered dishes with lamps under them to keep the food warm and everybody helped himself to whatever he found and there was a great variety of food. High tea was served in the schoolroom about four thirty in the afternoon and the children's father joined us sometimes and shared our bread and jam and tea and cake. Those who were very hungry could have an egg. Long walks and drives, endless games and books on hand for any unoccupied moments made life seem very full for the days that I stayed there.

I had traveled up alone and was going back alone. There had been a good deal of discussion as to how I was to get over to Paris to see Auntie Tissie once more before she left for Barritz. I was to live in a French family for the rest of my holiday in order to study French.

It was finally decided to engage one of the English inventions a visiting maid with good references to travel from

London to Paris with me I had never seen the lady, so it was rather remarkable that after my long journey, almost a whole day from the north of England to London, I should pick her out without any difficulty, in the station! We proceeded on our journey to Paris

I really marvel now at myself—confidence and independence, for I was totally without fear in this new phase of my life. The trip across the Channel was short, and I managed to find myself a very windy corner to keep from being ill, but I was glad enough, once through the customs and on French soil, to curl up in the compartment on the train and drink *café au lait* poured out of those big cans that were carried up and down the platforms

We reached Paris in the early hours of the morning. The maid went with me as far as my aunt's hotel. I spent a few hours with her, and was then taken over by Mlle Bertaux. There were two Mlles Bertaux and their mother. They had a simple but very comfortable apartment in one of the less fashionable parts of Paris, and here was to be my first glimpse of French family life

The furniture was rather stuffed as I remember it and was of an entirely nondescript period. There was of course, no bathroom, but hot water was brought by the *bonne a tout faire* mornings and evenings and a little round tin tub was available if you felt you must have it

Once during my stay we went to the *etablissement de bain*, a public bath house which I did not relish at all! Merits were very good but very different from anything I had known. Soups were delicious, and inferior cuts of meat were so well cooked that they were as palatable as our more expensive cuts. A vegetable was a course in itself, and at each place at the table were little glass rests for your knife and fork, which were not taken out with your plate as you finished each course. This household was run with extreme frugality, and yet they lived very well. The two Mlles Bertaux were excellent guides and very charming cultivated women

My first glimpse of Paris in the early morning had been almost like a dream. I could not remember the time when I had not wanted to see Paris, for, of course, I didn't remember my first visit when I was not yet six years old.

The wide avenues, beautiful public buildings and churches everything combined to make it for me the most exciting city I had ever been in. I saw much of Paris with Mlle Bertaux on that first visit, but chiefly we did the things that a visitor should do, not the things which later came to mean to me the real charm of Paris. However, the Musée de Cluny and the Louvre left me with a desire to return and see more of the things I liked on my first visit. I did all the things that any sightseer should do, and it simply whetted my appetite for new sights and sounds. I longed really to know this city which I had dreamed of for so long.

Mlle Souvestre had arranged that I should go back to England under Mlle Samama's care and so after what really was a very delightful holiday I went back to school, hoping very much that I should have another chance to stay with the Bertaux family.

WAR

School life itself was fairly uneventful, but in the world outside great excitement reigned. I had hardly been conscious of our own Spanish War in 1898 even though I had heard a great deal about the sinking of the *Maine* and about Uncle Ted and his *Rough Riders*. My grandmother and her family lived so completely out of the political circles of the day and took very little interest in public affairs. Maude and Pussie however, had friends who went to the war and we would scan the list of casualties or deaths but on the whole this war did not bring sorrow to enough homes or last long enough to mean real privation to the people of the country. I remember the general horror when one young man who had been a prominent figure in New York society died in a Florida

camp, and the joy and excitement when Uncle Ted came back and went to Albany as Governor of New York

One read in the papers, of scandals and of battles, but it was all on a fairly small scale. This war of ours had hardly touched my daily life

In England, however, the Boer War, which lasted from 1899 to 1902, was of a more serious nature, and the tremendous feeling in the country at large was soon reflected in the school. There was great confidence at first in rapid victory, then months of anxiety and dogged "carrying on" in the face of unexpected and successful resistance from the Boers

There was a considerable group in England and in other countries that did not believe in the righteousness of the English cause, and Mlle Souvestre was among this group. She was pro-Boer, and was not in the habit of hiding her feelings. She was, however, always fair, and she realized that it would be most unfair to the English girls to try to make them think as she did. With them she never discussed the rights and wrongs of the war. Victories were celebrated in the gym and holidays were allowed, but Mlle Souvestre never took part in any of the demonstrations. She remained in her library, and there she gathered around her the Americans and the foreign girls, of whom there were a great number. I remember a Russian girl, who was very attractive to me, a Dutch girl, a Swedish girl, and one or two girls from South America. These she felt at liberty to keep with her and to them she expounded her theories on the rights of the Boer or small nations in general in their own countries and their freedom. Those long talks were very interesting, and echoes of them still live in my mind when certain subjects come up for discussion today.

She told us she was an atheist, primarily because she could not comprehend a God who would think of bothering about such insignificant things as individual human beings, and doctrines of religion which preached reward for good be-

havior and punishment for bad she considered food for small minds. Right should be done for right's sake and not for reward or through fear of punishment, and only the weak needed religion. I often thought of what my dear, religious grandmother would have thought had she been able to listen to some of the doctrines which Mlle Souvestre propounded. I do not know what effect it had on the others but, as far as I was concerned, I think it did me no harm. Mlle Souvestre shocked me into thinking, and that on the whole was very beneficial.

MORE HOLIDAYS

I cannot remember what I did in my first Easter holiday, but somewhere about this time I must have gone to Liverpool to see my father's aunt Mrs James Bulloch. My father had always talked to me about her, and between my father and his "Aunt Ella" had existed a very close tie. He wrote her long letters, at regular intervals which she always answered and on her regular visits home they always renewed their intimacy by long talks which had been a habit of his boyhood. I had had letters from her and this visit meant a great deal to her, for it brought her "Ellie Boy," as she called my father, back in the person of his daughter.

She had kept her close ties with the United States corresponding regularly with her sisters in the kind of minute daily life correspondence which the members of my father's family of the older generation seemed able to carry on. The only other people I know of who wrote and still write in the same way are the English people who keep in touch with one another though scattered to the four corners of the earth in their far flung empire by writing an almost daily diary of little inconsequential happenings to the children sent home to be educated or to the parents living in the old family home. These letters are passed about from one member of the family to the other and keep up a kind of intimacy which wipes out time and space.

I think I saw Aunt Ella once more before I went home for good but never after that, as she died before I returned again to England. She was white-haired, gentle-voiced, aristocratic looking, just in the way Auntie Gracie had been. They were the same type of southern gentlewomen. So many members of her family in the United States having died, I became one of her nearest ties to the country she loved.

During her lifetime, every one of my children received at birth the most exquisitely knitted garments from her, little booties, knee-length stockings made of the finest wool in almost a lace like pattern and jackets and capes and caps. Her interest in each child that came was as keen as though she sat by our fireside and watched them grow.

When she died she left me her engagement ring and two silver and gold saltcellars brought from India to her by my father when he went around the world.

In all probability most of this first Easter holiday was spent with my Woolryche-Whittemore cousins in the parsonage in the north of England.

I was beginning to make a place for myself in the school and before long Mlle Souvestre made me sit opposite her at table. The girl who sat opposite her received her nod at the end of the meal and gave the signal by rising for the rest of the girls to rise and leave the dining room. This girl was under close supervision so I acquired certain habits which I have never quite been able to shake off.

Mlle Souvestre used to say that you need never take more than you wanted but you had to eat what you took on your plate and so sitting opposite to her day after day I learned to eat everything that I took on my plate. There were certain English dishes that I disliked very much—for instance one stands out. It was a dessert called suet pudding. I think I really disliked its looks as much as I disliked anything else about it for it had an uncooked cold clammy expression as it sat upon the dish and the girl who served it cut it into what looked like heavy soggy slices. We had treacle to pour over it and

my only connection with treacle was through Nicholas Nickleby, which did not make the pudding any more attractive

Mlle Souvestre thought that we should get over such squeamishness and eat a little of everything, so I choked it down when she was at the table and refused it when she was not

It was a great advantage in one way however to sit opposite Mlle Souvestre for sometimes she had special dishes and shared them with three or four of us who sat close by. When she had guests they sat on either side of her and it was easy to overhear the conversation which was usually interesting.

I think that I started at this period in my life a very bad habit which has stayed with me ever since. Frequently I would use in talking to Mlle Souvestre afterwards things which I had overheard in her conversation with her friends and which had passed through my rather quick mind giving me some new ideas but if anyone had asked me any questions he would have soon discovered that I had no real knowledge of the thing I was talking about. Mlle Souvestre was usually so pleased that I was interested in the subject that she did the talking and I never had to show up my ignorance.

As the years went by I began to realize that I had had a rather poor grounding in many subjects in the classes that I had attended before coming to boarding school. I learned a great deal there. Mlle Souvestre's active and keen mind was a great stimulus to all of her pupils and she taught us how to find out whatever we wanted to know but I never really filled in the fundamentals that were lacking in my education. More and more as I grew older I used the quickness of my mind to pick the minds of other people and use their knowledge as my own. A dinner companion, a casual acquaintance, provided me with information which I could use in conversation and few people knew how little I actually knew on a variety of subjects that I talked on with apparent ease.

This is a bad habit, and one which is such a temptation that I hope few children will acquire it. It has one great advantage, it does give you a facility in picking up information about a great variety of subjects, and adds immeasurably to your interests as you go through life.

Of course, later on I discovered that when I really wanted to know something I had to dig in and learn all there was to know about that particular subject.

Mlle. Souvestre introduced me to her guests occasionally, and in this way I met many interesting people. For instance, Beatrice Chamberlain had been her pupil, and when she came out to visit, because of her American mother Mlle. Souvestre introduced me to her. Whenever I read her name or that of her father in the newspapers after that it gave me a thrill, because I had really seen and talked with her. This is one way of giving youth an interest in the "news."

ST MORITZ

As the summer holidays came nearer my excitement grew, for I was to travel to St. Moritz in Switzerland to spend my holiday with the Mortimers. My only recollection of the trip is a part of it which was made by diligence from Chur to St. Moritz, a long day's drive.

My first view of these beautiful mountains was positively breath taking, for I had never seen any high mountains before. I lived opposite the Catskill Mountains in summer and loved them, but I had never even crossed the river and climbed the heights, and how much more majestic were these great snow-capped peaks all around us as we drove into the Engadine. The little Swiss chalets, built into the sides of the hills and with places under them for all the livestock which did not actually wander into the kitchen, were very picturesque, but strange to my eyes with their fretwork decoration.

However, I was totally unprepared for St. Moritz itself, with its street of grand hotels tapering off into the more mod-

est pensions and little houses dotted around for such patients as had to live there for long periods of time

The hotels all bordered the lake, and the thing that I remember best about my time there was the fact that Tissie and I got up every morning early enough to walk to a little café that perched out above the lake on a promontory at one end. There we drank coffee or cocoa as the case might be, and ate our rolls with fresh butter and honey, the sun just peeping over the mountains and touching us with its warm rays, and I can still remember how utterly contented I was!

Tissie tried to find me companions of my own age, but as I remember it was not very easy to foist me on other children, and there were not many other children whom she knew.

Caroline Drayton, now Mrs William Phillips, came there for a time with her father, Mr Coleman Drayton but she seemed in those days much more sophisticated and grown up than I was. She had been her father's companion for so many years that philosophy and history and literature were all familiar topics of conversation. To me they were only just opening up and as yet were an unexplored world, though I did have a good background of general reading.

Her association with her father made her seem to me at that time more Tissie's friend than mine which amuses me today, for as the years have gone by we have become great friends and I have discovered that we are practically the same age. She was tall and dark and very straight. Charm of manner and of voice added to the distinction of birth and breeding. Her small head rose from the straight column of her neck in a regal way, and always a certain aloofness set her apart. You felt that something within her was in communion with another world.

We were staying in the Palace Hotel and I tried to play tennis once or twice but I was too awkward and conscious of my awkwardness to try it after the first exhibition of my lack of skill so I think a good part of my time was spent in walking and reading.

Toward the end of the summer Tissie told me that she had decided to make a trip by carriage from St. Moritz through the Austrian Tyrol to Oberammergau, where the Passion Play was being given. She was taking a friend with her, and could go along if I were willing to sit either with the coachman on the box, or on the little seat facing the two ladies. I would have agreed to sit on top of the bags, I was so excited at the prospect of seeing the Passion Play and all this new country.

We had only a one horse victoria, and much of the country we drove through was mountainous, and when we climbed I got out and walked, so our progress was not rapid and we had plenty of time to enjoy the scenery.

I still think the Austrian Tyrol is one of the loveliest places in the world. We spent a night in a little inn which had housed the mad king Ludwig of Bavaria when he went to fish in the rushing brook we saw below us. We visited his castles and finally arrived in Oberammergau.

It was the night before the play, and because of the crowds our rooms were separated from each other in simple little village houses. We walked the whole length of the village and found the people, whom we should see the next day taking their parts in the holy play, sitting in their little shops, selling the carved figures which they made during the winter for sale to the crowds that came there as tourists.

The Passion Play was given once in every ten years, so you can imagine my excitement at having this opportunity. I went to bed in a featherbed that night the first one of my experience, and nearly died of the heat, but was too weary to remove the one over me and find something else as a cover.

The Passion Play adjourned only when people had to eat and so we sat through long hours of the day. I loved it, though I realize now that I must have been a tired child for I had to go to sleep after lunch and could not get back until the end of the second period because no one is allowed to move or make a noise during the acting.

We went from there to Munich back to Paris and then I went back to school

PARIS

Christmas of 1899 I was to have my wish and spend the holiday entirely in Paris with the Mlles Bertaux Burky of whom I have already spoken was to be with me. We shared a room and my chief concern was to fill a stocking for her that Christmas for I knew that very often the child had gone without a stocking, though her parents never forgot to send her remembrances on Christmas and on her birthday. This year they added to their box a present for me an Indian silver box with a dragon design on top and my initials on it. I still have that box to remind me of our Christmas in Paris.

As the Mlles Bertaux had charge of us and as we were supposed to take French lessons every day as well as do a great deal of sightseeing we were carefully chaperoned and our days were carefully planned. I was getting to know Paris however and to feel able to find my way about and to decide in my own mind what I should like to do if I ever were free to plan my own days.

The last few days of our stay Mlle Souvestre was back in Paris and we went to see her. She quizzed us about what we had learned. At this time she told me frankly what she thought of my clothes many of which were made-over dresses of my young aunts and commanded me to go out with Mlle Samara and have at least one dress made.

I was always worried about my allowance, for my grandmother felt quite rightly that the children should never know until we were grown up what money might be ours and that we should always feel that money was something to be carefully spent as she might not be able to send us any more.

However she sent money for my holiday to Mlle Souvestre so I decided that if Mlle Souvestre thought I should buy a dress I could have it. I still remember my joy in that

ark red dress, made for me by a small dressmaker in Paris as far as I was concerned, it might have been made by Worth, for it had all the glamour of being my first French dress

I wore it on Sundays and as an everyday evening dress at school and probably got more satisfaction out of it than from any dress I have had since!

The one great event of interest that I remember in the winter of 1901 was the death of Queen Victoria. There was a great deal of feeling in England for the Queen and every loyal English subject wore mourning for a certain period.

Some of my Robinson connections had arranged for me to come in and see the funeral procession from the windows of a house belonging to one of them. It was a very exciting day, beginning with the crowds in the streets and the difficulty of arriving at our destination, and finally the long wait for the funeral procession itself. I remember very little of the many images which must have comprised that procession, but I shall never forget the genuine feeling shown by the crowds in the streets or the hush that fell as the gun carriage bearing what seemed like the smallest coffin I had ever seen came within our range of vision. It seemed to me that hardly any one had dry eyes as that slow moving procession passed by and I have never forgotten the great emotional forces that seemed to stir all about us as Queen Victoria so small of stature and yet so great in devotion to her people passed out of their lives forever.

ITALY

By the following Easter Mlle Souvestre had decided that she would take me traveling with her and this for me was perhaps one of the most momentous things that happened in my education. This trip was planned to go to Marseilles, along the Mediterranean coast, to stop at Pisa and then spend some time in Florence not staying in the city in a hotel but living with an artist friend of Mlle Souvestre's, a man who was

really painting in his villa in Fiesole, on a hill which over-looked Florence

Traveling with Mlle Souvestre was a revelation. She did all the things that in a vague way you had always felt you wanted to do.

One funny incident took place in Marseilles. I felt that I must have a bath, and so when the maid came to bring us hot water I asked her how a bath could be achieved. She told me she would prepare it and come back for me. I got all ready, my towels over my arm, my soap in my hand, and we began the long trek, finally finding the bathtub neatly housed in a cubbyhole just outside the room where the men were drinking and playing games. This was my first introduction to the tin tub with a sheet spread over it. I do not know why that sheet filled me with such misgivings, but though I was to meet it in many, many places throughout Europe afterwards, I always had a squeamish feeling as I got in, expecting surely that there must be bugs beneath it which would squish unpleasantly under my feet.

The maid meanwhile returned to tidy up our rooms and remarked to Mlle Souvestre: *Que ces Anglaises sont éternellement sales! Elles ont toujours besoin de se baigner.* (How dirty these English must be, they always have to bathe.) When I finally returned I found Mlle Souvestre much amused and waiting gleefully to tell me this story. She added that she had not explained that I was not English.

In the afternoon we walked upon the Quai, we looked at all the boats that came from foreign ports, saw some of the small fishing boats with their colored sails, and went up to a little church where offerings were made to the Blessed Virgin for the preservation of those at sea. There is a shrine in this church where people have prayed for the granting of some particular wishes: the crippled have hung their crutches there, and people have made offerings of gold and silver and jewels.

We ended up by dining in a cafe overlooking the Mediterranean and ate the dish for which Marseilles is famous, *bouillabaisse*.

abaise, a kind of soup in which every possible kind of fish which can be found in nearby waters is used. With it we had *vin rouge du pays* because Mlle Souvestre still believed in the theory that, water being uncertain, wine was better and safer to drink and if you diluted it with water, in some way the germs were killed by the wine. I accepted this theory and whether it is true or not I never had any ill effects from my mixture of *vin du pays* and water. We finished with Gruyère cheese and bread and coffee. I stuck to Gruyère though Mlle Souvestre would sometimes take other kinds of cheese native to the country we were in but with my uneducated palate Gruyère was the only kind I dared to try.

The next day we started our trip along the shores of the Mediterranean. I wanted to get out at almost every place the name of which was familiar to me but our destination was Pisa and it never occurred to me, the child of regular trips from New York to Tivoli and back, that one could change one's plans en route.

Suddenly towards evening the guard called out. Alassio. Mlle Souvestre was galvanized into action breathlessly she leaned out of the window and said I am going to get off. Directing me to get the bags which were stored on the rack over our heads, we simply fell off onto the platform bag and baggage just before the train started on its way. I was aghast for my grandmother who was far from Mlle Souvestre's seventy years though I did not realize it then would never have thought of changing her plans once she was on the train. But here we stood our trunks going on in the luggage van and we without rooms and as far as I knew in a strange place and with no real reason for the sudden whim.

When we recovered our breath Mlle Souvestre said My friend Mrs. Humphry Ward lives here and I decided that I would like to see her. Besides the Mediterranean is a very lovely blue at night and the sky with the stars coming out is nice to watch from the beach. I was thrilled!

Alas we found that Mrs. Ward was away and the older

hotel of the place was crowded so we had to take rooms in the new hotel. The proprietor had only just moved in, the walls were still damp but he gave us an omelette for supper and was as amiable as a French hotel keeper is when he knows that he is going to be unable to make you comfortable but still wants you to stay! We spent a wonderful hour down on the beach watching the sky and sea, and though Mlle Souvestre had a cold the next day as a result of sleeping in a damp room she did not regret her hasty decision and I had learned a valuable lesson. Never again would I be the rigid little person I had been theretofore.

The next day we went on to Pisa, where we found our trunks quite safe, and established ourselves for a day or two in a hotel frequented by Italians and not by foreigners. As I think back over my trips with Mlle Souvestre, I think she taught me how to enjoy traveling. She liked to be comfortable, she enjoyed good food, but she always tried to go where you would see the people of the country you were visiting not your own compatriots.

She always ate native dishes and drank native wines. I think she felt that it was just as important to enjoy good Italian food as it was to enjoy Italian art and it all served to make you a citizen of the world at home wherever you might go knowing what to see and what to enjoy. She used to impress on my mind the necessity of acquiring languages, primarily because of the enjoyment you missed in a country when you were both deaf and dumb!

Years later this was brought home to me in the first trip which my two youngest sons took with me in Europe. They spoke French but no German. In consequence they learned twice as much in France and Belgium and enjoyed it twice as much as they did the short trip we took in Germany. They had insisted on taking a trip down the Rhine and had looked forward to it tremendously. When they were actually in the country where they could not understand what people said and could not even ask for what they wanted the only way

they could enjoy themselves was through their eyes. Even when they saw something they liked, they were unable to ask any questions about it or find out anything more than their eyes could tell them. They begged to return to France.

Mlle Souvestre taught me also on these journeys with her that the way to make young people responsible is to throw real responsibility on them. She was an old lady and I was sixteen. The packing and unpacking for both of us was up to me once we were on the road. I looked up trains, got the tickets, made all the detailed arrangements necessary for comfortable traveling. Though I lost some of my self-confidence and ability to look after myself in the early days of my marriage, when it was needed again, later on it came back to me more easily because of these trips with Mlle Souvestre.

Pisa is famous for its leaning tower and its Campo Santo. Frequently Mlle Souvestre would send me out alone to do my sightseeing, but I remember that we visited the tower together and I wanted to climb it. At the moment there was some question about its safety, and I was not permitted to do so.

We proceeded to Florence, where we really settled down for a long visit. The family with whom we stayed left no impression upon me, although I do remember the artists' models who came to the door, for we lived with an artist who was painting a tremendous church canvas of the Last Supper. The models were striking figures with interesting heads, and the painting as a whole must have been good, for I can remember spending considerable time looking at it and liking it very much.

Up to the time of this Florentine visit I do not think I ever really had given any thought to the pictures of Christ, I think I actually believed that they were a real likeness of the real man and it was not until I listened to the discussions of types that it gradually dawned upon me that all these Biblical figures and personalities had been created by the various artists whose conception of what Christ or the Virgin Mary

or John the Baptist looked like were sufficiently similar to create finally, an accepted likeness of these individuals which has been adhered to more or less in all sacred paintings Isn't it queer how children take things for granted until something wakes them up?

Spring is a lovely time in Florence and whatever may have happened to the city since at that time I thought it had more flavor of antiquity than any of the other cities I had seen I was reading Dante laboriously with Mlle Samari in school and had plenty of imagination to draw upon as I walked about the city Here again Mlle Souvestre's trust in Americans made my trip unique

The morning after our arrival she calmly took out the Baedeker opened it at the description of the campanile and said My dear I should be exhausted if I walked the streets with you but the only way to know a city really is to walk the streets. Florence is worth it Take your Baedeker and go and see it We shall go to certain things together I like the sunset from Santa Maria so we will go there together You go and see things for yourself and we shall discuss what you have seen "

So sixteen years old keener than I have probably ever been since and more alive to beauty I sallied forth to see Florence alone Innocence is perhaps its own protection Mlle Souvestre's judgment was entirely vindicated Perhaps she realized that I had not the beauty which appeals to foreign men and that I would be safe from their advances In any case everyone was most helpful Even when I got lost in the narrow little streets and had to inquire my way I was always treated with the utmost respect and deference

I spent hours in churches in the galleries I sat before certain pictures and lazily glanced at others I can still see Botticelli's Spring with its riot of gay figures and flowers I loved the little Della Robbia babies that decorated both the cups and the sides of so many buildings the statues in the square the old Ponte Vecchio lined with its funny little shops where I

prowled looking for gold and silver filigree work or any thing else I could find which my rather slender allowance would permit me to buy. As usual gifts were on my mind for when I did go home which I hoped to do that summer I wanted to take something from my travels to everyone.

We proceeded to Milan where Mlle Souvestre rather scornfully remarked that the cathedral was beautiful but the rest of the city was so entirely modern we need not spend any more time in sightseeing after visiting the cathedral.

A few days in Paris where again I did my sightseeing alone. One day I met the entire Thomas Newbold family in the Luxembourg and they wrote home in haste that I was unchaperoned in Paris!

Back in school again for a time and then in the early summer great excitement for Pussie had come to Europe with the Mortimers and she and I were to sail for home together.

I stayed in London with her in lodgings two nights before we sailed and had my first taste of an emotional crisis on her part. I was to know many similar ones in the years to come. As I have said Pussie had an artistic temperament. She always had men who were in love with her not always wisely but always deeply!

At this particular moment she thought she was casting away her happiness forever because she was being separated from the gentleman of the moment. I stayed up anxiously most of the night listening to her sobs and protestations that she would never reach home that she would jump overboard. Being very young and very romantic I spent most of the trip home wondering when she would make this effort and watching her as closely as I could. We were on a slow Atlantic Transport Line boat and shared a cabin. Her moods were any thing but placid but by the time we reached home she was somewhat calmer.

CHAPTER FOUR

HOME AGAIN

Summer was a stormy one, and when we were both in Northeast Harbor, she with her aunt, Mrs. Ludlow, and I with Mrs. Ludlow's daughter, Mrs. Henry Parish, Jr., she was very much annoyed with me one day. She told me quite frankly that I probably would never have the beaux that the rest of the women in the family had had, because I was the ugly duckling. At the same time she told me some of the painful and distressing facts about my father's last years. The combination made me very unhappy, and I imagine Mrs. Parish had her hands full trying to console me. She tried hard to give me a good time but I knew no one and had no gift for getting on with younger people of the type that I was meeting in Northeast, where they lived a life which was totally different from the English school life that I was at present completely absorbed in.

I wanted just one thing that was to get back to England to school and more traveling in Europe. None of the family was going abroad, my grandmother was not entirely sure that she approved of my returning to England, but after much begging and insistence I was finally told I might go if I found someone to take me over. Due to the fact that my poor grandmother was beginning to have her hands full with her older son, my Uncle Vallie, who had started out in life in such an exemplary way but was now beginning to sow his wild oats, I think she was really glad to have me away.

I went to New York, and Pussie and Maude helped me to get my first long, tailor made suit. The skirt trailed on the ground and was oxford gray, as I remember it. I was enormously proud of it and I can hardly believe now that we could ever have been so impractical!

RETURN TO SCHOOL IN ENGLAND

Entirely by myself, I engaged a deaconess through an employment agency to take the trip to London with me and return by the next boat. As I look back on it, it was one of the funniest and craziest things I ever did, for my family never set eyes on her until they came to see me off on the steamer. She looked respectable enough and I am sure she was, but I might just as well have crossed alone, for we had a very rough crossing and I never saw her till the day we landed.

In the little Cunard ships of those days (I think we were on the *Umbria*), a rough crossing meant that the steamer chairs if they were out at all, were lashed to the railing. There were racks on the table, and when you tried to walk you felt you were either walking up a mountain or down one.

I had learned something since my first trip, and in spite of continually feeling ill I always got on deck and sat for hours watching the horizon rise and fall and ate most of my meals up there.

One funny incident occurred. Several days out, it suddenly dawned on me that I had left the keys to my two trunks at home and both of them had to be opened for the benefit of the customs officer on my arrival in Liverpool. I was so horrified at what seemed to me an insuperable difficulty that I confided my worries to the only other person who ever joined me on deck, a middle-aged, kindly gentleman. He soothed my anxiety and told me that I would find my cousin, Mr Maxwell, Aunt Ella's nephew, on the dock when we landed as he was a Cunard official, so he was sure that either my trunks would be passed unopened or they would find a lock smith and bring him immediately. I was enormously relieved and everything worked out perfectly on landing.

My deaconess and I proceeded to London to a large caravan of a hotel, where Marjorie Bennett and her family were staying.

The next day I went to school, carefully handed over the

return ticket and enough money for her hotel bill to my companion whom I had taken care of and had rarely ever seen! But she had served the purpose of giving my family the satisfaction of knowing I was well chaperoned!

School was as interesting as ever. Mlle Souvestre was very glad to see me back, and I had the added interest of a young cousin at school that year. Mr and Mrs Douglas Robinson came over bringing their daughter, Corinne, and leaving her with Mlle Souvestre. She was younger than I was and very intelligent and soon won her way to Mlle Souvestre's interest and respect. In athletics she was far better than I was and established her place with the girls more quickly than I had done.

Having Auntie Corinne and Uncle Douglas in London occasionally was a joy for me, as we were allowed an occasional weekend away and quite frequent Saturday afternoons if we had a relative near enough to take us out, and I know that I went up to London once or twice at least to see Auntie Corinne. Later Auntie Bje was there, too.

I was only sorry that I had to go home before the coronation of King Edward VII, as they were all staying in London, where Uncle Ted would join them to act as special ambassador from our government.

ROME

The Christmas holiday of the year 1902, Mlle Souvestre took Burky and myself to Rome. It was an unforgettable visit, and though I never have had the same affection for Rome as a city as I have for Florence, still that Christmas holiday period in Rome was a marvelous experience.

Mlle Souvestre did not take rooms in a hotel but we went to a pension in one of the old palaces where the rooms were enormous, with high ceilings and though we rejoiced in their beauty we nearly froze to death trying to warm ourselves over a little portable stove which had a few red coals glowing in its center.

Here again I remember the bath with a sheet spread over it, but it was so cold that I think we only took baths when it was absolutely necessary!

However, we visited the Forum many times Mlle Souvestre sat on a stone in the sun and talked to us of history and how the men of Rome had wandered here in their togas pointed out the place where Julius Caesar may have been assassinated and made us live in ancient history. We watched the people on their knees climbing up the Scala Santa and silly little Anglo Saxons that we were I think we felt self-conscious for them!

One beautiful day we journeyed to Tivoli with its beautiful gardens and the little loophole in the hedge through which you get a view of the city of Rome in the distance.

Many days Burky and I wandered around alone and many hours we spent in galleries and churches. I think St Peter's was a terrible disappointment to me for I had always remembered as a little girl kissing the toe of an enormous and heroic statue. In fact my nurse had held me up so I might accomplish this act of reverence but when I went back to look at the statue it was really quite small and had I wanted to kiss the toe I should have had to bend over considerably.

I acquired in the Sistine Chapel a lasting dislike for ornamental ceilings that must be studied for I had a permanent crick in my neck!

On Christmas Eve Mlle Souvestre took us to see the "Rag Market" where frequently priceless treasures are sold for a mere song. That night I bought some real lace which was very fine.

After wandering around to our hearts content we went over to St Peter's I think—though it may have been to some other church—for midnight mass. Never have I seen a more colorful ceremony and I discovered Mlle Souvestre was not an atheist at heart for she was as much moved as we were by the music and the lights!

The winter at school was uneventful though the Boer War

was giving the English girls constant reasons for celebrating and throwing many of us more and more into Mlle Souvestre's keeping in the evenings

FRANCE, BELGIUM, GERMANY

When Easter came around, Mlle Souvestre again asked me to travel with her. This time we crossed the Channel and went to stay not far from Calais with her friends the Ribous, who lived in a house entered by a door set in a wall. You pulled a long, iron bell handle and a cheerful tinkle ran through the house. In a few minutes you were let in to a very spacious and comfortable garden entirely surrounded by a wall high above your head making it possible to have complete privacy which is one of the things French people strive for even in their city homes.

I do not remember the name of this small town but I do remember sallying forth alone to look at the churches and to see what could be seen. I felt somewhat awed by our two dignified and very kindly hosts. Later I was to discover that a Premier of France my host of this visit.

From there we went to Belgium and visited some other friends of Mlle Souvestre's taking a long trip in their coach. We proceeded up the Rhine to Frankfort where we spent a good deal of time enjoying the kindly hospitality of Herr and Frau de Passavant the parents of Carola and Nellie two girls who had been with Mlle Souvestre at school for a year or more.

I was very fond of both of them and they were certainly lovely looking girls, and the glimpse of German family life and customs was extremely interesting.

These two girls were then attending a school for domestic training and they were learning not only every detail of household management but were learning how to run a country place, how to make cheese and butter how to care for milk and cream. I had never heard of such a school before especially for girls of wealthy parents but they took it for

granted that every girl should receive this education before she was ready to take up her responsibilities as a wife and mother

To them it has certainly proved valuable, and I think perhaps we might learn something from their thorough grounding and practical knowledge and experience along these lines

One German custom gave me quite a shock. As we were leaving the house one evening after dinner, I saw Mlle Souvestre slip a tip into the hand of the butler and also of the footman who was helping us on with our coats. I could hardly wait until I got outside to ask her if that was a custom in Germany, for, of course it would never have occurred to me as an American to tip any servant where I had just taken a meal. I did know that you tipped people when you stayed in the house over night, but it was an entirely new thought to have tipping on my mind every minute.

However, I discovered that both in homes and in hotels and restaurants tipping formed a substantial part of a servant's remuneration. Wages were very low everywhere, and that gave the tipping system a real reason for existence.

I still feel it is a pernicious system, but as it apparently has to exist, perhaps it is better handled in a country where the amount of tipping for various services is distinctly understood. In those days ten per cent of your bill was considered the proper amount to tip, and you knew pretty well by custom what tips should be in a country house in England, France and in Germany, or wherever you might be. But I still feel that adequate wages paid for work done is a more satisfactory method of payment.

The summer was now approaching, and I knew that I must go home for good. Mlle Souvestre had become one of the people whom I cared most for in the world, and the thought of the long separation seemed very hard to bear. I would have given a great deal to have spent another year on my education, but to my grandmother the age of eighteen was

the time that you "came out," and not to "come out" was unthinkable

Luckily, when I actually left I felt quite sure that I would return before long but I realize now that Mlle Souvestre, knowing her infirmities, had very little hope of seeing me again. She wrote me very lovely letters, which I still cherish. They show the kind of relationship which had grown up between us, and give an idea of the very fine person who certainly exerted the greatest influence, after my father, on this period of my life.

Through correspondence I have kept in touch through all the ensuing years with Carola de Passavant, Leonie and Helen Gifford, Marjorie Bennett, and Hilda Burkinshaw and occasionally others pop up!

Since we have been in the White House it has given me great pleasure to have the sons of Marjorie Bennett now Mrs Philip Vaughan, and a relative of the Giffords stay with us.

HOME FOR GOOD

I returned to Tivoli, my grandmother's country place, and spent the whole summer there. This was not a happy summer, for, as I said before, while I had been away my Uncle Vallie who had been so kind to me when I was a child had been slipping rapidly into the habits of an habitual drinker. My grandmother would never believe that he was not going to give it up as he promised after each spree but the younger members of the family realized that the situation was really serious. He made life for the other members of the family distinctly difficult.

Pussie was away a great deal. Maude was married to Larry Waterbury, Eddie was married to Josie Zabriskie and was proving himself just as weak as his brother Vallie. This was my first real contact with anyone who had completely lost the power of self-control and I think it began to develop in me an almost exaggerated idea of the necessity of keeping all of one's desires under complete subjugation.

I had been a solemn little girl, my years in England had given me my first real taste of being carefree and irresponsible, but my return home to the United States accentuated almost immediately the serious side of life, and that first summer was not very good preparation for being a gay and jovious debutante.

Vallie still had great charm—in fact, he kept it all his life—and I think my grandmother, because she always had a desire to protect those she loved, probably loved him more than any of her other children and she never would give up her hopes for him.

I was allowed to have Leonie Gifford and a friend of hers to stay with me for a few days that summer, as they had come over from England. Every moment that they were there, however, I held my breath for fear some unfortunate incident would occur.

That was the last time I ever had any girl to stay at Tivoli with me. After that I would occasionally invite a man, but never felt free to do so unless I knew him well enough to tell him that he might have an uncomfortable time.

My grandmother had cut herself off almost entirely from contact with her neighbors and while Vallie, when he met anyone, would behave with braggadocio we really lived an isolated life. No one was ever invited to come for a meal or to stay with us who was not so intimate that he knew the entire situation.

My little brother was still at home and had a tutor with him but while I think he was frightened by my uncle at times, as I was being younger it did not make the same deep impression on him.

That autumn he went off to boarding school. My grandmother and I took him up to Groton. She seemed quite old already and somehow or other the real responsibility for this young brother was slipping very rapidly from her hands into mine. She never went again to see him at school and I began to go up every term for a weekend, which was what all good

parents were expected to do I kept this up through the six years he was there just as I was to do later for my own sons.

A little later that autumn I moved to the old house on West 37th Street. Theoretically my grandmother lived there too but as a matter of fact she lived at Tivoli in a vain attempt to keep Vallie there and keep him sober as much as possible.

Pussie my only unmarried aunt and I lived together. She was no less beautiful than she had been when I was a child. She was just as popular with just as many beaux and several love affairs always devastating her emotions. She went the round of social dinners and dances just as hard as any debutante.

'COMING OUT'

Of course my grandmother could do nothing about my coming out but automatically my name was placed on everybody's list. I was asked at once to all kinds of parties but the first one I attended was an Assembly Ball and I was taken by my cousins Mr and Mrs Henry Parish Jr.

My aunt Mrs Mortimer had bought my clothes in Paris and I imagine that I was well dressed but there was absolutely nothing about me to attract anybody's attention. I was tall but I did not dance very well nor had I had much opportunity in England and in any case English dancing was different from ours. I had lost touch with all the girls whom I had known before I went abroad though of course afterwards I picked up some of my old relationships. I went into that ballroom not knowing one single man except Bob Ferguson the friend of my childhood but whom I had rarely seen since I went abroad and Forbes Morgan who was one of Pussie's most ardent admirers.

I do not think I quite realized beforehand what utter agony it was going to be or I would never have had the courage to go. Bob Ferguson introduced a number of his friends Nick Biddle Duncan Harris and Pendleton Rogers. But by

no stretch of the imagination could I fool myself into thinking that I was a popular debutante!

I went home early, thankful to get away, having learned that before I went to any party or to any dance I should have two partners, one for supper and one for the cotillion. Any girl who was a success would be asked by many men and accepted the one whom she preferred at the moment. These partners were prerequisites, but you must also be chosen to dance every figure in the cotillion, and your popularity was gauged by the numbers of favors you took home. Pussie always had far more than I had! I knew I was the first girl in my mother's family who was not a belle, and though I never acknowledged it to any of them at that time, I was deeply ashamed.

Mr and Mrs Mortimer gave a large theater party and supper, with dancing afterwards, for me, later on at Sherry's which was the fashionable restaurant of those days. This helped very much to give me a sense that I had done my share of entertaining, or rather it had been done for me and for one night I stood and received with my aunt and had no anxieties. Pussie and I together gave a few luncheons and dinners that winter at the 37th Street house.

Gradually I acquired a few friends those I have already mentioned and Harry Hooker, and a few others, and finally going out lost some of its terrors, but that first winter, when my sole object in life was society, nearly brought me to a state of nervous collapse. I had other things however, on my mind! I ran the house more or less as far as it was run by anyone for Pussie was if anything more temperamental than she had been as a young girl, and her love affairs were becoming more serious. There would be days and days when she would shut herself into her room, refusing to eat and spending hours weeping.

Finally, I felt called upon to try to find out what some of her troubles were, but I was quite unsuccessful, as I should

have known I would be if I had been a little older and had had a little more experience. I went blindly on, trying to be tactful and wise, and finding myself confronted with many situations that I was totally unprepared to handle.

Occasionally Vallie would come to the house for one purpose and one alone, that was to go on a real spree. Pussie was no better equipped to cope with this difficulty than I was. In fact, not having any other vital interests, I had more time to handle this situation and a certain kind of strength and determination which underlay my timidity must have begun to make itself felt, for I think I was better able to handle many difficulties that arose during this strange winter than was Pussie, who was some fourteen years my senior.

I did do with Pussie a number of pleasant things, however, that winter. Her musical talent kept her in touch with a certain number of artistic people, and I enjoyed listening to her play and going to the theater, concerts and the opera with her. Bob Ferguson, who lived a very pleasant bachelor existence in New York and had many, many friends, introduced me that year to Bay Emmett, the painter, and some of her friends, and I rejoiced that Bob and I had reestablished our old friendship. He felt that he was entitled to bring me home after parties we might both attend which of course was a great relief to me, as otherwise I always had to have a maid wait for me—that was one of the rules my grandmother had laid down. That rule amuses me now when I realize how gaily I went around European cities all by myself. However, she accepted Bob as escort though she would not hear of anyone else having the same privilege.

He took me to several studio parties in Bay Emmett's studio and gave me my first taste of meeting informally people whose names I recognized as having accomplished things in the sphere of art and letters.

I liked this very much better than I did the dinners and dances I was struggling through in formal society each night and yet I would not have wanted at that age to have been

left out, for I was still haunted by my upbringing and believed that what was known as New York Society was really important

During this time I had begun to see occasionally my cousin, Franklin Roosevelt, who was at college, and also his cousin Lyman Delano and various other members of his family and some of his college friends. His mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, was sorry for me, I think. She remembered seeing me as a child not only at Mr. Dodsworth's dancing classes but occasionally at a dancing class which Mrs. Archibald Rogers, her next-door neighbor at Hyde Park, held during the autumn months at Crumwold Hall, where the children from up and down the river came and danced. I was occasionally allowed to go with my cousin Mrs. Robert Livingston, and her children.

Mrs. Roosevelt and her husband, who died in 1900, had been fond of my mother and father. Mrs. Cowles knew them both very well, and of course they knew Mrs. Douglas Robinson, but the tie with my father was stronger because he crossed on the steamer with them when he was starting his trip around the world. They were so fond of him that when their son Franklin was born they asked my father to be his godfather.

When I was two years old my father and mother took me to stay at Hyde Park with them. My mother-in-law says that she remembers my standing in the door with my finger in my mouth and being addressed as "Granny" by my mother, and that Franklin rode me around the nursery on his back. This visit, however, is purely a matter of hearsay to me, and my first recollection of Franklin is at one of the Orange Christmas parties, later a glimpse of him the summer I came home from school when I was going up to Tivoli in the coach of a New York Central train. He spied me and took me to speak to his mother who, of course, was in the Pullman car. I never saw him again until he began to come to occasional dances the winter I came out and I was asked to a house-party

at Hyde Park where all the other guests were mostly his cousins

Muriel Robbins, later Mrs Cyril Martineau, pretty and capable and very lovely, with her younger brother, Warren, who was still at Groton, Ellen and Laura Delano, and their brother, Lyman, and some other young college friends, made up the party

Muriel afterwards went to Groton with me once or twice when I was visiting Hall, and the boys from Harvard came down to see us

In those days there was no comfortable Parents' House at Groton and we stayed with Mrs Whitney, the lady who for many years looked after Groton parents visiting their offspring. She and I got on very well, I was young and the fact that the beds were hard and the rooms cold made very little difference to me. Everyone marveled because she allowed me to bring a maid, but I had explained to her that my grandmother would not allow me to come unless I had a maid with me. She seemed to accept that necessity, though she never allowed a maid as a luxury to anyone. On one occasion she is known to have deposited some of her guests' bags on the front porch and announced that a car would take them to the station at such and such a time. When they gently remonstrated, her only answer was that she no longer had a room for them. They had I believe committed the sin of asking for late dinner or breakfast in bed both of which were taboo.

Later Groton was to have a Parents' House with greater comfort, but I must have begun early to enjoy vagaries of human nature, for I really grew fond of Mrs Whitney and felt a distinct sense of loss when her boarding house was given up.

I did not stay so much in Tivoli the summer after I came out. I was there part of the time but paid a great many visits for by that time I had made many friends and Mrs Parish was kind to me as always. In the autumn when I was nineteen my grandmother decided that she could not afford to

open the New York house, and the question came up as to where Pussie and I were going to live Mrs Ludlow invited Pussie to stay with her, and Mrs Parish offered me a home

GROWING UP

I had grown up considerably this past year, and had come to the conclusion that I would not spend another year just doing the social rounds particularly as I knew that my cousin's house would mean much less ease in casual entertainment than I had known in the 37th Street house She still lived with a great deal of formality and punctuality, and the latter was now not one of my strong points

Pussie was no help in keeping me punctual In fact I remember one horrible evening when I was dining with Mrs Ogden Mills We often took a cab together for the sake of economy and this evening she was so late that after leaving her I arrived when everyone was seated at table Covered with confusion, I apologized lamely for my lateness and found my seat suffering agonies of shame with so many eyes turned reprovingly upon me!

Cousin Susie (Mrs Parish) told me that I might occasionally have guests for tea down in a little reception room on the first floor, but there was no feeling at that time that I could ask people in casually for meals I had my maid however, and everything was arranged so that I could go out as much as I wished and she was more than kind in entertaining at formal lunches and dinners for me

One thing I remember very vividly I had run over my allowance considerably and had a great many bills overdue and finally my cousin Mr Parish took me in hand and painstakingly showed me how to keep books He would not allow me to ask my grandmother to pay up these bills but he made me pay them up myself gradually over a period of time This was probably my only lesson in handling money and I have been eternally grateful for it all the rest of my life

He was tall and thin and distinguished looking, with a mustache, and while rather formal in manner he was the kindest person I have ever known, and he still is

I have my Cousin Susie to thank for the friendship which grew up gradually that winter between Mrs Tilden R Selmes and myself She was a very intimate friend of Mrs Parish's and I had met her casually just as I had met her very beautiful sixteen year old daughter the winter before This daughter, Isabella, though still at school, was already the talk of New York, one of the loveliest young girls I have ever seen

Bob Ferguson and Nick Biddle had brought her first to see me, and that was the beginning of a friendship with both mother and daughter They came from Kentucky and St Paul, Minnesota, and there was a glamour about them both Isabella's colored mammy would have lent a touch of distinction to any household, and she added to the interest in this girl who was to be one of the most popular debutantes that New York has ever seen Mammy looked over all her friends and passed judgment on them She even looked up their ancestors, her keen intuition was seldom wrong and many a time have I laughed over her summing up of some young man who was supposed to be one of New York's best catches!

That winter I began to work in the Junior League. It was in its very early stages Mary Harriman afterwards Mrs Charles Cary Rumsey, was the moving spirit There was no clubhouse, we were just a group of girls anxious to do something helpful in the city in which we lived We agreed when we joined to do certain pieces of work and Jean Reid daughter of Mr and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and I undertook to take classes of youngsters at the Rivington Street Settlement House Jean was to play the piano and I was to keep the children entertained by teaching calisthenics and fancy dancing As I remember it, we arrived there as school came out in the afternoons, and it was dark before we left Jean often came

and went in her carriage, but I took the elevated railway or the Fourth Avenue street car and walked across from the Bowery. Needless to say, the streets filled with foreign looking people, crowded and dirty, filled me with a certain amount of terror and I often waited on a corner for a car, watching with a great deal of trepidation, men come out of the saloons or shabby hotels nearby, but the children interested me enormously. I feel sure I was a very poor teacher, for I had had no experience. However, I still remember the glow of pride that ran through me when one of the little girls said her father wanted me to come home with her, as he wanted to give me something because she enjoyed her classes so much. Needless to say, I did not go, but that invitation bolstered me up whenever I had any difficulty in disciplining my brood!

Occasionally Jean was ill, and though we were supposed to provide someone else if we were not able to go ourselves, something went wrong and I had to take the class without my music, which was not so easy.

Once I remember allowing my cousin Franklin Roosevelt, at that time a senior at Harvard, to come down to meet me. All the little girls were tremendously interested, and the next time they gathered around me demanding to know if he was my 'feller,' an expression which meant nothing to me at that time!

I think it must have been this same winter that I became interested in the Consumers' League, of which Mrs. Maud Nathan was the president. Luckily, I went with an experienced older woman to do some investigation in garment factories and department stores. It had never occurred to me before that the girls might get tired standing behind counters all day long or that no seats were provided for them if they had time to sit down and rest. I did not know what the sanitary requirements should be in the dress factories, either for air or lavatory facilities. This was my first introduction to anything of his kind and I rather imagine that by spring I

was quite ready to drop all this good work and go up to the country and spend the summer in idleness and recreation!

As I try to sum up my own development in the autumn of 1903, I think I was a curious mixture of extreme innocence and unworldliness with a great deal of knowledge of some of the less attractive and less agreeable sides of life—which, however, did not seem to make me any more sophisticated or less innocent.

I think it would be very difficult for anyone in these days to have any idea of the formality with which girls in my generation were trained. I cannot believe that I was the only one brought up in this way, though I rather imagine that I was perhaps more strictly kept to the formalities than were many of my friends.

It was an understood thing that no girl was interested in a man or showed any liking for him until he made all the advances. You knew a man very well before you wrote or received a letter from him, and those letters make me smile when I see some of the correspondence today. There were very few men indeed who would have dared to use my first name, and to have signed oneself in any other way than "Very sincerely yours," would have been not only a breach of good manners but an admission of feeling which was entirely inadmissible.

One of Franklin's friends, Howard Cary, a charming man with a really lovely spirit, wrote me occasionally about books, for we had a mutual interest in literature. His letters were charming, but formal and even stiff when they touched on anything but books. My grandmother always made me feel a little self-conscious when I received a letter from a man.

You never allowed a man to give you a present except flowers or candy or possibly a book. To receive a piece of jewelry from a man to whom you were not engaged was a sign of being a fast woman, and the idea that you would permit any man to kiss you before you were engaged to him never even crossed my mind.

All these restrictions seem foolish nowadays, but I wonder if the girls weren't safer. It requires more character to be as free as youth is today.

I had painfully high ideals and a tremendous sense of duty at that time, entirely unrelieved by any sense of humor or any appreciation of the weaknesses of human nature. Things were either right or wrong to me with very few shades and I had had too little experience to know as yet how very fallible human judgments are.

MY ENGAGEMENT

I had a great curiosity about life and a desire to participate in every experience that might be the lot of woman. There seemed to me to be a necessity for hurry without rhyme or reason. I felt the urge to be a part of the stream of life, and so in the autumn of 1903 when Franklin Roosevelt, my fifth cousin once removed, asked me to marry him, though I was only nineteen, it seemed an entirely natural thing and I never even thought that we were both rather young and inexperienced. I came back from Groton where I had spent the weekend, and asked Cousin Susie whether she thought I cared enough, and my grandmother when I told her asked me if I was sure I was really in love. I solemnly answered 'yes, and yet I know now that it was years later before I understood what being in love was or what loving really meant.

I had very high standards as to what a wife and mother should be and not the faintest notion of what it meant to be either a wife or a mother, and none of my elders enlightened me.

I marvel now at my husband's patience, for I realize how trying I must have been in many ways. I can see today how funny were some of the tragedies of our early married life. My mother-in-law had sense enough to realize that both of us were very young and very undeveloped, and in spite of the fact that she thought I had been well brought up, she

decided to try to make her son think this matter over—which at the time, of course, I resented. As he was well ahead in his studies, she took him with his friend and room mate, Lathrop Brown, on a cruise to the West Indies that winter, while I lived in New York with Mrs. Parish.

Franklin's feelings did not change, however.

My first experience with the complications that surround the attendance of a President at any kind of family gathering such as a wedding or a funeral came when my great uncle, James King Gracie, whose wife was our beloved Auntie Gracie, died on November 22, 1903, and Uncle Ted came to New York for the funeral.

The streets were lined with police, and only such people as had identification cards could get in and out of Mrs. Douglas Robinson's house where Uncle Ted stayed. We all drove down in a procession to the church, but Uncle Ted went in by a special door through the clergyman's house which had a connecting passageway, and left the same way.

I went into the church in the ordinary way, and only afterwards heard with horror that in spite of all the precautions an unknown man stepped up to Uncle Ted in the passageway leading from the house to the church and handed him a petition. No one could imagine how the man got in or why he had not been seen by the police. He fortunately had no bad intentions, but nevertheless he gave everyone a shock, for had he wanted to attack Uncle Ted he could have done so easily.

WASHINGTON FOR THE FIRST TIME

In the winters of 1903 and 1904 Auntie Bye, with whom I had already stayed in Farmington, Connecticut, asked me to come to Washington to stay with her. She was a wonderful hostess, as I have already said. By this time I had gained a little self-confidence and so I really enjoyed meeting the younger diplomats and the few young American men who are to be found in the social circles of Washington. I was

invited to the White House to stay for a night, but I was always awed by the White House and therefore preferred to stay with Auntie Bye, where one felt more at ease. She arranged everything so well for me that I did not feel responsible for myself. She had me meet a number of the girls in Washington, and I often wonder if some of them remember those youthful days as well as I do. There were Mrs. Victor Mowrawetz, who was Marjorie Nott, Cissie Patterson and the Winslow girls, Harriet and Mary, Catherine Adams, daughter of Charles Francis Adams, Margaretta MacVeagh, and many others who were friends of Auntie Byes and therefore kind to me.

I went with Auntie Bye on her rounds of afternoon calls and though I was aghast at this obligation for the short time I was there it was most entertaining. The dinners, luncheons and teas were interesting, and people of importance, with charm and wit and *savoir faire*, filled my days with unusual and exciting experiences.

Young Major Leonard, with only one arm (the other lost during the Boxer rebellion in China), Mr. John Lodge and a charming young Italian named Gherardesca, and many others, made these visits stand out in my memory.

The chief excitement of the winter of 1904 was the marriage of Pussie to W. Forbes Morgan, Jr. It took place on February 16, in Mrs. Ludlow's house, where Pussie was staying. The flowers were lovely, as I remember, and Pussie looked beautiful, but no one was very happy. Forbes was a number of years younger than Pussie and we knew she was temperamental and wondered how they would adjust themselves to the complicated business of married life.

Uncle Ted's campaign and reelection had meant very little to me except in general interest, for again I lived in a totally nonpolitical atmosphere. In Washington, however, I gradually acquired a faint conception of the political world very different from my New York world. I also acquired little by little the social ease which I sorely needed.

Uncle Ted came occasionally to Auntie Bye's house informally and those visits were interesting events. She went now and then to walk with Aunt Edith or perhaps Uncle Ted would send for her to talk over something thereby showing that he considered her advice was well worth having. He was devoted to both his sisters and Auntie Corinne (Mrs Douglas Robinson) came down to see him or he went to see her in New York or in the country. They all talked on political questions literature or art and his wife and his sisters each in their own way made their contributions to what was always stimulating talk.

Auntie Bye had a great gift for homemaking. Some of her furniture was ugly but wherever she lived there was an atmosphere of comfort and you were glad to sit down in her rooms. The talk was always lively and at all times there was friendliness in her unstinted hospitality. The unexpected guest was always welcome and young or old you really felt Auntie Bye's interest in you.

This may have been the reason why I loved to be with her for I was still shy and she gave me reassurance. She once gave me a piece of advice which I think must have come from her own philosophy. I was asking her how I could be sure that I was doing the right thing if someone criticized me. Her answer was "No matter what you do some people will criticize you and if you are entirely sure that you would not be ashamed to explain your action to someone whom you loved and who loved you and you are satisfied in your own mind that you are doing right then you need never worry about criticism nor need you ever explain what you did."

She had not married until late in life and she had lived for many years according to this principle herself. When Mr. J. R. (Rosa) Roosevelt's wife died while he was the first Secretary of our Embassy in London she went over to be his hostess and take care of his children. There she met and was married to Captain William Sheffield Cowles who was our Naval Attaché and on her return to this country William

Jeffrey Cowles, Jr., was born. Because of her deformity and her age, everybody was anxious about her, but courage will carry you through a great deal and the baby arrived perfectly every way, and both mother and baby progressed normally to health and strength.

This child of hers was always the apple of her eye and grew up to be the pride and joy of her life.

Uncle Will, Auntie Bye's husband, was now an Admiral in the Navy, and I began to learn something about the 'services' and to realize that these men who are our officers in the army and navy, while they receive little financial compensation are enormously proud to serve their country. They and their wives have a position which is their right by virtue of their service, regardless of birth or of income. Quite a new idea to a provincial little miss from New York!

In June of 1904 I went with Franklin's mother and most of his cousins to his commencement at Harvard the first commencement I had ever attended.

That summer I paid my aunt, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, quite a long visit in Islesboro, Maine, where she had a cottage, and then I went up to stay with Franklin and his mother at Campobello Island, New Brunswick, Canada. Franklin came down to get me, and we made the long trip by train, changing at least twice and getting there in the evening. Of course, I had to have my maid with me for I could not have gone with him alone!

Once there, however, we walked together, drove around the island, sailed on a small schooner yacht with his mother and other friends, and got to know each other a little better than ever before. This yacht seemed to me, who was not much accustomed to any of the luxuries of life, the last word in extravagance.

FAIRHAVEN AND THE DELANO FAMILY

In the autumn of 1904 our engagement was announced. I was asked by Franklin's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs.

Warren Delano, to spend Thanksgiving at Fairhaven Massachusetts, with the entire Delano family. It was an ordeal, but I knew so many of them already, and they were so very kind and warm in their welcome, that I began to feel that I was part of the clan, and a clan it was.

This old Fairhaven house, and the tradition which lay back of it, was in itself interesting to me. My mother in law's grandfather Warren Delano had been a sea captain sailing from New Bedford. When returning from a trip to Sweden in 1814 his boat was captured by the British and he was taken into Halifax. Finally the men were sent home, but the ship was taken from them. My mother in law's father, Warren Delano, remembered as a little boy the occupation of Fairhaven by the British in this same War of 1812. He and his little brothers were hurried to safety up the Acushnet River.

On retiring Captain Delano built himself a dignified rambling house with stone walls inclosing the lawn and garden. There was a stable in the rear. When his son, Warren Delano, my mother in law's father was seventeen Captain Delano drove him up to Boston and put him in the counting house of his friend, Mr. Forbes. The eldest of a large family must begin early to earn his own living, and before the lad was nineteen he was sailing as supercargo on a ship which went to South America and China. This son helped to start his brothers in life and took care of his sisters and various other relatives.

Their descendants all happened to be children of Warren Delano, for the other brothers and sisters had had no children.

Warren Delano, the third in line, was my mother in law's eldest brother, and the head of the family when I became engaged to Franklin. He managed the Faithven property and the trust fund which went with it. All the family went there when they wished and conformed to the agreement which the brothers and sisters entered into together.

I grew very fond of some of the older members of my husband's family. Mr and Mrs Warren Delano were always kindness itself to me, as were Mrs Forbes, Mrs Hitch, Mrs Price Collier and Mr and Mrs Frederic Delano.

Mrs Hitch was the most philanthropic and civic minded of my husband's relations. She was not only a moving spirit in Newburgh, where she lived in the old family house, but she reached out to New York City and belonged to many of the early state-wide and national movements for the bettering of human conditions. After my husband went into politics she took a tremendous interest in him and wrote him long letters about the local political situation.

Mr Frederic Delano was still in business in these early years, but later on, when he came to live in Washington, he devoted himself entirely to public affairs and became one of the leading citizens not only of his community but of the country, putting into public work all the ability which had gained him a place of prominence in the business world and working as hard on his unpaid civic jobs as he had worked on the things he did which had brought him in a substantial income.

All the members of my husband's family had business ability, imagination and good sense. That does not mean that they never made mistakes but standing as they did together in a clan they usually retrieved their mistakes, and the whole family profited.

The Faithven house was roomy, and had been added to from time to time. In it there were many interesting things

The coat-of arms of Jehan de Lannoy, Knight of the Golden Fleece and ancestor of the original Phillipe de Lannoy who came to this country in November 1621 hung over the door on a painted shield. Some shelves over the old fashioned desks were filled with interesting little trinkets and there were some beautiful Chinese vases. A drawer in one of these desks yielded to our astonished gaze the skin from the palm of a boy's hand. The attached legend explained that it came off intact and was retained by Warren I think as a memento of his case of scarlet fever! Shades of the old theory that peeling was a contagious period!

Up in the attic were some ivory carvings done by men on the long whaling voyages. Many of these things are now in the New Bedford museum but certain trunks held old ships logs and family diaries and these Franklin in particular revealed in

Large family reunions had not taken place in my Hall family for a good many years perhaps due to the fact that life at Tivoli where my grandmother lived almost entirely with Vallie was not very pleasant or it may have been due to the fact that we were scattered and had no mutual interests being held together only by personal affection for each other as individuals. This did hold us however and I think we were drawn together for many years by devotion to my grandmother.

Therefore this first big family party at Fairhaven was to me something of a revelation. There was a sense of security which I never had known before. I imagine that without realizing it it was a relief to me who sensed in those years a certain feeling of insecurity in most of the relationships of my Hall family. Maude for instance was very much in love with her attractive husband but financial difficulties were always lurking in the background. They seemed the gayest most carefree of young people and when they had come to England while I was at school because Larry Waterbury (Maude's husband) was a member of the American inter

national championship polo team, I watched with awe and envy the clothes that Maude wore and the constant gaiety. There was a world where pleasure dominated.

I was allowed to attend these games, and I thrilled with pride at the skill of the American players. Under the excitement and gaiety, however, lurked a constant sense of insecurity. I also soon discovered that cards were not always played for fun in this young group, and that the results were sometimes serious.

By 1902 I was already beginning to realize that debts sometimes hung over people's heads, that both Eddie and Vallie had squandered what money was left to them, that Pussie had trusted much of hers to gentlemen with good intentions but little business judgment who always lost more than they made for her, which meant that by this time her income was considerably lessened.

My grandmother, as the children came of age had less and less money because, as there had been no will she only had her dower right in her husband's estate. She was barely able to meet her own expenses and help her somewhat extravagant children.

Tissie's husband was well off and very generous, and Tissie herself for years spent practically every penny she had on members of her family. Everyone of them was conscious of financial strain, primarily because each one was keeping up with the Joneses in some way.

The Delanos were the first people I met who were able to do what they wanted to do without wondering where to obtain the money, and it was not long before I learned the reason for this. My mother-in-law taught me, but I am sure that any member of her family could have taught me just as well. They watched their pennies, which I had always seen squandered. They were generous and could afford to be in big things, because so little was ever wasted or spent in consequential ways.

They were a clan and if misfortune befell one of them,

the others rallied at once My Hall family would have rallied too but they had so much less to rally with The Delanos might disapprove of one another, and if so they were not slow to express their disapproval but let someone outside as much as hint at criticism and the clan was ready to tear him limb from limb!

Before Franklin went to Harvard he had wanted to go into the Navy, which desire may be explained by his New England ancestry His father felt however, that an only son should not choose a profession which would take him so much away from home Therefore he wanted Franklin to study law as a preparation for any kind of business or profession which he might enter later

After graduating from Harvard Franklin went to law school at Columbia University His mother took a house at 200 Madison Avenue and we had many gay times during the winter of 1905 with his cousin Muriel Robbins who often came to visit her Aunt Sallie and the other young members of the family Parties were given for us wedding presents began to come and my Cousin Susie helped me to buy my trousseau and my linens It was all very exciting and the wedding plans were complicated by the fact that Uncle Ted at that time President of the United States was coming to New York to give me away and our date had to fit in with his plans Finally it was decided that we would be married on St Patrick's Day March 17th 1905 because Uncle Ted was coming on for the parade that day

UNCLE TED'S INAUGURATION MARCH 4 1905

Franklin and I were thrilled to be asked to stay with Auntie Bye for Uncle Ted's inauguration on March 4th 1905 I had no conception of what all the arrangements entailed but I do remember the number which was posted on Auntie Bye's brougham and her remark that her colored coachman really stayed with her because of the pride he felt when he found himself well up in the line passing in where

ers were not allowed to go! Not very different from some of our white brethren—who are not coachmen, either! Just a human trait which has persisted even into the machine age!

Once at the capitol only the immediate family went inside. Franklin and I went to our seats on the capitol steps just back of Uncle Ted and his family. I was interested and excited, but politics still meant little to me, for though I can remember the forceful manner in which Uncle Ted delivered his speech I have no recollection of what he said! We went back to the White House for lunch, and then saw the parade and back to New York. I told myself I had seen a historic event—and I never expected to see another inauguration in the family!

CHAPTER FIVE

OUR WEDDING, MARCH 17, 1905

THE week before our wedding was all frantic haste. Some of my bridesmaids came to help me write notes of thanks for wedding presents, of course signing my name. One day we discovered to our horror that Isabella Selmes was writing "Franklin and I are so pleased with your gift etc." and then signing her own name instead of mine! The bridesmaids were dressed in cream taffeta with three feathers in their hair and had tulle veils floating down their backs.

Franklin had a number of ushers and Lathrop Brown was his best man. My own dress was heavy stiff satin with shirred tulle in the neck and long sleeves. My Grandmother Hall's rose point Brussels lace covered the dress and a veil of the same lace fell from my head over my long train.

The three feathers worn by the bridesmaids were reminiscent of the Roosevelt crest, and Franklin had designed the pin for his ushers, with three little feathers in diamonds. He also designed and gave me a gold watch, with my initials in diamonds and a pin to wear it on with the three feathers which I still wear, though watches dangling from pins are not so much the fashion today.

My mother-in-law had given me a dog-collar of pearls which I wore, feeling decked out beyond description. I carried a large bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The date chosen had an added significance to all my Hall family for it was my mother's birthday.

March 17th arrived. Uncle Ted came to New York from Washington, he reviewed the parade, and then came to Cousin Susie's house, where Franklin and I were married.

Many of our guests had difficulty in reaching the house because of the parade which blocked the streets. No one could enter from Fifth Avenue and the police guarded Uncle Ted so carefully it made it difficult for anyone to come in from Madison Avenue. A few late guests arrived after the ceremony was over!

The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Endicott Peabody, the head of Groton School. My Cousin Susie's drawing room opened into her mother's house, so it gave us two large rooms. We were actually married in Mrs. Ludlow's house, where an altar had been arranged in front of the fireplace, just as had been done for Pussie's wedding the year before.

When the ceremony had been performed we turned around to receive congratulations from the various members of our families and our friends. In the meantime Uncle Ted went into the library, where refreshments were served. Those closest to us did take time to wish us well, but the great majority of the guests were far more interested in the thought of being able to see and listen to the President—and in a very short time this young married couple were standing alone!

The room in which the President was holding forth was filled with people laughing gaily at his stories which were always amusing. I do not remember being particularly surprised by this and I cannot remember that even Franklin seemed to mind. We simply followed the crowd and listened with the rest. Later we gathered together enough ushers and bridesmaids to cut the wedding cake and I imagine we made Uncle Ted attend this ceremony. Then we went upstairs to dress. By this time the lion of the afternoon had left!

We left amidst the usual shower of rice. One old friend of mine had not been able to be at the wedding. Bob Ferguson was laid up with a fever which ever since the Spanish War when he had been one of Uncle Ted's Rough Riders came back at intervals so before we went to our train we stopped in to see him and then took the train for Hyde Park where we spent our first honeymoon. It is not customary to have two honeymoons but we did because my husband had to finish out his year at law school.

Our first home was a small apartment in a hotel in the West Forties in New York City for the remainder of the spring while Franklin continued his study of law.

It was lucky that my first housekeeping was so simple. I had a tiny room for Jack so he could spend his Easter holiday with us and he seemed to fill the entire apartment. Mending was all that was really required of me in the way of housewifely duties in those first few weeks and fortunately I was well able to do that thanks to Madeleine's training. But I knew less than nothing about even ordering meals and what little I had learned at Tivoli before I went abroad to school had completely slipped out of my mind and in any case my grandmother's household required much more than a household for two or three!

As soon as my mother-in-law moved to Hyde Park for the summer we moved into her house and were promptly taken care of by her caretaker so I still did not have to display the depths of my ignorance as a housewife.

OUR HONEYMOON

As soon as law school was over for the summer we went abroad—and with what qualms did I embark! How terrible to be seasick with a husband to take note of your suffering particularly one who seemed to think that sailing the ocean blue was a joy! Luckily for me the trip was calm and all I remember about it is that we played a great many games of piquet and I invariably lost. I was not wise enough at that time to know that if one plays cards with Franklin one must be prepared to win very rarely. I claim he has phenomenal luck. He claims it is all due to skill!

For the first time we did things that I had always longed to do. We went first to London and were horrified to find that in some way we had been identified with Uncle Ted and were given the royal suite at Brown's Hotel with a sitting room so large that I could not find anything that I put down! We had to explain that our pocketbook was not equal to so much grandeur but that made no difference. We lived in it for those first few days in London.

This is a city that my husband loves and I learned to like it better than I ever had before because we poked into strange corners while he looked for books and prints with clothes thrown in. I found many things of interest but it was when we crossed the Channel that I was really excited.

In Paris we dined in strange places ordering the specialties of any particular restaurant whatever they might be. We wandered along the Seine and looked in all the second hand stands. I bought clothes and some prints but Franklin bought books books everywhere we went.

His French was very good so in Paris he did the bargaining for the books etc but when we reached Italy I spoke better Italian than he did. However after a few days he gave up taking me on expeditions to shops when he really was going to bargain because he said he did a great deal better without me and insisted that I accepted whatever the man

said and believed it to be the gospel truth so as a bargainer I was useless. He got along with his poor Italian, made up largely from the Latin which he had learned in school.

We went to Milan, and then to Venice in July. In fact we spent the Fourth of July there, and it was very, very warm but we had a delightful gondolier who looked like a benevolent bandit and kept us out on the canals a good part of the nights. He talked enough real Italian so that he and I could understand each other moderately well. Occasionally, when we went on long trips he had a friend to help him, and then the Venetian dialect would fly back and forth and he had to translate what his friend was saying.

Mr. Charles Forbes, a cousin of my husband's, was living in Venice, and took us to some of the little Italian restaurants in the back streets to eat macaroni cooked in the right way. He had given us one of his paintings of Venice as a wedding present, and showed us many of his other paintings and the original scenes.

I fed the birds on the Piazza San Marco as I remembered doing as a little girl. We glided through some of the smaller canals to look through grilled entrances at what looked like fascinating gardens beyond the stately palace fronts. We went to one or two of the old palaces thanks to Mr. Forbes' kind offices, and visited some friends of Franklin's mother and father who lived there.

We saw churches until my husband would look at no more, but he was never tired of sitting in the sun at one of the little tables around the Piazza and recalling the history of Venice.

We went by gondola out to Murano and saw the glass blown and ordered a set of glasses with the Roosevelt crest and some Venetian glass dolphins for table decorations both of which we still have.

On the gondola were some little brass horses which I much admired. They were used to fasten up the top when a top was used. Finally we succeeded in buying a pair. When we got

home these horses were mounted as andirons and were used ever since by us until last fall when I sent them to our son Elliott for his home in Texas. In Venice also I bought some very beautiful red damask made many years before I surmise. Some of it I used for curtains and some of it I kept and my daughter still has an evening coat made of this material. It will not wear out and will always be beautiful in spite of the fact that I feel sure she must begin to be a little weary of wearing it!

From Venice we went north through the Dolomites a short distance by train and then we took a large lumbering victoria drawn by two horses. It was a beautiful trip to Cortina where we spent several days. My husband climbed the mountains with a charming lady Miss Kitty Gandy. She was a few years his senior and he did not know her very well at that time but she could climb and I could not and though I never said a word I was jealous beyond description and perfectly delighted when we started off again and drove out of the mountains. Perhaps I should add that Miss Gandy has since become one of my very good friends!

We stopped at Augsburg and Ulm two quaint German cities where we managed to find more interesting prints. Then we drove through the Alps to St. Moritz where Auntie Lissie (Mrs. Stanley Mortimer) and her family were staying.

The fact that we drove meant that our luggage had to be light and I had one very simple evening dress with me which by this time was not in its first freshness. We arrived at the Palace Hotel to find a suite reserved for us and the price appalled us both. We decided if it was only for a few days our pocketbook would stand the strain. We forgot how very much dressing went on in such hotels as this and we soon found that our clothes were only suitable in one particular dining place a balcony overlooking the lake and the food seemed to be even more expensive here than it was elsewhere. We were much relieved when we started off again.

and drove out of Switzerland by way of Strasbourg and Nancy

Franklin took pictures of this whole trip some of them at the tops of passes where we were surrounded only by white peaks covered with snow. When we got home and these pictures were developed he never had a moment's hesitation as to exactly where they were taken. That extraordinarily photographic mind of his never forgets anything he has once seen. I believe that today he would recognize any part of the country which we went over then as easily as he did when the photographs were developed.

Back in Paris I collected my clothes and we had some gay times as some of Franklin's cousins were there also. I remember one night taking Franklin's Aunt Dora (Mrs. Forbes) to an extremely French play in some place on the Champs Elysées. The boys were greatly concerned for fear she would be shocked. I confess my Anglo-Saxon sense of humor was somewhat strained but she had lived many years in Paris and did not give them the satisfaction of turning a hair!

Mrs. Forbes took us to see many places and her apartment which is always the center for the entire family when they go to Paris was the most hospitable home to us.

It was on this trip also I think that I first met Madame Howland. She had lived many years in France and because Franklin's father had acted chivalrously toward her she had a soft spot in her heart for the family. As long as she lived every little while some interesting *objet d'art*—such as a pair of Marie Antoinette's earrings—would find its way from her collection to my mother-in-law's vitrine.

We reveled in the theater but nothing that we saw on this trip came up to the memories that I had of first seeing Sarah Bernhardt play in *La Dame aux Camélias* or Mounet Sully act *Oedipe Roi* in the *Théâtre Français*. He was going blind at the time yet his performance was so magnificent that at the end the people stood on their chairs and cheered and I a little school girl up in the balcony who had never seen American

and once believe in this manner was thrilled by the audience almost forgetting that I was an Anglo Saxon and therefore should show no feeling.

We went back to England and had Allenswood been open I should certainly have gone back to the old school on these occasions but Miss Souvestre died in March, 1905 and the school was closed for the vacation period. Her death had been a great sorrow to me coming as it did before I had an opportunity to visit Europe again but life was so full I had little time for repining. This trip brought home the loss and made me long for her more than once.

We visited Mary the Bennett and her mother and saw a number of my mother in law's old friends and paid what was to me a terrifying visit to Mr and Mrs Foljambe who had a beautiful place called "Oxbenion in Workshop". It is in a part of England known as the Dukeries because of its many fine estates belonging to great titled families.

The most marvelous oak tree I have ever seen stood near this place, and we visited a castle which had a little railroad track running from the kitchen to the butler's pantry through endless corridors. We were shown the special rooms in which the plate was kept and it seemed to me more like the vault of a silversmith than a safe in a private house. The library had real charm. You entered it through a doorway from which a divided staircase led down several steps into a long room. A fireplace at the end held some blazing logs. On either side sticks came out into the room and between them were arranged tables and chairs and maps everything to make reading or study easy and delightful.

In this library some scholar immersed himself for months going through old manuscripts that dated back hundreds and hundreds of years and finding new facts with which to enrich the history of England.

Mr Foljambe had a wonderful herd of cattle very good shooting and beautiful gardens with the most exquisite fruit grown on sunny walls. Fruit in England was very beautiful very delicious and very expensive and was not a food such

as we considered it for the most part in our country but a luxury grown by experts in particular spots especially prepared. They grew only small quantities of fruit but they grew it to perfection.

In this tremendous household there was only one bathroom. We had two very comfortable rooms with open fireplaces and our tin tubs were placed before the fires in the morning our cans of hot water beside them. The food was excellent but typically English. Dinner was formal and to my horror there were no introductions. We were guests in the house and that was considered sufficient.

I suffered tortures and when after dinner I had to play bridge which I played badly my horror was increased by the fact that we were to play for money. My principles would not allow me to do this so I was carried by my partner but this scarcely eased my conscience. I felt like an animal in a trap which could not get out and which did not know how to act!

Soon after we left the United States Isabella Selmes mother had cabled us that suddenly Isabella was going to marry Bob Ferguson. He was eighteen years her senior and it seemed in some ways an incongruous marriage but there was no question that he had loved her for a long time and that she was deeply in love with him. They had come over on their honeymoon to visit his family in Scotland. We were invited to his mother's house in order that we might have a chance to see them. They were staying at a little watering place not far from Novar the old family home in the north of Scotland. Up there the head of the house is known to the people as "The Novar" and for many years the present Lord Novar would take no title because he considered that "The Novar" was higher than anything that the crown could give him.

The family house was rented to some friends the Almeric Pagets. Mrs. Paget was the daughter of William C. Whitney our Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland. They asked us to visit the house and see some of its art treasures.

The dower house where old Mrs Ferguson lived was a revelation to me with its glorious view and the lovely gardens covering the side of the hill I knew the Ferguson family well and as I have said they had been friends of our family for a long time

Hector the second son had been in the United States I was very fond of him and of his sister Edith Ferguson who was a great friend of Auntie Byes.

It rained constantly but in spite of that Edie Ferguson and I drove in an open two-wheeled cart with one of the sturdy Shetland ponies to see Bob and Isabella We sat in pools of water and our feet were simply soaked but she was not disturbed so I tried to be equally oblivious of the discomfort

Franklin tramped the moors with Hector and one night after a long day of exercise and many visits to crofters cottages I was awakened by wild shrieks in the neighboring bed Mrs Ferguson was very delicate and I woke with a hush¹ on my lips for I did not want to have her disturbed I had discovered that my husband suffered from nightmares On the steamer coming over he had started to walk out of the cabin in his sleep He was very docile however when asleep and at my suggestion returned quietly to bed

This time he pointed straight to the ceiling and remarked most irritably to me Don't you see the revolving beam? I assured him that no such thing was there and had great difficulty in persuading him not to get out of bed and awaken the household

When our early morning tea with thin slices of bread and butter was brought in as it is in every English household by whoever wakes you I inquired if he remembered his dream He said he did and that he remembered being very much annoyed with me because I insisted on remaining in the path of the beam which at any moment threatened to fall off in its gyrations

I was asked to open a bazaar while I was there Any young English girl would have been able to do it easily but I was

I knew that we had state governments because Uncle Ted had been Governor of New York State. My heart sank and I wished that the ground would open up and swallow me. Luckily Sir Ronald and my husband appeared at that moment for tea and I could ask Franklin to answer her question. He was adequate and I registered a vow that once safely back in the United States I would find out something about my own government.

We had to be home for the opening of the Columbia Law School so our holiday or second honeymoon had come to an end. My mother-in-law had taken a house for us within three blocks of her own home. It was at 125 East 36th Street. She had furnished it and engaged our servants and everything was almost in order for us. We were to spend the first few days with her on landing until we could put the finishing touches on our house.

I was beginning to be an entirely dependent person—no tickets to buy, no plans to make, someone always to decide everything for me. A very pleasant contrast to my former life and I slipped into it with the greatest of ease.

The edge of my shyness was gradually wearing off through enforced contact with many people. I still suffered but not so acutely and I was beginning to be conscious of the fact that it was rare that you could not establish some kind of a relationship with your neighbor at dinner or at any social gathering.

Either Maude or Pussie once told me that if I were stuck for conversation I should take the alphabet and start right through it. A—Apple. Do you like apples, Mr. Smith? B—Bears. Are you afraid of bears, Mr. Jones? C—Cats. Do you have the usual feeling, Mrs. Jellyfish, about cats? Do they give you the creeps even when you do not see them? And so forth all the way down the line but some time had passed since anything as desperate as this had to be done for conversational purposes. As young women go I suppose I was

fitting pretty well into the pattern of a fairly conventional, quiet, young society matron

CHAPTER SIX

A WOMAN

THE trip home was not so pleasant and I landed in New York feeling very miserable. I soon found that there was a very good reason, and I will have to acknowledge that it was quite a relief—for, little idiot that I was I had been seriously troubled for fear that I would never have any children and my husband would therefore be much disappointed. I wonder whether any girls today ever go through such foolish fears but I think I always expected the worst and was rather pleasantly surprised when it did not happen!

I had always been a particularly healthy person and I think it was a good thing for me to be perfectly miserable for three months before every one of my six babies arrived, as it made me a little more understanding and sympathetic of the general illnesses human beings are subject to. Otherwise, I am afraid I would have been more insufferable than I am—and I am bad enough as it is—for I always think that we can do something to conquer our physical ailments.

Little by little I learned to make even these months bearable. In any case, I never let anything physical prevent my doing whatever had to be done. This is pretty hard discipline and I do not think I really recommend it either as training for those around one or as a means of building character in oneself. What it really does, I think, is to kill a certain amount of the power of enjoyment. It makes one a stoic, but too much of a thing is as bad as too little, and I think it tends to make you draw away from other people and into yourself.

For the first year of my married life, I was completely

care of My mother in law did everything for me I saw a great deal of Isabella Ferguson and a few of my other friends and like many other young women waiting for a first baby, I was sometimes nervous A girlhood friend of mine who had gone to the Rosa classes with me made a remark one day which I found helpful She said 'When I am a little afraid of the future I look around and see all the people there are in the world and think that after all they had to be born and so nothing so very extraordinary is happening to me'

I drove with my mother in law in the afternoons. I walked in the mornings religiously and we practically always took one meal a day together

My brother Hall had now come to live with us and though this only meant that he was with us in his holidays still I felt the full responsibility for him from now on and whatever he did or did not do was entirely up to Franklin and to me so the bringing up of boys which began in fact before I was married has continued fairly consistently and certainly, given me a rich experience'

My Cousin Susie (Mrs Parish) and my mother in law were the two fountain heads of wisdom from whom I drew all my housekeeping advice but my husband was the person who educated me in the question of accounts He set up books for household expenses which I kept in an itemized way for a good many years and when my daughter married I dug them out and turned them over to her as an example of what her father had expected of me They were of little value however as a comparison for actual costs for we had three servants as the wages paid in our youth equalled what she paid for one maid and a quarter'

For a little while we had as waitress my father and mother's waitress Rebecca but she came in only to help me out in a emergency because she was getting too old to be in a young household where trays had to be carried up and down stairs

Some emergencies of this period I remember very vividly We had invited some friends for dinner and the cook d-

ried the day before. It seemed impossible to get another. I was simply petrified, because I knew nothing about preparing a meal and I spent the day going from intelligence office to intelligence office until finally I corralled someone to cook the dinner, and worried all the way through for fear the results would be disgraceful.

One would think that this might have suggested to me the wisdom of learning to cook and though I remember I did take myself all the way up to Columbia University for some cooking lessons one winter I got little good out of it for the school used gas ranges and I learned to make special fancy little dishes only. What I needed to know was how to manage an old fashioned coal range and how to cook a whole meal. Apparently not being able to find a way of doing this I devoted myself to the study of how to manage the people in my house and not find myself in a position again where my lack of skill would give me so many anxious hours.

In the next few years I really did become a very good director but I know now that I was not quite good enough for I lacked a certain amount of practical knowledge which I did not master until many years later.

That winter my cousin Alice Roosevelt was married to Nicholas Longworth. Franklin had to go alone to the wedding.

MOTHERHOOD

On May 3rd, 1906 my first child a girl whom we named Anna Eleanor after my mother and myself was born. The trained nurse who was with me was a very lovely person Blanche Spring and for many years she played an important part in my life and I was always deeply attached to her. She was not very well this first spring when she came to me but she took care of me and of the baby single-handed. She adored babies and she tried to teach me something about their care.

I had never had any interest in dolls or in little children

and I knew absolutely nothing about handling or feeding a baby I acquired a young and inexperienced baby's nurse from the Babies Hospital. She knew a considerable amount about babies' diseases but her inexperience made this knowledge almost a menace for she was constantly looking for obscure illnesses and never expected that a well fed and well cared for baby would move along in a normal manner.

During the next few years we observed in summer much the same routine except for one year which I shall describe later. We visited my mother-in-law at Hyde Park for a time and then went up to stay with her at Campobello. My mother-in-law was abroad for a part of that summer of 1906 and we had her house at Campobello. My brother spent a good part of his holiday with us. Ordinarily my husband sailed up or down the coast in the little schooner *Half Moon* taking some friends with him and took perhaps one or two short cruises during the summer across to Nova Scotia or to various places along the coast. He was a very good sailor and pilot, and nearly always calculated his time so well that rarely do I remember his causing us any anxiety by being delayed. As a rule he sailed into the harbor ahead of his schedule.

If they were going on a cruise from Campobello I had to stock the boat up with food for the first few days and after their return they always told me what delicious things they had had to eat on the boat. Apparently their idea of perfection was a combination of sausages, syrup and pancakes for every meal, varied occasionally by lobsters or scrambled eggs. My husband was the cook as well as the captain and was very proud of his prowess.

There were a number of young people on the island that summer particularly a family of pretty young girls of the Sturgis family of Boston living immediately across from our cottage. With these girls Hall had a pretty good time and I was given a perspective on the way he regarded us when he sat down beside my desk one day and asked me, "When you were young did you ever hold hands?"

came home I was obliged to leave my guests again before they departed. After this experience I registered a vow that never again would I have a dinner on the nurse's day out.

If I had it all to do over again I know now that what I should have done was to have no servants those first few years. I should have acquired knowledge and self confidence so that other people could not fool me either as to the housework or as to the children. However my bringing up had been such that this never occurred to me and neither did it occur to any of the older people who were closest to me. Had I done this my subsequent troubles would have been avoided and my children would have had far happier childhoods. As it was for years I was afraid of my nurses who from that time on were usually trained English nurses who ordered me around quite as much as they ordered the children.

As a rule they kept the children in pretty good health (and I think were really fond of them) but I had a silly theory that you should trust the people with your children and back up their discipline. As a result my children were frequently unjustly punished all because in certain ways I was completely unprepared to be a practical housekeeper wife or mother.

SERIOUS ILLNESS

In the winter of 1927 I had a rather severe operation and was successful in getting Miss Spring to come back to me. Dr. Albert H. Ely who was our family doctor performed this operation in our own house and I was found to be considerably weaker than any one had dreamed. As a result they thought I was not coming out of the ether and I returned to consciousness to hear a doctor say "Is she gone? Can you feel her pulse?"

Apparently nature made me feel that I needed a great deal of fresh air and I must have been a trying patient indeed for I demanded that in midwinter both my windows be kept open all the time. Miss Spring wore a fur coat over her uniform and my husband and mother-in-law when they came

in to see me, had to dress as though they were going out of doors

The pain was considerable, but as my own impulse was never to say how I felt I do not think I ever mentioned this until some time later on I simply refused to speak to those who approached me, and I imagine that they probably thought that I was far more ill than I really was, and worried about me unnecessarily. My disposition was at fault rather than my physical condition!

During the time my husband was at law school he had long summer holidays which made it possible for us to be at Campobello. I rather imagine that it was this summer of 1907 that he took some of his friends and Hal on a cruise to Nova Scotia. Just before returning they landed on an island and sent my brother, as the youngest member of the crew up a tall tree to capture a cormorant's nest. A cormorant is known as a scavenger bird, and his nest is not a very agreeable thing. They brought it home and they also brought my brother, but he had to take off all his clothes and leave them on the beach and scrub himself before he could enter the house!

I think it was this summer, also, that Mr and Mrs Henry Parish came to stay with us. I went with my husband to meet them on their arrival on the evening train. A thick fog made crossing the bay blind sailing but my husband prided himself that with the engine he could do it and strike the exact spot he was headed for. We reached Eastport, Maine, without any mishap and got our cousins aboard.

On the return trip the compass light went out. Someone brought my husband a lantern and hung it on the main boom so he could see his course. He rang his bell for slow speed at the proper moment but no buoy appeared for us to pick up; no land was in sight. After proceeding cautiously for some little time, the man out on the bowsprit called out "Hard aport" and there above us loomed the Lubec docks with just enough room to sheer off. Much annoyed and completely mystified my husband reset his course for Campobello, realiz-

ing we had come through a narrow passageway and just by luck had not found ourselves in the tide running through the 'Narrows.' About three minutes later 'Hard over' came from the bowsprit, and we just missed a tiny island with one tree on it, which was entirely off our course.

Suddenly it dawned on my husband that the lantern swinging from the boom was an iron lantern, and had been attracting the compass! From there on we used matches and found our way through the narrow pass and back to our buoy without any further difficulties. Mr. and Mrs. Parish had a very uncomfortable time, and I think were rather relieved that five days of solid fog made further sailing impossible for the rest of their stay. They could hardly be expected to think that the climate was agreeable, and never again were we able to induce Mrs. Parish to attempt a trip to Campobello. Mr. Parish came one other time and had some good weather and some good sailing.

I was having difficulty that same summer with my brother, for, like many boys of that age, baths were not a thing he enjoyed. My husband had sternly reproved me because he said I nagged Hall and expected too much of him, so in my most exasperating Griseldaish mood I refused to take any further responsibility or to reprove him about anything. A few well-chosen remarks from Cousin Susie did the trick, and daily baths were in order from then on until the time came when he really enjoyed them as much as the rest of us did.

I think one of my most maddening habits, which must irritate all those who know me, is this habit, when my feelings are hurt or when I am annoyed, of simply shutting up like a clam, not telling anyone what is the matter and being much too obviously humble and meek, feeling like a martyr and acting like one. Years later a very good but much older friend of mine pointed this out to me and said that my Griselda moods were the most maddening things in the world. I think they have improved since I have been able to live a little more lightly and have a certain amount of sense of humor about

A Woman

myself and the circumstances in which I find myself. They were just a case of being sorry for myself and letting myself enjoy my misery.

But these first years I was so serious and a certain kind of orthodox goodness was my ideal and ambition and I fully expected that my young husband would have these same ideas, ideals and ambitions. So much sweetness and light could hardly have been expected of an older and more disciplined person, but what a tragedy it was if in any way my husband offended against these ideals of mine—and amusingly enough I do not think I ever told him what I expected!

I do remember once when the children were still very young asking him solemnly how much religion he felt we should teach them or whether it was our duty to leave them free minds until they decided for themselves as they grew older. He looked at me with his amused and quizzical smile and said that he thought they had better go to church and learn what he had learned. It could do them no harm. Heat edly I replied. But are you sure that you believe in every thing you learned? He answered. I really never thought about it. I think it is just as well not to think about things like that too much. That effectively shut me up, but in the years to come whenever he played golf on Sundays and I took the children to church I used to feel a kind of virtuous grievance which was utterly ludicrous but which persisted until my sense of humor came to the rescue.

On December 23, 1907, our first boy, James, was born and he will never know with what relief and joy I welcomed him into the world, for again I had been worried for fear I would never have a son, knowing that both my mother-in-law and my husband wanted a boy to name after my husband's father. Many a time since I have wished that two girls had started our family so that Anna might have had a sister, and in the end I reached a point where boys were almost common place, but my heart sang when James was safely in the world.

Our house was very small, my brother Hall had to move

over to my mother in law's for the rest of his holiday, and I do not imagine he enjoyed very much being routed out of bed in the middle of the night to wake up my mother in law and tell her that a new grandchild was about to arrive. It was a new experience for him, and perhaps it was a necessary part of his education.

This winter of 1908 I still think of as one of the times in my life which I would rather not live over again. We simply could not find any food which would agree with the new baby. Miss Spring was pressed into service, we turned one of our living rooms into a bedroom for we meant to put the two babies together but when the younger one cried every night all night, that was not quite practicable.

I had a curious arrangement out of one of my back windows for airing the children a kind of box with wire on the sides and top. Anna was put out there for her morning nap. On several occasions she wept loudly, and finally one of my neighbors called up and said I was treating my children inhumanly and that she would report me to the S P C C if I did not take her in at once! This was rather a shock to me, for I thought I was being a most modern mother. I knew you should not pick up a baby when it cried that fresh air was very necessary, but I learned later that the sun is more important than the air, and I had her on the shady side of the house!

I also learned later that healthy babies do not cry long and that it is wise to look for the reason when a baby does any amount of prolonged crying.

CHAPTER SEVEN

MY MOTHER IN LAW AND A NEW HOME

MY MOTHER IN LAW thought that our house was too small and that year she bought a plot and built in East 65th Street two houses, Nos 47 and 49. She and my husband entrusted the plans to Mr Charles A. Platt an architect of great taste who certainly did a very remarkable piece of work. The houses were narrow, but he made the most of every inch of space and built them so that the dining rooms and drawing rooms could be thrown together and make practically one big room as the doors between them were very wide doors.

My early dislike of any kind of scolding had developed now into a dislike for any kind of discussion and so, instead of taking an interest in these houses one of which I was to live in I left everything to my mother in law and my husband. I was growing very dependent on my mother in law requiring her help on almost every subject and never thought of asking for anything which I felt would not meet with her approval.

She is a very strong character but because of her marriage to an older man she disciplined herself into gladly living his life and enjoying his belongings and as a result I think she felt that young people should cater to older people. She gave great devotion to her own family and longed for their love and affection in return. She was somewhat jealous, because of her love of anything which she felt might mean a really deep attachment outside of the family circle. She had warm friends of her own, but she did not believe that friendship could be on the same par with family relations.

Her husband had told her never to live with her children that it was one thing to have children dependent upon you but intolerable to be materially dependent on them. Thus she repeated to me very often but I doubt if she realized that

with certain natures it is advisable to force independence and responsibility upon them young

In June of 1908 my husband went on a short trip with his uncle Warren Delano, to Kentucky, to look at some coal mining property in which the family was interested. This trip is best described in his own words

Pennington Gap Va,
Friday Evening
June 12th 08

The letter head will explain to you where we are just as well as I could without the aid of a map. Suffice it to say that we are spending the night here having arrived at 9 30 p m. We are in the point of Virginia which runs down to where Kentucky and Tennessee join. Tomorrow we leave at 7 a m take the train down the valley about 20 miles to a place called Hagan get our horses there and ride over the mountains over Boone's trail to Harlan in Kentucky our headquarters. Next Thursday night we come out to the R R at Pinesville far to the SW of this take train on Friday to Knoxville Tenn and get to Washington some time on Sunday. The trip today has been so wonderful to me that I can't begin to tell you about it now. We woke up near Hagerstown Maryland and ever since have been coming through Virginia the Valley of Virginia is rather a succession of wonderful valleys and hills. In some places we were over 2,000 feet up and the train ran thro gorges that for sheer beauty beat anything that we saw in the Black Forest [We had been to the Black Forest on our honeymoon]

Pennington Gap Va
Monday Morning
June 15

This letter head is erroneous as to our location as we have come many miles into the mountains, staying at

Mr Henry Smith's house about three miles from Harlan

We got up on Saturday morning at Pennington at 6 a m took the train about 18 miles down the valley to Hagan and found the horses waiting at the station We had been joined by a Mr. Whiteley of Baltimore, the manager of some iron mines just South of Hagan and we rode down the railway as far as the mines and came to the path running into Kentucky over the Cumberland Mountains which Daniel Boone came over on his first Westward journey If you can imagine a succession of ridges, each fifteen hundred or so feet above the valleys running up at a very precipitous angle and covered with marvelous trees and an undergrowth of rhododendrons and holly you can get a general idea of the country—the path was just about the steepest kind that I would care to take a horse up following generally a water course filled with boulders and ledges of rock We formed a cavalcade of five, Mr Whiteley Mr Wolf, the superintendent of the Boone's Path Iron Co, Uncle Warren Mr Lewell, W D's local attorney, and me My horse is small, but wiry and sure footed, Uncle Warren rode a mule as the horse intended for him had a sore back

We got to the top of the Cumberland Mountain about 10 o'clock and had one of the most magnificent views I have ever seen, looking to the South over the angle of Virginia almost to the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee, and to the Northward over the Harlan County, Kentucky, section that Uncle Warren and Davis are interested in We continued along the ridge for a mile or so got lost came over the top and started down into the valley over what they thought was a trail I thought otherwise—for half an hour we slipped slid and fell down the slope, the horses slipping sliding and almost falling on top of us and ended up in a heap in the stream at the bottom Uncle Warren said it was

about the roughest ride he has ever had here. We rode N E along the creek about five or six miles when Mr Whiteley and Wolf left us to recross the ridge to their mine. We had some chocolate and spring water for lunch, at 2 o'clock, and then started up over Black Mountain on a so-called wagon road—positively the worst road I have ever seen or imagined and one which was not really easy to traverse on horseback. We dropped down into the valley along Catron's Creek, and came to this house at about 6 30 having done 22 or 23 miles in all, most of it on the roughest trail and worst road in a county famous throughout the land for bad trails and worse roads.

This house belongs to Mr Henry Smith about the most prosperous farmer of the county and his bottom-lands along the valley are splendid. I must close this long epistle hurriedly as the mail is going. Will add this p m

Harlan

Monday p m

I had to close abruptly my last missive as the mail decided to start out to the railroad a little ahead of time. I will take this up where I left off.

On Sunday we breakfasted very late at Mr Smith's 7 o'clock, and sat around for an hour discussing legal and political affairs and soon after rode in to Harlan about 3½ miles which means about 7 miles anywhere else because of the horrible conditions of the roads here.

On arrival at Harlan we were met by Mr Duffell, the manager of Kentonia and by most of the famous men of the town—sat around "chewing the rag" lunched at the Imperial Hotel which is conducted by the County Judge Judge Lewis. He and his wife do all the work and he waits on table. He is 29 only and they have been married 15 years and have two children.

We climbed to the top of the small hill close to the town and rode back to Smith's after a severe thunderstorm. Last night I sat up till eleven discussing law with Mr. Lowell, and was up at 6 this morning.

We rode into Harlan again in time for lunch and are now ensconced here, saddle bags and all, at Judge Lewis' Hotel. This afternoon we are just back from a ride of five or six miles up Martins Fork, the most beautiful country we have seen yet. The sides of the valley going up 2,000 feet, heavily wooded with great poplars, chestnuts and a dozen or two other deciduous trees and every mile or so a fertile bottom with fine crops and a stream of splendid water.

I will add to this in the morning.

Tuesday Can't add, just off for an all-day ride up Clover Fork.

JAMES' ILLNESS—SEABRIGHT

In the Spring of 1908 all of our difficulties with little James culminated in his finally having pneumonia. After weeks of anxiety and very careful nursing, he was pulled through, but for months afterwards he was way behind the average child of his age in every way. I felt that we should see the doctor that summer, also my husband was going to work, and it was obvious he could not commute every day to Hyde Park, so duty seemed to point to our taking a house within easy reach of New York.

We finally took a house at Seabright, New Jersey, on the boardwalk, with neighbors on either side so close that I could hear them ordering their food for the day every morning.

I moved down with the two children, and I think it was very healthful for them. The house was on stilts, and at first I could not quite understand why I was much annoyed when little Anna pushed her baby brother in his carriage off the edge of the piazza, which had no railing. The baby and the carriage landed in the soft sand, and I was frightened.

and annoyed with myself for not foreseeing what quite obviously was sure to happen. We spent a great many hours on the beach in the sun, and the children thrived.

My husband had bought a little Ford car, and my brother came down to stay with us, bringing Julia Newbold, who was our next-door neighbor at Hyde Park and reveled in driving. I was trying my skill with this strange new machine when on turning into the driveway, I ran into the gatepost. It took some time before the car was repaired and ready again for my husband and the others to use. I suppose the average person would have taken this calmly and tried again, but I felt so terrible at having injured something which was not my own property and at having spoiled everybody else's pleasure that I never again touched a car for many years.

The houses were on the ocean; a driveway was behind them, then a railroad crossing, and then the river dividing them from the mainland. The boardwalk ran in front of them as far as the eye could reach.

I played no games. I could not swim, I was feeling miserable again, all day long I spent with the children or walking up and down that boardwalk.

We had one exciting week when a tremendous three-day storm drove the ocean over the boardwalk and into our kitchen so that everybody walked on duckboards. Hence the stilts though they were not high enough! I was away when this first occurred, doing some things about our new house in New York, but I was notified that my cook was leaving at once, and in mid-summer had to find another one, not so easy a job in those days. However I found one, and took her down for the rest of the summer. We bailed out the kitchen and returned to normal living but both my husband and I were accustomed to the country with plenty of space around us, with not many human beings nearby and trees and lawns to look at, and we decided that never again were we going to spend a summer in that particular type of place, so we left it with few regrets.

I can see now that it was as much my own fault as the fault of the place that I did not enjoy it but nevertheless I never wanted to repeat that experience

The end of August my husband and my brother went on hunting trip to Newfoundland and I am reprinting here parts of a few of their letters which I received while they were away and which I think are interesting

Truro Nova Scotia
Aug. 29th
Saturday

So far everything is proceeding with entire success We had a comfortable trip on the night before last caught the 8 a m. out of Boston and played piquet most of yesterday We just made connections at S John N B at 11 last night and found a section awaiting us in the sleeper We left the latter at 7 this morning and are waiting here until 9 20 to take the local train to North Sydney where we should arrive tonight at about 7

Luckily the weather is cool though the dust is bad as there has been no rain for some time This part of the country is not very thrilling to travel through as you can imagine

Here comes the train Will drop you a line tomorrow from Deer Lake before we go into the woods.

North Sydney Cape Breton
Sunday August 30th 1908
On board S S Bruce en
route to N F

I wrote you a line at Truro N S this morning and since then we have had an interesting and comfortable journey to North Sydney and Cape Breton Island

To our surprise we had a parlor car all the way The scenery was not particularly interesting in Nova Scotia. Too much like that between Washington Junction and

Lastport, but at about three o'clock we suddenly came out on one of the strange natural waterways that one reads of in the geographies, the Gut of Canso—a "strut" thirty or forty miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide and very much reminding me of the Hudson. The whole train was slowly backed on a ferry boat and we sailed gaily across to the other side—Cape Breton Island. I made friends with the Captain and went up on the bridge—an affair suspended far up between a smoke-stack on either side—and I got some good snapshots of the queer craft and the entrainment.

Almost the whole trip across C B Island was skirting the shores of one or the other of the wonderful Bras d'Or Lakes which are salt and yet completely landlocked except for the narrow openings into the sea. Do you remember last summer at Campo when I spoke about wanting so much to see them?

The train took us straight to the wharf and we have a comfy cabin on board. We have been out to get a light supper in the town and now are waiting for the Montreal train to arrive before steaming out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As there is no boat back from Port aux Basques till Monday, I will finish this tomorrow night when we arrive at Mr. Geo. Nichols' place at Deer Lake. We can get our licenses all right tomorrow morning. I hear

Nicholsville,
Deer Lake N.F.
Sunday Night

We had a comfortable and smooth night on the boat and got to Port aux Basques at 7 a.m. The coast and harbor were just like the first glimpse we had of Norway 7 years ago. We found the license official awaiting us at the Custom House and the train left at 8. For two hours or so we skirted the wild coast and for the rest of

e day have been coming up the Bay of Islands, the
er Humber River and Deer Lake, getting to Deer
ike Station at 5 after a pretty rough day, but the wild
enery was well worth it.

Mr. Nichols met us and rowed us across Deer Lake—
out $\frac{3}{4}$ mile and another $\frac{1}{2}$ mile up the Humber River
this settlement which consists of four houses! Every-
ing is ready for us and this house where we sleep to-
ight is Mr. N's mother's. She's a nice old lady and very
nxious about our poor appetites!

We are off tomorrow about 7 in boats and go up the
lumber just as Uncle Warren did and not to Grand
ake as we had first planned.

The following letter is from my brother Hall:

I sent you a postcard en route but I don't think you
ever got it as I probably put it in the wrong mail box.
The purport was to find some stamped envelopes left on
top of my trunk and send the one addressed to Van
(Vanderbilt Webb) with a check in it.

The trip so far has been quite interesting but I am
very sleepy as the sleepers are only put on for about six
hours, i.e. you get to bed at 12 and wake up at 6 with a
great deal of punching from the porter. It is 11:40 and
F. wants to go to bed so I will say a hasty farewell for
two weeks hoping to hear from you at Groton.

Western Union Telegraph Company,
Sept. 12, 1908

Z North Sydney N.S. 12

To Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt

Seabright

Fine trip one head each taking Plant Line boat Halifax
to Boston tonight wire me Touraine.

Franklin

I moved the children for a visit to Hyde Park and I think my mother in law and I went to Fairhaven Massachusetts where Franklin met us with a mustache grown on the trip

Then we went to New York, he to work and I to get the new house in running order

That autumn I did not quite know what was the matter with me but I remember that a few weeks after we moved into the new house in East 65th Street I sat in front of my dressing table and wept and when my bewildered young husband asked me what on earth was the matter with me I said I did not like to live in a house which was not in any way mine one that I had done nothing about and which did not represent the way I wanted to live Being an eminently reasonable person he thought I was quite mad and told me so gently and said I would feel different in a little while and left me alone until I should become calmer

I pulled myself together and realized that I was acting like a little fool but there was a good deal of truth in what I said for I was not developing any individual taste or initiative I was simply absorbing the personalities of those about me and letting their tastes and interests dominate me.

My husband enjoyed riding and as a girl I had ridden all the time My saddle and harness had been sent down from Tivoli to the stable at Hyde Park I tried riding Bobby which had been Franklin's father's horse Franklin had trained him to certain habits Franklin did not ride with me because my mother in law felt we were not enough at Hyde Park to justify the keeping of two saddle horses As a result after a few efforts to ride Bobby alone I decided that I preferred not to ride, never divulging the fact that I was terrified because Franklin had trained Bobby to start running at a certain place and not to stop until he reached another place Willfully he did the same thing with me!

I never even to this day have been able to break myself of the fear of being unable to control whatever I may be in

and sleds and automobiles, and is perhaps why I much prefer driving myself in a motor, because at least I feel I can control the speed. Whether this is a result of being run away with on horseback when I was a child or not I do not know, but in any case riding was entirely given up soon after married. I still drove occasionally.

Because my husband played golf I made a valiant effort at Campobello one year to practice every day, trying to learn how to play. After days of practice I went out with my husband one day, and after watching me for a few minutes he remarked he thought I might just as well give it up! My old sensitiveness about my inability to play games made me give it up then and there! I never again attempted anything but walking with my husband for many years to come.

For ten years I was always just getting over having a baby or about to have one, and so my occupations were considerably restricted during this period. I did, however, take lessons rather intermittently, in an effort to keep up my French, my German and my Italian. I did a great deal of embroidery during these years, a great deal of knitting, and an amount of reading which seems incredible to me today when other things take up so much of my time. I doubt that there was a novel or a biography or any book which was widely discussed in the circles in which we moved which I did not read. This does not mean, of course, that I read in a very wide field, for we moved still with a very restricted group of people.

On March 18th, 1909, another baby was born to us, the biggest and most beautiful of all the babies—the first baby Franklin. Because of all the trouble I had had with James, I was very much worried about his food, and kept Miss Spring with us for several months. The baby seemed to be getting on well, but I loved having her with us, and insisted on keeping her until after we had been in Campobello for some time. She did not leave until some time around the early part of August.

I had an English nurse then for the other two children

My mother in law had had her as a traveling maid in Europe. She was a well trained baby's nurse. I also had a young German girl and together they took charge of the three children.

' THE FIRST BABY FRANKLIN'S DEATH

In the autumn we moved back to Hyde Park and I was beginning to go up and down between New York and Hyde Park. All of a sudden they notified me that all the children had the flu and that baby Franklin was really very ill. No one knew how serious it might be. I dashed back taking Miss Spring and a New York doctor with me. We spent a few harrowing days there, moved the baby to New York, but his heart seemed very much affected and in spite of all we could do he died on November 8th, not quite eight months old. We took him to Hyde Park to bury him and to this day so many years later I can stand by his tiny little stone in the churchyard and see the little group of people gathered around his tiny coffin and remember how cruel it seemed to leave him out there alone in the cold.

I was young and morbid and reproached myself very bitterly for having done so little about the care of this baby. I felt he had been left too much to the nurse and I knew too little about him and that in some way I must be to blame. I even felt that I had not cared enough about him and I made myself and all those around me most unhappy during that winter. I was even a little bitter against my poor young husband who occasionally tried to make me see how idiotically I was behaving.

My next child Elliott Roosevelt was born at 49 East 65th Street on September 23rd 1910. He suffered for a great many years with a rather unhappy disposition and I think in all probability I was partly to blame for certainly no one could have behaved more foolishly than I did practically up to the time of Elliott's arrival and I should have known better.

City to await his arrival. The other children returned to Hyde Park with my mother in law. She was in and out of New York and so was my husband who was making his first campaign for State Senator.

MY HUSBAND'S ENTRY INTO POLITICS

After my husband graduated from law school and was admitted to the bar he worked in the firm of Carter Ledyard and Milburn a much respected and old established firm in New York City. He was doing well and Mr. Ledyard liked him but Franklin had a desire for public service partly encouraged by Uncle Ted's advice to all young men and the glamour of Uncle Ted's example. Mr. Ledyard was grieved and genuinely disturbed by such a departure but my husband decided to accept the nomination in his district which for thirty two years had never elected a Democrat. I listened to all his plans with a great deal of interest. It never occurred to me that I had any part to play. I felt I must acquiesce in whatever he might decide and be willing to go to Albany. My part was to make the necessary household plans and to do this as easily as possible if he should be elected. I was having a baby, and for a time at least that was my only mission in life.

My husband came home one day with a cut elbow and knee which threatened to become infected. This occurred as he jumped on to a moving street car and missed the step. We devoted twenty four hours to keeping his elbow and knee well soaked in disinfectant. He went back to the campaign a novel campaign for no one had ever before tried visiting every small four-corners store and every village and every town. He took the other candidates with him and they went by motor with a delightful character named Hawkey whom we were to know quite well during the next few years. We owned no car ourselves at that time so Franklin hired Hawkey and his car. There was no top on the car as I remember it but they drove all over the district rain or shine.

They talked to practically every farmer, and when the votes were counted that election day, it turned out to be a Democratic year! My husband was elected, the first Democrat to win since his neighbor, Thomas Jefferson Newbold, had been elected to the State Senate thirty two years before.

I went with Franklin to one meeting before the end of the campaign. It was the first political speech I had ever heard him make. He spoke slowly, and every now and then there would be a long pause, and I would be worried for fear he would never go on. What a long time ago that seems!

He looked thin then, tall, high-strung and, at times nervous. White skin and fair hair, deep-set blue eyes and clear-cut features. No lines as yet in his face but at times a set look of his jaw denoted that this apparently pliable youth had strength and Dutch obstinacy in his make-up.

Franklin made a good many friends in this campaign, one of them, Thomas Lynch of Poughkeepsie, was to be a close and warm friend and follower from then on. He believed firmly that Franklin would some day be President, and showed it by buying two bottles of champagne before prohibition, putting them away and bringing them out in Chicago in 1932 just after Franklin's nomination. Everybody at headquarters had a sip in a paper cup to toast future success.

John Mack, who had been in Dutchess County politics for some time, served as a mentor in many ways. He was the old fashioned type of politician whose politics and philanthropy went hand in hand. To this day in his law office in Poughkeepsie, rich and poor rub elbows and you are quite apt to meet some poor old soul who'll say, "Now, Johnnie boy, you won't let them keep my man in jail, will ye? He didn't mean to do nothing wrong!"

Mr. Newbold the aristocrat in politics was a good contrast. He took an academic interest in government and a practical interest in local politics. His son was very like him, and

Mr. Dick Connell, who was running for Congress again, gave Franklin his first lessons in real oratory. To be sure, Mr. Connell always made the same speech, but it was a grand one ending in a peroration to the flag which never failed to thrill his audience.

We rented our house in New York City, and I suppose I must have gone to Albany and looked at the house which we took on State Street, though I have no recollection of doing so. I had a new English nurse with the children, Anna, James and baby Elliott. I was so nervous about this new baby we took a wet nurse to be sure of having him properly fed, as it had been suggested that the first baby Franklin, who had always been a bottle-baby, might have been stronger and better able to stand his illness if he had been breast fed.

That autumn it was also discovered that James had a murmur in his heart, and in order to take proper care of him he must not be allowed to walk up and down steps. He was a fairly tall though thin little boy, and quite a load to carry. However, up and down steps we carried him all the rest of that winter.

In addition to the English nurse and the German girl, we had the wet nurse who spoke no language known to us, I think she was a Slovak. My sense of duty made me feel a great responsibility about her baby, so I visited the home where the baby was boarded, a very poor but clean tenement, and went through agonies for fear her child would not do so well when I took her up to Albany. She soon became so homesick and worried about her baby I had to let her go, but by that time little Elliott seemed to be pretty strong and well. For several years I kept in touch with her, and had a bank account for her baby. Then she disappeared off the face of the earth, apparently, and I was never able to trace her whereabouts or find out anything about the baby. My conscience was very active in these days and I was much worried. Even though she had been married, she always seemed to me a defenseless person.

THE MOVE TO ALBANY

WE ARRANGED for a reception to be held in our Albany house on the afternoon of January first for as many of Franklin's constituents as wished to come to Albany. We arrived in the morning and naturally we were not very well settled. I brought three servants besides the nurses and caterers were in the house arranging for the reception which went on it seemed to me, interminably. The door was left open and people from the three counties wandered in and out for three solid hours. When it was all over and some of the débris had been removed and the caterers were out of the house my mother in law and I started to move the furniture around and make the house more homelike.

I have always had a passion for being completely settled as quickly as possible wherever I lived. I want all my photographs hung, all my ornaments out and everything in order within the first twenty four hours. I think it was my early training which made me painfully tidy. I want everything around me in its place. Dirt or disorder makes me positively uncomfortable!

Mrs William Gorham Rice whose mother had known Franklin's father and mother very well was extremely kind to me. Our first gift on arrival was a package from her of Dutch "ole koeken" a kind of New Year's cake which is very delicious and is still eaten by the old Dutch families in Albany. She had also given me a list of shops and I sallied forth that next morning to do my marketing. The children had gone out for a walk and I received my first shock when a lady stopped me on the street with "You must be Mrs Roosevelt, for your children are the only children I do not know." All my life I had lived in big cities rarely knowing my neigh-

bors, never expecting anyone to pay any attention to me unless he knew me. The sudden realization that everybody up and down the street would know what we were doing and would pay attention to us was a great surprise.

For the first time I was going to live on my own, neither my mother-in-law nor Mrs. Parish was going to be within call. One did not use the long-distance telephone in those days as we do today. I wrote my mother-in-law almost every day, as I had for many years when away from her, but I had to stand on my own feet now, and I think I knew that it was good for me. I wanted to be independent. I was beginning to realize that something within me craved to be an individual. What kind of individual was still in the lap of the gods!

People were kind, and I soon made friends and I was to be very, very busy that year. Occasionally I went, as I considered it my duty, to the gallery in the capitol and listened to what ever might be the order of business. I came to identify interesting figures. Senator Tom Grady could make a better speech than many people who are considered great orators today. He was a very charming Irishman in spite of the fact that he liked his Irish liquor somewhat too well. He once declined a dinner invitation I sent him, and worded it so charmingly that I kept his note for years as one of my cherished possessions. Bob Wagner, Big Tim Sullivan, Christy Sullivan, Senator Sage, old Senator Brackett, who looked like a church deacon and was probably as wily a politician as ever paced the Senate floor, all stood out as individuals on the floor of the Senate. In the Assembly I had my first glimpse of Al Smith.

I was home every afternoon and had tea with the children. I read to them or played with them till they went to bed. I tried having little Anna lunch with us, but after spending a solid hour over the meal on our first attempt, I returned her to the nursery. Anna and James and the younger nurse had their room over the big library in the back of the house. The baby and his nurse were in the room next to ours.

Anna was fair skinned like her father, with good features, blue eyes and straight hair which was bleached almost white by the sun. James was darker both as to hair and complexion looking in this particular more like me. Luckily for them all, the children have inherited their looks from their father's side of the family. One or two of them have eyes like my side of the Roosevelts, but eyes happen to have been rather good in that branch of the family. I had prominent front teeth, not a very good mouth and chin, but these were not handed down to any of my children.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE

Here in Albany began for the first time a dual existence for me, which was to last all the rest of my life. Public service, whether my husband was in or out of office, was to be a part of our daily life from now on. To him it was a career in which he was completely absorbed. He probably could not have formulated his political philosophy at that time as he could today, but the science of government was interesting—and people, the ability to understand them, the play of your own personality on theirs, this was a fascinating study to him.

I still lived under the compulsion of my early training; duty was perhaps the motivating force in my life, often excluding what might have been joy or pleasure. I looked at everything from the point of view of what I ought to do, rarely from the standpoint of what I wanted to do. In fact, there were times when I think I almost forgot that there was such a thing as wanting anything. You so obviously must want that which you ought to do! So I took an interest in politics, but I don't know whether I enjoyed it! It was a wife's duty to be interested in whatever interested her husband, whether it was politics, books or a particular dish for dinner. This was the attitude with which I approached that first winter in Albany.

Before long Franklin was launched on a Senatorial fight

though I think I probably contributed somewhat to its duration. Our house became the central meeting place for all the members of this little insurgent group of some thirty or so men led by my husband. My education was beginning in earnest. I was learning that the first requisite of a politician's wife is always to be able to manage anything. The men arrived sometime during the morning. They went up to the Senate, cast their votes, ate their lunch, and during the afternoon they were back at our house for smoking and talk in the library. They went out again for supper, and returned and spent the entire evening. I spent the evenings with them.

The second stage of my education! I began to learn how to get on with people of varying backgrounds. I still remember the poems which Assemblyman Ed Terry from Brooklyn used to bring and read to me.

I could not expect the maid to stay up, for she had to be up early in the morning, and so when I thought the hour for departure was drawing near I used to go into the pantry and bring out beer and cheese and crackers, which was a gentle hint that the time had come for everyone to eat, drink and go home.

The Tammany leaders began to think that this fight was going to go on for a long time, and they sent emissaries to see my husband. Finally, my husband came home and announced that the gentleman he was fighting against would be with us for luncheon the next day. I shall never forget my feelings that day. After luncheon I was to entertain "Blue Eyed Billy" Sheehan's wife while my husband talked to him in his study. Lunch was not so bad, for I had my husband to carry the burden of the conversation, but after lunch we two women sat and talked about the weather and anything else inconsequential that we could think of, while both of us knew quite well that behind the door of my husband's study a really important fight was going on.

I was greatly relieved when finally that door opened and our own front door closed behind our guests. I turned to my

husband and asked "Did you come to any agreement?" He answered "Certainly not," and so the fight went on

LOUIS HOWE MAKES HIS FIRST BOW

Here, for the first time, a man who was to become a very close friend of my husband came upon the scene. I hardly remember meeting him. He was a newspaper correspondent, an old hand in the Albany political game, Louis McHenry Howe by name. He lived in Albany with his wife and daughter, but his home for years had been in Saratoga, so he knew the country-side and had many old friends. I saw little or nothing of the Howes that first year. I still felt myself a good deal of a stranger. We had given some dinners, fulfilled our really necessary social obligations, and when a compromise was finally agreed upon and the little group accepted Judge O'Gorman for Senator, we gave a final dinner before the legislature closed to the entire insurgent group. I was not at the dinner, for it was all men, but I made all the arrangements and they presented my husband with a very beautiful cup which we still cherish among our most prized possessions.

The fate of the men who stood with my husband in that fight was my first introduction into the grimmer side of machine politics. One man had a little country paper and depended largely on government printing of notices for his financial success. The year after, he was given none, as punishment for opposing the Democratic machine, and his paper failed. Similar stories came to us from various sources, and my blood boiled. My husband was not vulnerable in any way that we could see then, but many of his friends were not in so independent a position. I realized that you might be a slave and not a public servant if your bread and butter could be taken from you, and if you grew too fond of public life it might exact compromises even if finances were not involved. That year taught me many things about politics and started me thinking along lines which were completely new.

In the meantime the other side of my life, the domestic

side, had encountered one or two difficulties. One morning the nurse came to me and announced that the children were slowly choking to death in their room because the fumes of the cigars which had been smoked downstairs for months had permeated the bedroom above, so I had to move the children one flight up into rooms which I had closed off, not wanting so many to keep clean. I closed the room over the library, and the move simply meant an extra flight of stairs up which to carry Jimmy, and down, several times a day.

After the legislature closed I took the children to Hyde Park as usual and later to Campobello, pursuing our usual routine. My husband again had a good deal of time in summer to be with us, though he did have to spend some time in his district, and the legislature met again in August for a short session. When I was along with the children at Campobello I occasionally had Miss Spring come and stay with me for her holiday, but I do not remember having any other friends that year, in fact, I had very few friends who meant a great deal to me. My family filled my life, but a few people were always preëminently my own friends, in this category were Mrs. Selmes, Isabella and her husband Bob Ferguson. He had developed tuberculosis in the spring of 1908, and they had first tried the Adirondacks and then in 1910 moved to New Mexico. Bob always wrote me long and delightful letters, and Isabella's letters with the word pictures of her life in the Southwest were entrancing to me.

When my husband came to Campobello he usually brought some young couples, or the husbands would go cruising and the wives perhaps came toward the end of the cruise to spend a day or so with us, but I spent weeks alone with the children and never minded the long evenings, for I had plenty of reading and writing to do.

OUR OWN HOME IN CAMPOBELLO

When I had first gone to Campobello there lived next to my mother-in-law a very charming woman, a Mrs. Kuhn,

from Boston Her son was an invalid and died before I knew her but I went occasionally to read poetry to her and she was devoted to Mama and Franklin When she died it was found in her will that she suggested Mrs. Roosevelt might want to buy her land including a little point of land on the Bay of Fundy side of the island and her house with all its furnishings even china and glass and linen She asked that it be offered to Mrs. Roosevelt at a nominal price in case she wished it for her son

My mother in law bought it and gave it to us and this house became a great source of joy to me and a place with which I think my children have many happy associations

MY BROTHER HALL

During these years my brother had been gradually spending less and less time with us He had gone to a ranch out west one summer and he spent considerable time in the Groton School camp He always spent a part of every holiday with us however and usually brought some of his young friends with him

In the summer of 1911 he came to Campobello with a group of friends and they all tried a wild stunt My husband had told them that he had once climbed the "Friar" a big rock which at low tide is entirely out of water with a rocky beach and large stones around its base He had used a rope but the boys decided to try it without a rope climbing on each others shoulders The first we knew of the enterprise was when we heard cries for help Through the telescope on our porch we could see that something was wrong on the beach by the "Friar" My husband dashed down to the Half Moon and went over to see what was wrong He found that they had fallen and one boy Roland Batchelder who was champ on shot putter at Harvard that year had broken some bones in his wrist Hall had broken some bones in his foot Some of the others were not so badly hurt but all of them had to be taken to Dr Bennett's in Lubec He took them into

his hospital, which was in a wing of his house and kept them there for the night. They were returned to me for nursing the next day. The results of this adventure were disastrous. Roland Batchelder never completely recovered the use of his wrist, and Hall felt the results of those broken bones in his foot for years afterwards, though he would not pay any attention to them.

Hall was a very brilliant student and had been senior prefect during his last year at Groton. He never really had to work hard, but seemed to enjoy it and had extraordinary powers of concentration. He could work in a room filled with people all talking and laughing and apparently be oblivious of their presence.

The winter of 1912 found us back in Albany in a house on Elk Street. My first cousin Theodore Douglas Robinson was elected to the Assembly, and came to take his seat that winter. His wife, Helen, was my husband's half niece—J R (Rosy) Roosevelt's daughter—and so our relationship was extremely close and complicated. Our children called them Uncle Teddy and Auntie Helen and their children called us Uncle Franklin and Aunt Eleanor. They had a house not very far from ours.

Our winter was clouded by the fact that their little children had the whooping cough. They had a very small baby who caught it and died which was a tragedy to all of us.

Of course Teddy and Franklin were on opposite sides politically and one was in the Senate and the other in the Assembly. Both Teddy and Helen had a few close friends who were not great friends of ours and they moved in a gayer and younger group on the whole.

I was always more comfortable with older people, and when I found myself with groups of gay, young people I still felt inadequate to meet them on their own gay, light terms. I think I must have spoiled a good deal of the fun for Franklin because of this inability to feel at ease with a gay group though I do not remember that I ever made much

objection to his being with them as long as I was allowed to stay at home

I remember feeling a little responsible that year for the wives of some of the new Assemblymen and for the wives of some of the newspaper men, who I had been told were very lonely. I religiously called on them, and tried to have them occasionally at my house.

I remember little of what my husband did in the legislature, except that he came out for woman suffrage. He has always told a very good story insisting that Inez Muhlolland sitting on his desk had converted him to woman suffrage but as a matter of fact he came out for it two months before that memorable visit.

I was somewhat shocked as I had never given the question really serious thought for I took it for granted that men were superior creatures and still knew more about politics than women and while I realized that if my husband were a suffragist I probably must be too I cannot claim to have been a feminist in those early days.

I had lost a good deal of my crusading spirit where the poor were concerned because I had been told I had no right to go into the slums or into the hospitals for fear of bringing diseases home to my children so I had fallen into the easier way of sitting on boards and giving small sums to this or that charity and thinking that the whole of my duty to my neighbor was done.

I was not a snob largely because I never really thought about the question of why you asked people to your house or claimed them as friends. Anyone who came was grist to my mill, because I was beginning to get interested in human beings, and I found that almost everyone had something interesting to contribute to my education.

In 1909 my brother Hall had entered Harvard College. He was ready for graduation in 1912 and won his Phi Beta Kappa Key, though he belonged to the class of 1913. In the Spring of 1912 the authorities allowed him to go with my husband

on a trip to Panama. Never having been very fond of the sea, and also being somewhat anxious whenever I went away from the children for a long period of time, I did not accompany them on the first part of their trip. Another member of the legislature, Mayhew Wainwright, joined them, and they had, from all accounts, a delightful time.

JOURNEYING IN MY OWN COUNTRY

I met my husband in New Orleans on his return, and while Hall went back to college, Franklin and I proceeded on a visit to Isabella and Bob in New Mexico.

The Mississippi was having one of its periodic risings, and we were on the last train to be ferried across for some days. It was my first experience of being run on to a boat and crossing a river in that way. I was somewhat relieved when we reached the other side. It was also my first trip into the west and into the desert country, and I shall never forget my impressions of space and the color of the mountains and the fascination the desert in general held for me.

The Fergusons were still in the camp at Cat Cañon. We had to leave the train at Deming, New Mexico, for the train into Silver City ran only three days a week. We hired an automobile to drive from Deming to Silver City, but automobiles in those days were not as reliable as they are today. We had no extra tubes or tires with us, and the sand seemed to seep in and give us a puncture in one weak inner tube about every half hour. My husband, fresh from Panama, in thin clothes, began to feel the cold wind as the sun went down and it looked for a time as though we were going to spend the night in the open, and he was going really to suffer from the cold. We had passed one green oasis and several mesas, and once a solitary man on a cow pony had ridden by. We had seen a few cows and a good many skulls, records of dry seasons when cattle had died for lack of water, and I did not relish the thought of a night lost on the desert. Suddenly another car came in sight, Mrs. Selmés. growing

anxious had driven out to meet us. We were transferred to her car and drove back to Cat Canon arriving late at night.

Our stay was short but long enough for us to get a picture of camp life. Our tent had a floor and half sides even windows with netting across and a little stove. Before we got up in the morning a boy arrived and left water on our porch. We lit our stove and adapted our city ideas of a bath to the conditions of camp life.

With the extraordinary gift which both Bob and Isabella always possessed of imparting charm to any house they lived in their living tent in this camp was as attractive as any living room I have ever sat in. The children were well and my city ideas had to be rapidly adjusted when I saw them eating pork and beans and all kinds of canned food which would have been considered absolute death to children of their age in eastern surroundings.

Isabella and I wandered down the canon and into town calling on her friends and because this was a colony of people who were there from necessity for the most part, I realized that behind the apparently pleasant lives of several people whom we saw lay stories of tragedy and of heroism.

I think I have some of the novelist's gifts in that I can always build up in my own mind the story that lies behind the bare facts of existence as they are usually told us.

That visit opened up a whole vista of stories in lives of types of people such as I had never known before. As we wandered along Isabella told me casually of some of her domestic difficulties and laughingly said: Last week I thought I had a really good boy to do the work but I found he was wanted for the murder of his brother so I had to let him go to jail.

As we wandered down the Silver City streets I saw my first cowboys riding in and throwing their reins over their horses' heads. Instead of reading of it in a book I was seeing it and I was thrilled. Before we went home we spent a day in the cañon twenty five miles away where Isabella and Bob

were planning to homestead. Isabella and I drove over the road, which in spots could hardly be called a road, some of it winding through the dry bed of a stream which when it rained would be a wild and rushing torrent, making it impossible for any automobile to get through until the water subsided. In another place it was so narrow that you wondered how two cars could pass, and she told me that one place was known as "Dead Man's Gulch" because so many had gone off the edge of the road down into the gulch below.

Our drive was uneventful, and I remember only that neither of us was a very good cook, and that it took me hours to peel a few potatoes, which should have been done in a very few minutes.

When we started back to Deming, Bob and Isabella drove us over themselves, and we had another exhibition of Franklin's remarkable memory. Bob had wanted to take us to see a certain view. When we came out on the flat desert, two roads crossed, and as far as one could see, whichever way one went made little difference. Bob hesitated for a minute and said, "I really do not know in which direction Deming lies." My husband looked around and calmly said, "You go straight ahead; I remember the contour of those mesas the day we drove over." He was right, and we reached Deming and took the train for home.

CHAPTER NINE

MY BROTHER'S WEDDING

IN JUNE of 1912 my brother was married to Margaret Richardson of Boston. Hall was not quite twenty-one and she was twenty when they started off on their honeymoon to Europe.

Of course, both Hall and Margaret were too young. He

had money of his own, and very naturally a great desire to have a home of his own, for he had always lived either with my grandmother or with me. I do not think he had been really unhappy, but I think he had a curiosity about life much as I had had and a desire to possess something which was really his own.

The wedding was a great family gathering of the Richardson and Roosevelt clans. I can remember my aunt, Mrs Douglas Robinson, as the life of the party. One of my father's most intimate friends, Mr. Fredenc Delano Weeks, who was my brother's godfather, presented him on this day with a ring which my father had given him with the understanding that his son Hall was to have it either on his coming of age or on his wedding day. So on this memorable day Fred Weeks made an appropriate little speech and gave the ring to my brother.

From the time I was a little girl—perhaps from the time when my father had first talked to me in the old 37th Street house after my mother's death—I had always wanted to take care of my little brothers. After Ellie died, I yearned over Hall, which didn't prevent me from being disagreeable to him very often when we were both small! As I grew up I felt a great responsibility for him, and thought about him a great deal, loved him deeply and longed to mean a great deal in his life. I think at this wedding I felt as though my own son and not my brother was being married. I did have sense enough even then, however, to know that from then on he and his wife must lead their own lives and I hope I was never an interfering sister in law!

MY FIRST NATIONAL POLITICAL CONVENTION

This was an eventful month in more ways than one and we jumped from personal interests to public affairs that same month. The latter part of the month, June, 1912, my husband took me to my first political convention. I was very much excited. We had taken a house in Baltimore with Mr. and

Mrs. Montgomery Hare and Mr. and Mrs. James Burnes. None of us had ever seen the house, so when we arrived we discovered that if we expected to eat any meals there we would have to buy spoons, cups, etc. There was supposed to be a maid in the house and she was there, but not very competent. Everything nice had been taken out of the house, and I never slept in more uncomfortable beds. My husband and I had a room at the back of the house where there was an alley. The first night, if I remember rightly, my husband was very late and I was alone, and the most unearthly sounds emanated from that alley. I was frightened to death and lay thinking that murder was being committed and wondering what I should do about it, until I fell asleep!

That convention was an exciting one. In front of me in the convention hall sat Mrs. August Belmont, who registered righteous indignation and said she would go out and fight the party when Mr. Bryan practically read her husband out of the party.

I understood nothing of what was going on, but I watched with keen interest the demonstration for Champ Clark, and was appalled when his daughter was carried around the room. Such things simply did not happen to ladies, in my code! The demonstrations all seemed rather senseless to me, and my opinion of conventions changed very little. I fear for a number of years. 'Why do we have to make so much noise about what should be serious deliberations?' was my attitude until I began to take a more active part myself. I ended in Baltimore by considering it all very amusing, however, which was a step forward in my political attitude!

It was extremely hot. I understood little about the fight for Woodrow Wilson's nomination, though my husband, I knew, was deeply interested and was spending a great deal of time trying to bring it about.

Finally, I decided my husband would hardly miss my company, as I rarely laid eyes on him, and the children should go to Campobello, so I went home and took them up there and

wanted to hear the result. I received a wild telegram of triumph when Mr Wilson was finally nominated. It read:

Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
Campobello Eastport Maine

Wilson nominated this afternoon all my plans vague splendid triumph

Franklin

ISABELLA

During that summer I had several letters from Isabella. Though we were so much apart we have always been close in heart, and while I had some guests that summer I would often have been lonely in my life if it had not been for letters. I have always had many people about me but few close friends, and those few "for one reason or another, have often had to be away, so writing to them and hearing from them has meant much to me.

Bob, who had been a "Rough Rider" and Isabella were working for Uncle Ted who was running for President as a Progressive, and Franklin, of course, was helping the Wilson campaign, but that never disturbed Isabella or me!

At Campobello I had my Uncle Eddie Hall, his wife and three little girls, for a visit. Josie had been ill and unhappy for some time, and she died suddenly, soon after they left me. Eddie was not the kind of person to bring up the three little girls, who were now left largely in his mother-in-law's care. The eldest one, Mary, is my god-daughter, and from then on I took a great interest in her, though she was with her Zabriskie family and later at boarding school.

We came down early from Campobello, because my husband had another campaign on hand. We went by boat and neither of us gave much thought to the fact that we brushed our teeth with the water in our stateroom pitchers. We settled the children at Hyde Park. Franklin laid his plans for the campaign, and then we went down to an entirely "put up"

in New York City, which we had taken back from the people who had rented it the winter before. We were to stay only one night and our old friend, Ronald Ferguson, who was over from Scotland, was to dine with us.

The evening came, but my husband was too ill to go out to dinner. He had a low fever and was feeling very miserable. I did all I could for him, and took Ronald out to a restaurant by myself. As I remember it, we had a very pleasant evening. He was a very charming man, and though I dreaded the thought of taking him out alone, once embarked on that dinner I enjoyed it very much.

TYPHOID FEVER

My husband was still miserable the next morning, so I got a strange doctor, as our regular doctor was out of town. He could not explain his fever. No one could understand what was the matter with him. I was taking complete care of him. We had a caretaker in the house who did what cooking was necessary, and I ran up and down stairs with trays, made his bed, gave him his medicine, and all went well except for the fact that at certain times of the day I felt very peculiar. My husband had to take a nap after lunch every day, and I was glad enough to do the same, for the back of my head ached and I was hardly able to drag myself around. It never occurred to me that I might be really ill.

After this had gone on for about ten days, my mother-in-law came to town one evening, having grown anxious about her son, and I told her that as she was there, I thought I would have my hair curled and go to bed, because I felt miserable. She kissed me, and exclaimed, "You must have a fever!" I blithely responded that I thought I probably had, but that it would be all right in the morning.

She insisted that I take my temperature and we found that it was 102. The doctor came, and I went to bed, and the next day tests were taken and it was discovered that I had typhoid fever. Franklin had had it before when he was a little boy, so

he was running only a low temperature, but they now thought he had it, also I proceeded to have a perfectly normal case, and with my usual ability to come back quickly I was up and on my feet, while Franklin was still in bed and feeling miserable and looking like Robert Louis Stevenson at Vailima

LOUIS HOWE'S SECOND APPEARANCE

In the meantime, the campaign was on, and now Louis Howe, the quiet, even then rather gnome-like looking little newspaper man from Albany, came to the rescue. He had grown interested in my husband at the time of the Senatorial fight, and when Franklin asked him to run the campaign he accepted. Going to Dutchess County, he laid his plans and carried the district for a man who was flat on his back all the time.

Louis was an astute politician, a wise reader of newspaper and of human beings but he was somewhat impractical in spots. A check book was one of the things Louis did not understand very well. My husband gave him a check book and a certain amount of money in the bank. Each time Louis came to see my husband he insisted that he still had money in the bank. Finally, the bank notified my husband that the account was overdrawn. Louis still insisted he had money on hand, and when Franklin looked over the check book he found that Louis always added the balance instead of deducting it, so of course, the amount always went up instead of down.

I was not favorably impressed with Louis at this time because he smoked a great many cigarettes! Remember, I was still a Puritan! I felt that his smoking spoiled the fresh air that my husband should have in his bedroom and I was very disapproving whenever he came down to report on the campaign. I lost sight entirely of the fact that he was winning the campaign, and that without him my husband would have worried himself to more of a wreck than he was and probably

the election I simply made a nuisance of myself over visits and his cigarettes I often wonder now how they bore with me in those days I had no sense of values whatsoever and was pretty rigid still in my standard of conduct

It was not until Dr Delafield told my husband to go up to the country and forget about his temperature and lead a normal life that my husband began to pick up again

My husband was reelected, thanks to Louis Howe I put the New York house in order and moved the children there as it was too late to rent it and we had decided not to take a house in Albany for the winter but to live in two rooms at the Ten Eyck Hotel We commuted between New York and Albany I went to Albany every Monday afternoon and returned to New York every Thursday morning to be with the children

Hall and Margaret came back from Europe in September 1912 and settled down in Cambridge and they had their first baby that winter I went to Cambridge when I heard the baby did not thrive After weeks of anxiety this child died without our ever really being entirely sure what was wrong with it At the same time Hall was in the hospital with appendicitis which made everything much harder for them both

During 1913 he studied engineering and by dint of going to the engineering camp during the summer holidays he graduated from the engineering school obtaining his M E degree in 1914

The winter of 1913 I put Anna into Miss Davidge's school Interestingly enough this was the school which years later Miss Dickerman was to take over and where I was to teach and to be vice-principal

During the winter there was some talk of the possibility of my husband's being invited to join the administration in Washington but I was too much taken up with the family to give it much thought

WASHINGTON

IN APRIL, Franklin was sent for by the President, and I stayed in New York waiting to hear what would be our fate. I was really well schooled now, and it never occurred to me to question where we were to go or what we were to do or how we were to do it. I simply knew that what we had to do we did and that my job was to make it easy. In a short time we got word that my husband had been appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He resigned from the State Senate and took up the work in Washington. There was an epidemic of smallpox at the time, so we were both vaccinated.

My husband had taken rooms at the Powhatan Hotel in Washington, and wanted me to come down for a time that spring. I dashed to Auntie Bye, who was in Farmington, Connecticut, to ask her what were the duties of an Assistant Secretary's wife. I think my heart sank somewhat as she gave me careful instructions on my calls, but I doubt if I registered as much dismay as did my little daughter-in-law Betsy the other day when I gave her the list of people she was supposed to call on. Her face dropped and she said "I'm feeling very ill, mama. I know I shall have to go to bed."

One thing Auntie Bye impressed on me was that as the wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy my duty was first last and all the time to look after the Navy itself. She said "You will find that many of the young officers' wives have a hard time because they must keep up their position on very small pay. You can do a great deal to make life pleasant for them when they are in Washington and that is what you should do."

I must have come a long way since I moved up to Albany for then I never could have paid those first calls and repeated

formula which I can remember to this day "I am Mrs Franklin D Roosevelt My husband has just come as Assistant Secretary of the Navy" House after house I visited and explained myself in this way My shyness was wearing itself off rapidly

The summer of 1913 I took the children to Campobello, but Franklin was not able to come for such long periods of time as before

The autumn of 1913 we took Auntie Bye's house at 1733 N Street It was a comfortable old fashioned house that I had stayed in many years before, and the two old colored servants, Millie and Francis, who had taken care of Uncle Will when Auntie Bye was away, agreed to take care of it in summer and look after Franklin when he was there alone

There was a little garden in the back with a most lovely rose arbor on the side where one could have breakfast in the late spring or summer days, and even dine on summer evenings This little garden was kept in order by a delightful man William Reeves, whom I got to know very well His reticence was really remarkable We lived in that house four years, and though I talked with him often it was not until I came to the White House in 1933 that I discovered that Mr Reeves was the head gardener at the White House, and that it had been because of his position there that he had gone to Auntie Bye during Uncle Ted's administration! He had kept it up because of his affection for her and his interest in her garden

When we moved down to Washington my mother in law, as usual, helped us to get settled We had bought a car and brought a young chauffeur with us from Hyde Park, and I had to begin in earnest to pay my calls

My husband had asked Louis Howe to come down as his assistant in the Navy Department, and he also moved his wife and two children one of them a fairly well grown girl and the other only a baby boy, into an apartment not very far from us I now called on Mrs. Howe and, realizing that she had no car, I made arrangements by which I frequently picked her

up in the afternoons and took her with her baby on my round of calls I always had one or two of my own children in the car

Anna was going to school with the Misses Eastman, and James began his schooling that autumn in the little Potomac School I remember that winter primarily as one in which I spent every afternoon paying calls We lived a kind of social life I had never known before, dining out night after night and having people dine with us about once a week.

I already knew a few people in Washington, and my greatest joy was Mrs. Leavitt, a most enchanting, white-haired lady who had been a friend of my Grandmother Roosevelt's You never thought of her as old, her skin was soft as a baby's and her eyes were young Isabella Ferguson once said "I must be nice to live where, when you want to see an angel you can call on Mrs. Leavitt" She had that soothing effect on everyone, with her gentle voice and manner, but back of it was plenty of character and she taught me many a lesson in discussing my children My husband knew Mrs. Charles Hamlin well, she was a younger sister of our Albany friend Mrs. William Gorham Rice Full of fun, she aided and abetted her daughter in playing practical jokes on their guests She enjoyed these as much as did her young and charming daughter, and my husband and I found them delightful Mrs. Hamlin was very kind to us both and I was most grateful

We very early discovered that unless we made some attempt to see a few people at regular intervals, we would never see any one informally, and so once every two weeks or thereabouts a few of us dined together regularly This group consisted of the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, a charming couple who appealed to young and old, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Miller, old friends of the Lanes, Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips, and ourselves William Phillips was in the State Department, and he and Caroline were old friends of ours She was the Caroline Drayton of St. Moritz days. We put formality behind us for these evenings and did

en seat the Secretary of the Interior according to rank
 "n and I still staved home on Sunday evenings and con-
 rded the informal Sunday evening suppers which we had
 avs had since our marriage I cooked eggs on the table in
 rasng dish served cold meat and salad a cold dessert and
 decoa

I tried at first to do without a secretary but found that it
 took me such endless hours to arrange my calling list and
 answer and send invitations that I finally engaged one for
 three mornings a week.

OUR FIRST OFFICIAL TRIP

The first trip my husband took that autumn was an inspec-
 on trip that took him to New Orleans and back to Biloxi
 long the Gulf to Pensacola and to Brunswick Georgia He
 invited his cousin Miss Laura Delano to go with us and this
 as my first taste of a really strenuous trip

We arrived in New Orleans early one morning went out
 once to inspect a more or less deserted navy yard looking
 into every nook and corner then we had a little time in which
 we were driven around the town to see the cemeteries We
 saw the old slave block in the Cabildo we saw the Vieux
 Carre the old square of French houses with wrought iron
 balconies Franklin was whisked off to dinner and we were
 invited by a delightful retired navy gentleman to dine in one
 of the restaurants on delicious food and drink *cafe brule* which
 was brought in after the restaurant lights we e turned out
 in a silver bowl and served from a silver ladle which hung
 on the edge of the bowl Only the light of the burning brandy
 in the coffee illuminated the room.

After this feast we went to the opera and afterwards we
 had supper with a party finally getting to bed about two
 o'clock only to be told that we must leave on someone's yacht
 at five o'clock in the morning I packed and I think had less
 than two hours sleep We were routed out in the morning
 taken down to the boat and started off without any breakfast

In a little while some warm champagne was brought around to us. Of course, I could not drink champagne! Hours went by before we got anything more to eat or drink, and I was feeling faint and miserable in spite of the fact that we were steaming along on completely landlocked waters.

Somewhere around three o'clock in the afternoon we reached Biloxi, where Franklin was taken off on a side-wheel flat bottomed boat to be shown the harbor, which they hoped to induce him to consider for a naval base.

Laura and I were driven in a procession through the town shown Jefferson Davis' old home and various other things. Finally, we were reunited in the hotel, where a banquet was being held. By this time we three were so sleepy we could hardly hold our eyes open, yet I could not help chuckling at seeing Laura taken in to dinner by a gentleman who had on patent leather shoes of the high, buttoned variety, with all the buttons on both shoes completely unbuttoned so that the uppers flapped as he walked. I saw her horrified but fascinated eyes upon them!

It seemed to be the fashion for husbands to take their wives in and sit by them. Franklin soon confided in me that he was practically going to talk in his sleep. He said encouragingly that when we got on the train we could sleep as late as we liked, for though our train got into Pensacola at five a.m. we would not have to get off until we were ready.

The banquet was over, and Franklin had made his speech and really had been half asleep. We were about ready to go to the train when word came that the train was over an hour late. After Franklin and I had shaken hands with everybody present, Laura and I retired to a room upstairs to wait until word came that it was time to go to the train. Finally, we got on board. Laura and I were asleep in our stateroom when Franklin knocked on the door and said we were not in the car which stayed in Pensacola, and we would have to get off at five a.m.! It was 4:45!

Laura, who usually takes some time to dress, was nowhere

ready when we pulled into the station so Franklin came to help! Between us we finished dressing her, packed her and shoved them off the train. She was exhausted and she found we were expected by the family that met us to sit down for a preliminary breakfast with them and to rest for a second larger and more formal breakfast after two hours in our rooms. She calmly announced that she was going to bed and would attend no second breakfast! I left her when I went down to do my duty as pleasantly as possible.

After this we went to a picnic on an island with no shade and a blazing sun but everyone seemed comfortable and cheerful. On the way I had been driven around the town and so I was surprised and pleased when I reached the island to see Laura there evidently recovered from her morning exhaustion. Franklin and the gentlemen joined us.

The picnic was very pleasant and we got off again that evening for Brunswick, Georgia. Traveling on the train with us was a rather mediocre theatrical troupe. I listened to their conversation at breakfast with a great deal of amusement. When we arrived in Brunswick and were told that Franklin was going to a stag dinner party and we would be entertained by the ladies and taken to the theater I was quite interested to see our traveling troupe perform.

At his dinner Franklin was given several kinds of possum. He made one speech and it turned out to be too short so he got up and made another one to satisfy his audience.

We lived through this evening but were very sleepy for we had gone over to Jekyll Island during the day and had been driven along the beach. Plenty of fresh air on top of a somewhat exciting and exhausting trip—and you can imagine how sleepy we were! When we left Brunswick and headed for home, Laura remarked that she thought she had had all she wanted of official travel. I said nothing for I had an inkling that my years of this kind of travel had only just begun.

I think I knew instinctively that these trips were just one

of the tests that life puts in your way as a preparation for the future. They were feats of endurance and, in the doing, they built up strength. I learned that I could be tired and that it did me no harm. Sometime or other I had to catch up on sleep, but I learned that if I kept myself well, when I had an exhausting strain to endure, it could be borne.

I could never say in the morning, 'I have a headache and cannot do this and so.' Headache or no headache, thus and so had to be done, and no time could be wasted. I could not be a burden and add any care to a man who had plenty of official things to do, when the point of my going was to make life pleasanter!

I knew that I did not actually have to go, but I was interested in seeing my own country, and there was a sense of pride and obligation which made me feel that I must not add to the difficulties of the trip. At the time I was not conscious of all this, but as I look back upon it now I realize that the very strenuousness of some of these experiences built up a confidence in my ability to stand things which has stood me in good stead throughout the rest of my life.

A COLLECTOR'S CHARACTERISTICS

When I was first married I discovered that my husband was a collector. I had never before come in contact with a collector. In every other aspect he was both careful and economical. I never knew him in those early days to take a cab when he could take a streetcar. I have often seen him carry his bag down the street and board a car at the corner. He took great care of his clothes, never spent a great deal on himself, and there were many things in those early days that we felt we could not afford. After our first little car we went without one for some time, and when we moved to Washington the first two cars that we had were secondhand until I finally persuaded my husband that we spent more on repairs and had less use out of them than we would have out of a new car. The new car which we finally bought lasted until we left

Washington, when he again decided that we did not need a car and sold it

As a collector he was careful too, and much of his collection was acquired at most reasonable prices, because of the fact that not many people were interested in his field when he began to collect, and his interest extended over so many years. He really knew about everything which he bid for at auctions or acquired after spending hours in old bookstores or print shops.

His interest was in the American Navy and he collected books and letters and prints and models of ships. The collection was fairly sizable and interesting when he went to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but those years in the Navy Department gave him great opportunity to add to it. I remember, for instance, that he was offered and acquired an entire trunkful of letters which included the love letters of one of our early naval officers. He also acquired a letter written by a captain to his wife describing the receipt of the news of George Washington's death and his subsequent action on passing Mt. Vernon. He is said to have instituted a custom which every Navy ship has followed from that day to this and which varies only according to the personnel carried by the ship. All the ships lower the flag to half mast, man the rail, toll the bell and if a bugler is on board, blow taps.

During this time Franklin also acquired a very good model of the old *Constitution*, and his collection grew apace. At different times he has collected other things. For instance there was a period when he was very fond of small chap books, children's books and classics published in diminutive editions, and first editions of every kind have always attracted him, though he has never followed any one line. Stamps were also an interest of long standing.

I have often wondered why he never handed down this love of collecting to any of our children. My only explanation is that living in the house with a collector may give everyone else the feeling that only one person in a household can be

indulge this taste and even then it is always a question of whether the family will have to move out in order to keep the collection intact and properly housed!

All through the first years in Washington I wondered where the additions to the naval collection would find a home on our return to New York where the house seemed already full but it was managed and I wasted much time trying to restrain a collector—which simply cannot be done!

With the autumn of 1913 my life in Washington as the wife of a minor official really began. I could have learned much about politics and government for I had plenty of opportunity to meet and talk with interesting men and women. As I look back upon it however I think the whole of my life remained centered in the family. The children were still small two more were to be born during this period and outside of the exclusively personal life there was the social aspect which seemed to me then most important.

Nearly all the women at that time were the slaves of the Washington social system. There were two women who broke loose. One was Martha Peters wife of Congressman Andrew J. Peters of Massachusetts and a sister of William Phillips. She did not care for large social functions and she did not think it was her duty to her husband's career to spend every afternoon of her life paying calls on the wives of other public men.

The other woman was Alice Longworth quite frankly too much interested in the political questions of the day to waste her time calling on women who were after all not important in her scheme of life. She liked the social side but she liked her own particular kind of social life. She wanted to know all the interesting people but she certainly did not want to be bored doing uninteresting things. Her house was the center of gaiety and of interesting gatherings. Everyone who came to Washington coveted an introduction to her and an invitation to her house.

I was appalled by the independence and courage displayed

These two ladies I was perfectly certain that I had no thin-
offer of an individual nature and that my only chance of
ing my duty as the wife of a public official was to do exactly
the majority of women were doing perhaps to be a little
more meticulous about it than some of the others were.
Whatever I was asked to do must be done and it was no-
ways conducive to comfort on my part or on the part of
anyone else.

TARGET PRACTICE

One of the first experiences of the autumn of 1913 will re-
main with me for many years. I had always been a particularly
bad sailor so I dreaded the fact that I would undoubtedly
have to be occasionally on naval ships. Sure enough we were
invited to go to target practice by the Secretary of the Navy
and Mrs. Daniels. My husband was delighted. All the gentle-
men went on the ship that was doing the firing we ladies went
on the battleship which was towing the target. We went down
the river and back and spent the whole day in Chesapeake
Bay. I dreaded disgracing my husband by being ill.

To the others I imagine the day seemed calm to me it
seemed extremely rough. As the morning advanced I grew
greener until finally a young officer noticed my plight and
asked if I would like to climb the skeleton mast. The skeleton
mast was a new device at this time and though I had very
little interest in anything I thought to do something would
be a relief. I climbed the mast and had to hold on carefully
as the fall to the deck below was not inviting. Miraculously
my seasickness disappeared. Somehow or other I lived through
that trip but it took me many more years before I ceased to
dread dinner or luncheon on board a battleship.

I can remember one trip on the *Sylph*—a little boat often
used by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy—with Anna and
James aboard when both of them were ill. I held their heads
and put them to bed. Some of our guests were miserable
I had no time to be ill myself!

Gradually I became a good sailor, but to this day I like the sea from the land, and if I must cross it to get somewhere, well and good, but I have not yet learned to enjoy myself on board a ship. I suppose I could learn to loaf on a ship in a calm sea, but the incentive to make me try it would have to be greater than any I have thus far experienced.

OFFICIAL LIFE

My calls began the winter of 1914 under poor auspices, for I was feeling miserable again, as another baby was coming. In the following August. Somehow or other I made my rounds every afternoon and from ten to thirty calls were ticked off my list day after day. Mondays the wives of the justices of the Supreme Court. Tuesdays the members of Congress. How many times I have wondered why my New York congressmen moved from place to place so frequently! They rarely had houses; their wives came down seldom, and leave cards on them. I had to climb up stairs in rooming houses and search every large and small hotel! Wednesdays: Cabinet and here was a problem to be met. If Mrs. Daniels invited me to be with her that afternoon I could not call on the other members of the Cabinet. Thursdays: wives of Senators, and Fridays the diplomats. Miscellaneous people were wedged in on whatever days were noted on their cards or if they had no days, on any days. It happened to be near their homes. Saturdays and Sundays were free for the children.

Just as Mr. Daniels was a kind and understanding chief, so Mrs. Daniels was a kind and understanding wife and did not expect me to be with her every Wednesday. Later in the winter when my calls were paid I tried to stay at home on Wednesdays and receive anyone who came to call on me. I had my first experience then of entertaining ladies who spoke three different languages and of being the only person able to communicate what was being said from one to the other. Situations of so many varieties were forcing themselves

up to me that willy nilly I was getting to the point where I felt I could cope with almost any social event. My household had long since ceased to give me any trouble, it ran smoothly, and only now and then did I have any difficulty. I had brought with me four servants whom I had had for some time in New York and a nurse and a governess. They stayed with me for all my first years in Washington. I learned to combine regularity in the children's lives with elasticity so far as our own lives were concerned.

My husband frequently came home for luncheon and brought some men with him more often when the war began than in the first years when he had had more time for the Metropolitan Club and games of golf. This was the game which he enjoyed above all others. However when he did come home he wished a short lunch and no time wasted. They must be able to talk freely so I developed a habit which I have always retained. I have a little silver bell put beside my place at every meal. It belonged to my mother and is part of the recollections of my earliest days—Old Mother Hubbard with her dog under her arm. It is never very far from my hand at meals. When I ring the servants come in and take the plates away pass the next course and then withdraw to the pantry and stay there until I ring again. This was made the rule in Washington and will be continued wherever we are. I imagine for conversation can flow more freely. It was necessary during the World War when frequently conversations were held which must not go beyond the people seated at the table and I have found it always relieves a certain restraint at the table not to have someone standing behind a chair or hovering in the room.

Here as in Albany I tried to get in from my calls by five o'clock so as to have tea at home and the children were always with me for an hour before their own supper and bedtime.

Somewhere around the middle of this winter—I think in early March—my husband was sent on an inspection trip to

the way to the Coast and I was thrilled besides we would have an opportunity to see Bob and Isabella for a day or two on the way. It was a short visit, but even a few days meant a great deal to me. We took the Santa Fe and I had my first experience with the Harvey restaurants. At this time on certain trains you got out for your meals. The food was excellent: they rang a bell when it was time to get back on the train so you did not even have to watch the clock. The only difficulty lay in the fact that trains were sometimes late and then your meals came at odd hours.

Everything was new everything was interesting and I was feeling very well again but little did I realize what strenuous traveling it was going to be once we reached the West Coast.

A year or so before I had had to send my German girl who had been for some time with the children out to the West Coast because she had such very bad sinus trouble and had decided that only in a milder climate could she be cured. I was devoutly thankful for the fact that she came at once to see me and did my pressing and packing in San Francisco.

When we arrived in each place a naval aide appeared and told us what we should do for which I was very thankful. I was still new at getting on and off naval ships with all the ceremony attached thereto.

The first time that Anna was with us when we bobbed up and down in a little boat and my husband received the seven-teen-gun salute fired for the Assistant Secretary of the Navy she buried her head in my lap because she was very sensitive to noises. Afterward she carried cotton to put in her ears! I was totally unprepared when this first salute came but as I was somewhat deaf even then the noise did not bother me.

When it came to boarding a battleship I had to wait to be told whether I went ahead of my husband or whether he went ahead of me. What did I do while he stood at salute whom did I shake hands with and what parts of the ship should I not visit and when we came to leave did I go first or last? All these questions and many more seemingly foolish

questions came up to worry me during those first inspection trips. Gradually I learned my way about. Somehow my husband seemed to know all this without coaching, and I have always wondered how he absorbed knowledge where I had to struggle and ask innumerable questions. Perhaps he grew curious earlier in life. In any case, he has always been able to answer most of the questions we have asked him and when we thought on occasions we had him trapped and went to an encyclopedia to prove him wrong, almost invariably he was right!

On this trip, as on most other official trips, our engagements began at nine or ten o'clock in the morning and ended somewhere around midnight. After that I wrote my letters and packed my bags. We went all the way up the coast to Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington, and I loved the navy yards there, with their roses blooming so early in the spring.

We came back via the Northern Pacific and from what seemed like spring we suddenly woke one morning to a winter landscape. All about us was virgin forest and a blanket of snow below and on the branches of the giant evergreens. The beauty and magnificence of the scene was something I shall never forget. When my grandchildren were going West this winter, I told them to remember to look at these big trees and only hoped that man had not already done away with them.

On all these trips I started out with a great deal of apprehension, in spite of the fact that I loved seeing new places. I hated to leave my children, but once out, my fears were quiescent until we were about two days from home, and then they revived in full force, and the last night I usually imagined all the terrible things that might happen to the children before we saw them again. They might fall out of a window, or into the fire, or be run over! Those last nights were certainly bad ones and I was relieved to get home and find everything running smoothly. My mother-in-law always

had an eye to the children when we went away, so there really was no cause for anxiety, but during these years they had the usual run of colds and earaches and tonsils which are the lot of children, and in addition many of the less serious childish illnesses.

Elliot was bowlegged and had to wear braces for a while, and the summer before, at Campobello, he had fallen into a bonfire on the beach and burned his little hands badly. Some of the coals had got under the braces and burned places on his legs. I can remember now my terror when I came back from a sail to find him swathed in bandages. How grateful I was that his face had not been burned and that the braces had come off quickly enough to prevent the burns from being too deep. Anyone with children knows that she must be prepared for all kinds of vicissitudes but it takes you some time to accustom yourself to these things. At first you feel that you or someone else should have prevented whatever goes wrong. Later you learn that no amount of care will ward off the accidents and all you can do is to meet them as they come along with a calm and steadfast spirit.

That summer of 1914 the children and I went to Campobello as usual but war clouds were gathering over Europe and Washington was full of anxiety. My baby was due to arrive sometime in the month of August and plans had been made for the doctor who had taken care of me with my four other children to fly up and be with me for the event. Miss Spring, the same nurse who was always with me on these occasions, and who managed to come as often as possible when the children had any ailments came up to keep me company. My husband came for a short holiday, my mother-in-law was in her own cottage near by. But instead of waiting until the right time I woke my husband on the night of August sixteenth to tell him I thought he had better go to Lubec and get our old friend Doctor Bennett. My mother-in-law heard my husband call down to the men on the *Half Moon* to bring in the little boat so he could sail over to the

came running over from her cottage to find out what was wrong

Instead of behaving as I always had before and giving them only a few hours to wait, I proceeded to make everyone wait around for the whole of the next day, and the baby did not arrive until early evening on August seventeenth. I felt very guilty, for I knew Doctor Bennett had many other patients probably much more in need of his care than I was, and I tried to make him leave, but he felt very responsible and insisted on sitting around. At last it was all over and he remarked to Miss Spring: "Why, she is just like one of us. I never took care of summer people before. Evidently he thought that having a baby was different if you lived in Maine all year around or if you spent part of the year somewhere else, and I think he expected me to give him a great deal of trouble and was pleasantly surprised that I proved to be no more difficult than any of his other patients."

Franklin, Junior, the second baby to be given this name progressed very satisfactorily and I never had a pleasanter convalescence, though we had one scare. Miss Spring put a blue veil over the baby one day in order to shield him from the bright light and he sucked it and when she went to look at him she found him dyed blue and was petrified that something in the dye had poisoned him. The color was on the outside for the most part, however and washed off and he suffered no ill effects.

Franklin had arrived on July twenty fifth but on the twenty ninth he had a telegram to return to Washington because war seemed so imminent. He wired me from there the various events as they occurred before he returned to Campobello. None of us quite realized the years of war that lay ahead. This is best illustrated by the fact that a young banker, who was married to my husband's cousin said reassuringly to us that summer that this war could not last long the bankers of the world could control it by refusing credits. When my husband remarked that people had always been

able to find money with which to carry on war more than one man in the financial world smiled knowingly and said it could only be a question of a few months before Europe would be at peace again. I think my husband had a premonition that it was not going to be over so quickly perhaps because he saw so much of Navy people who naturally were planning what might happen if we were drawn in.

AN ASSISTANT SECRETARY AND A SEAMAN

While I was still in bed one of the destroyers came up and spent a few days cruising around the coast. My husband gave all the young officers heart failure by insisting on taking the ship through a place which looked to them extremely dangerous but which his intimate knowledge of these waters made safe for navigation.

I remember one occasion when he brought a destroyer through the Narrows. This is a passage running between the mainland at Lubec, Maine and the island of Campobello. The tide runs through at great speed except when it is slack and at low water it would be entirely impossible to take a destroyer or any big ship through but at high tide if you know the passage it can be done. My husband did it on a number of occasions though the officers with him thought he would surely scrape the bottom.

That autumn though he did not resign as Assistant Secretary of the Navy my husband ran in the September primaries against James W. Gerard for United States Senator and was defeated. I remember very little about the campaign. I had to stay in Campobello until September was well on and had such a small baby that most of my attention was focused on him at the time. I do not think that my husband ever had any idea that he was going to win out, and I have often heard him say that he did not think himself suited to serve in the United States Senate and therefore it was probably a great relief to find himself back at his desk in the Navy Department.

Life was beginning to assume more serious aspects, and when we got back to Washington that autumn many things had begun to change, though on the surface the social life went on as usual.

From Campobello I usually took the children to Hyde Park and left them for a time with my mother in law, while I went back to Washington, until it seemed advisable to bring them down. Sometimes I left the youngest ones even after I moved Anna and James back, but this year we paid my mother in law only a short visit and then moved back.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MY BROTHER GOES TO THE YUKON

My BROTHER, Hall, had spent the summer of 1913 as an assistant professor in the Harvard Engineering Camp, and in June, 1914, he graduated and with his wife Margaret, he started for the West. He wanted to go to Russia but the European situation seemed so threatening that when he reached California he decided to take a job with the Guggenheims in the mines near Dawson City in the Yukon. He had to get there as soon as possible and they had to come out again before the winter set in or else spend the entire winter up there. They stayed there in the end, and as a baby was to arrive in April I was asked in the autumn of 1914 to send up a nurse during the following winter. I felt a bit hopeless but found a woman from Norway or Sweden who consented readily to go in by dog sled and she reached them safely.

It seemed very strange to have this brother, who had been more like my child, so far away. In a way it was good training for me, for I learned early that children leave home and lead lives of their own and that it is well not to cling to them.

too much, for that is sometimes the surest way of losing them altogether

One letter from my sister in law amused me very much. She had never done any real housework before and here she was obliged to do even her own washing. She had dumped everything into the boiling water together, and all the dye from the black things had run into the various other things in the tub. She wrote bemoaning the color that had emerged therefrom, and the shrinking almost to the vanishing point of such things as woolen socks and underclothes.

She had great courage because never once did she suggest that she would rather have left the Yukon and come back to civilization before the birth of her second baby. I must say I was vastly relieved when I got a wire on April 11, 1915 saying that Henry Parish Roosevelt had safely arrived and that all was well.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FAIR—1915

In the spring of 1915, President Wilson appointed as commissioners to the San Francisco fair Mr. William Phillips who was Assistant Secretary of State and my husband. Mr. Phillips went out ahead of us. I was to go with my husband and we were to accompany Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall who were the personal representatives of the President at the fair.

Much to our joy, the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Miller, decided to go out at the same time. They, of course, were going back to their homes, for the Millers still owned a house in Berkeley and a ranch in Southern California. The Lanes had lived for many years in California and Mr. Lane had rendered great service to that state as a public servant and to the City of San Francisco during the earthquake and the fire that followed it.

Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall were to join us in Chicago, and as I had never known either of them very well and

the Vice-President had the reputation of being extremely silent I looked forward with some trepidation to being thrown with them on what of necessity must be rather intimate terms I cannot say that even after this trip I felt that I knew either of them very well but I liked them both very much and while I struggled through a number of meals with rather a silent gentleman I discovered that he had a fund of dry humor and that there was no pretentiousness about him When he did not know a thing he said so When he did not like a thing he said so and usually had some really amusing remark to make We were on the back platform of the train when we crossed Great Salt Lake Everyone was exclaiming at the beauty around us. He removed the cigar which was rarely out of his mouth and remarked I never did like scenery

When at last we crossed the mountains and came down into California I waked in the morning to find that Secretary Lane had been up bright and early and at our door was an enormous basket of flowers every kind he could purchase at the station with a card saying The land of flowers welcomes you This was the kind of thing which Frank Lane was always doing and was one of the reasons why people loved him and found him such a charming companion •

Once arrived in San Francisco we found ourselves immersed in the usual round of official engagements I remember one big New York State dinner in the State Building at which I sat next to Mr William Randolph Hearst This was the first time I had ever met him though I had heard a great deal about him He would have been surprised to know that I was really not interested in him at all but very much interested in meeting his mother for someone had told me a little about her and I had always been fascinated by tales of the people who had gone out to California in the early days Old Mr D O Mills Jean Reid's grandfather had occasionally told us when we were girls some of the stories of the forty miners who had been in the first gold rush in California

and I was always anxious to hear more about that period and the times that followed.

To my joy, I found myself one day seated next to Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. The table was decorated with the most beautiful tulips and she told me that they came from her ranch, where she made a specialty of importing every variety she could obtain from Holland. I succeeded in getting her to tell the story of her first trip to California, when she left the train at Kansas City where the line ended, and with her six children made the rest of the trip by stagecoach. She had a scorn for any modern woman who complained of the hardships of today, and she felt they had no realization of what hardships really were and even at the time I saw her, I sensed the spirit of energy and determination which must have been hers as a young woman.

Of course the fleet lay in San Francisco harbor, so on two occasions at least we went aboard the flagship and I remember with keen amusement the consultation between aides carried on in our sitting room as to the order in which the Vice President, a Cabinet member, an Assistant Secretary of the State Department and an Assistant Secretary of the Navy should go on board the flagship. The Vice-President was not in the least concerned and felt the entire responsibility lay with his aide. There were moments, however, when his aide did not realize how detailed should be the information he imparted. The Vice President who came from Indiana could hardly be expected to know much about rules of etiquette in the Navy, and so when left to his own initiative would act in a manner which did not always conform to Navy regulations. However, all these difficulties of precedence and salutes were solved as they always are.

The one thing I remember at the San Francisco fair as a really outstanding experience was Franklin Lane's speech at the dedication of the arch which pictured the advance of the pioneers.

There were many lovely buildings, and beautiful effects

were created by landscaping and the use of artificial pools. It was particularly lovely at night with the lights on the jeweled tower.

Both Mr. Phillips and my husband had been assigned to visit the San Diego exposition also, so after spending a memorable day at Senator Phelan's beautiful place overlooking the Santa Clara Valley, we journeyed on to San Diego. This was a smaller exposition, but the flowers and trees looked as though they had always been there and gave the buildings a more permanent and finished aspect. I look back upon this as even more beautiful than the San Francisco exposition.

We spent one day at Coronado and a more wonderful beach I have never seen. Then the official part of the trip was over. The Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall had left us in San Francisco. Secretary and Mrs. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Miller and Assistant Secretary and Mrs. Phillips stayed on in California. Other friends who had joined us—Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Davis, from Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Owen Winston from New York—left us on the Coast also. Both these men were Franklin's classmates at Harvard and Livy Davis had done much cruising with him on the *Half Moon*.

They could hardly be talking a minute without breaking into some reminiscence. One of their favorite stories that I remember was of another friend, Tom Beal, who frequently went cruising too. On one famous occasion he was returning to the boat and in climbing over the side the rough sea proved too much for his stability and instead of landing on board with the provisions he had bought he landed unexpectedly in the bottom of the little boat with everything which he had bought on top of him and I gather he was a mixture of eggs, berries, butter, cream and so on. I am afraid he did not enjoy the joke as much as his fellow sailors who stood along the deck and roared with laughter and probably sent him back to do the marketing all over again!

My husband has a really good sense of humor and can enjoy a joke on himself as well as those on other people, but I

used to be very much amused in those early days at the evident relish with which some of the young men laughed at someone else's expense and how much more forced was the laughter when they themselves were the victims!

RETURN JOURNEY •

After bidding everyone farewell, we started back to Washington stopping on the way to see Bob and Isabella Ferguson at their new home called the Burro Mountain Homestead near Tyrone New Mexico. It seems incredible now but their big living room might have been except for a few distinctively Western touches, a room in Scotland or on Long Island. They had brought all their furniture—beautiful Adam and Chippendale pieces—out to this adobe house built on three sides of a courtyard in the middle of which was a swimming pool on a site in Southwest New Mexico. The house fitted perfectly into the landscape and was entirely suitable to its surroundings and somehow or other the furniture belonging to such a very different type of living was amalgamated into the general comfort and beauty of the interior.

They had a Chinese cook who reigned over a range big enough for a hotel kitchen. In the morning we all breakfasted in the kitchen Bob of course staying in his room.

When I think now of the endless care that went into the upbringing of two children in the same house with a man who was slowly dying of tuberculosis I marvel at the fact that Isabella was able to create the impression that life was joyous that the burdens were not heavy, and that anyone who was not living that kind of life was missing something. Isabella's mother was able to give a great deal of help—for a few years at least until she herself became ill. Of course everyone far and near loved and admired Isabella. At one time or another she had people helping with the education of her children. Because they were devoted to her, they lived what was after all a lonely life, out of admiration for the gal-

lant fight which she was waging. You could not pry for such devotion but you earned it, nevertheless.

Some of Isabella's neighbors who lived some twenty miles away drove over to see her one afternoon, and she casually remarked to me that at Christmastime some of the cowboys had ridden thirty miles for Christmas dinner with them and many of them had not seen a woman for months.

Bob was no longer his old self, and in spite of the charm which was always his, his illness was taking its toll, and these were sad days for those who loved him and could realize what a burden Isabella was carrying.

I will never forget my first glimpse of the train of small burros with packs of wood on their backs followed by a Mexican coming along the mountains outlined against a sunset sky—nor have I seen anywhere else in the world anything more beautiful than the colors that the desert and the mountains take on at sunset and sunrise. I think on that visit I began to get a little of the feeling of the love of the wide open spaces which I have today.

Our visit had to be short and we hurried back to our children and our duties in Washington.

CHAPTER TWELVE

GROWING INDEPENDENCE

I was beginning to acquire considerable independence again because my husband's duties made it impossible for him to travel with us at all times and so I was growing accustomed to managing quite a small army on moves from Washington to Hyde Park and to Campobello and back.

I remember one summer—I think it was the summer of 1915—when my husband came with us as far as Boston

After seeing us on the train he returned to Washington. We had a drawing room, two sections and a lower berth. I meant to put one of my mums in the lower berth but before the train started a poor, emaciated looking man, accompanied by a rather burly gentleman, was brought in and hoisted into the upper berth above it. It was quite evident he was in the last stages of tuberculosis, going back to his home to die. He coughed incessantly and I soon discovered that the two men were going to occupy that upper berth together and I realized whoever slept in the lower berth would be more or less secluded with that ceaseless cough to say nothing of germs!

My mums were young and I did not feel that I could subject them to this experience so I put as many children as I could with a nurse in the drawing room, turned the other sections over to the remaining children and servants and slept myself in that lower berth—or rather lay and listened to the poor creature over my head. You may be sure I was up early in the morning.

When the station came where the man got out, I was quite shocked to find that he could swear volubly, which seemed to me inappropriate in anyone so near his end! I then watched with great interest what was done to fumigate his berth. They stripped off the sheets and pillowcases but left the blankets and pillow and then brought a little squirting machine and squirted everything very thoroughly. I asked what they were using and was told it was a disinfectant but I must say that even at that I did not feel very well satisfied that all the germs had been removed! I thought of the people who frequently take drawing rooms because they have some contagious disease and decided that it was remarkable that we did not all of us catch diseases on trains more frequently than we do. I discovered later that once arrived at its destination that berth was thoroughly fumigated which has allayed my fears ever since.

I was glad to arrive that morning however, and breathe the cold clear air of Maine. Once you get accustomed to that

tonic in summer there is no other place in the world that quite gives you the same feeling

I had not been long in Campobello when there came a wire telling me that Franklin had been operated on for appendicitis in Washington. I got off by the first train, changed in Boston in the morning, and in New York in the afternoon, and was on my way to Washington when one of the men on the train came through calling my name. He handed me a telegram which said "Franklin doing well, your mother in law with him, Louis Howe." I could cheerfully have slain poor Louis, who was trying to be kind and relieve my anxiety, simply because I had to claim that wire and eyes were turned on me from all over the car!

So my shyness was not entirely cured! In fact, it never has been and there are certain things which bother me even today, and the people who know me best are conscious of it. Years later I remember Louis Howe taking me out to dinner at a restaurant, sitting at a table he did not like and eating food he did not like, simply because he said he knew I would be uncomfortable if he made me conspicuous by getting up and changing to another table or complaining about the food.

I don't suppose that kind of shyness ever really leaves one and to this day it sweeps over me occasionally when I face a crowd and I wish the ground would open and swallow me. Hahn has a great deal to do with what one actually does on these occasions, and the next few years were going to give me a very intensive education along many lines.

I found Franklin's mother in Washington at his bedside and we spent some time there together. Our two colored maids Millie and Frances took good care of us and as it was hot, we had our meals under the little rose arbor in the garden. We even did such frivolous things as to wander out one day while Franklin was taking a nap and let a gentleman tell us the future by answering our questions which we wrote on paper and held in our hands or tightly folded against our foreheads. As usual, I was entirely too much of a skeptic to

get results but if I remember rightly, my mother in law asked if we would go to war and he told her we would

She finally felt her son was well enough to leave and I stayed on alone until Franklin was able to leave the Naval Hospital and go on board the *Dolphin* for the trip up the coast George Marvin an old friend of ours who had been more than kind to Franklin at this time traveled with us and stayed a week or so enjoying the absolutely quiet life at Campobello and the air which was extremely revivifying after the heat of Washington

THE WAR IN EUROPE AND REACTIONS HERE

Ever since the beginning of the World War in Europe our country was becoming the battleground of opposing ideas and our family was being torn by the differences between Theodore Roosevelt's philosophy and that of President Wilson and his Administration in general I had a tremendous respect for this uncle of mine and for all his opinions I knew that he felt we should take sides in the European war He was such a definite person that he could not understand how one could sit by without making up one's mind that one side or the other was right and if one side was right this country must throw its strength on the side which was right I do not know that he felt in the beginning that we should actually go to war to help out the Allies but a neutral position was a difficult thing for him to hold for any length of time

Woodrow Wilson on the other hand was determined that our nation should not be dragged into this war if it could possibly be kept out and above everything else he did not wish our country to go in until the nation itself felt the urge to take a stand which would undoubtedly cost it much in men and money No one had any realization of how much - however and few if any saw far enough into the future to visualize the results that would come years later

We had already begun to send ambulances and food to European nations Mr Herbert Hoover was feeding the

BEGINS My husband was conscious of the pull of varying ideas and standards and I think, being young, there were times when he wished a final decision could be reached more quickly. I have often thought in recent years, when he has waited while younger advisers champed at the bit for action, of these early days when he played the rôle of a most youthful and fiery adviser.

William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, was a well known pacifist. I was always fond of Mrs. Bryan, but in spite of my admiration for Mr. Bryan's powers of oratory, there were certain things that did not appeal to me so much in him at this time.

Antiwar germs must have been in me even then, however, for I had an instinctive belief in his stand on peace. I remember Mr. Bryan had miniature plowshares made from old guns and given to many people in the Government. They were greeted by some with ridicule, but to me they were not in the least ridiculous. I thought them an excellent reminder that our swords should be made into plowshares and should continue in this useful occupation.

Many people were already making fortunes out of the war. Those who made munitions for instance, the growers of cotton and of wheat were finding a ready market in the nations who required more raw materials and foodstuffs than they could grow themselves, with most of their men at the front and much of their land out of cultivation.

Distinguished groups came from foreign nations to look after the interests of their own countries over here, and the social life of Washington became, if anything, busier and more interesting.

In the winter of 1915-16, a large economic conference for South and Central American commerce was held in Washington and the State Department arranged for every Government official to entertain some of the delegates and their wives at different times.

The dinner that we gave I remember very vividly because

we never could find out how many people were going to dine with us or what their names were. A list was furnished us, but as the people arrived many of the names were quite different from the ones on the list. However, we finally sat down and had enough places at table! I was getting on very well because the men on either side of me spoke English and French. I suddenly looked toward the other end of the table and saw that my husband was having a rather difficult time making conversation with the lady on his right. On his left he had a man who seemed able to talk to him. Later that evening I inquired how he had enjoyed his dinner companions and he answered that they were charming; the lady had been a trifle difficult to talk to as she could speak only Spanish and all he could say was "How many children have you, madam?" To which she always responded smilingly with the number and nothing more!

Lily Polk whose husband Frank Polk, was counselor in the State Department at this time, had a great deal more of this entertaining to do than we had, and she had begun to study Spanish diligently. For a while we took lessons together, but she was a far better student than I was. Perhaps my handicap was somewhat greater because I knew a certain amount of Italian not well enough to keep the Italian and Spanish words separated, so I acquired a somewhat scrambled vocabulary! However I finally did achieve an ability to understand and read the language, which stands me in good stead today even though I would not dare to formulate a sentence.

The German ambassador was conscious I think, of the general antagonism growing around him, particularly after the sinking of the *Lusitania* but he had a few warm friends and went his way serenely enough in Washington society. The French and English ambassadors were under great pressure, many people wanted them to undertake the same kind of propaganda which the German ambassador was carrying on. The French ambassador, M. Jusserand, had been so many

years in this country that he had a great knowledge of the United States and its people, and the same was true of Sir Cecil Spring Rice, the English ambassador, and neither of them would consent to much active propaganda. Perhaps they felt that there was enough interest among certain United States citizens to bring about all the propaganda which was really needed, and events later vindicated their judgment!

Sir Cecil Spring Rice had been in this country as a young man and had become a great friend of Theodore Roosevelt's family, and retained that friendship through the years, so that when we went to Washington one of the first houses that opened to us was the British embassy. He was a great reader and student of American history, one of the things he asked me the first time I sat by him at dinner was which of the American histories did I feel was the best. When I hesitated he casually remarked how strange it seemed that we citizens of the United States read so little of our own history! Sir Eustace Percy, one of the younger members of the embassy staff at the time, was making an exhaustive study of our Civil War and had visited all the battlefields. Few young Americans do as much.

Stones of Springy,' as he was called by his intimates, and his peculiarities were current in Washington. They said that one day he came in from a long walk in the rain, went upstairs and dressed for dinner, came back to his study and sat down to read by the fire. In a short time the dressing bell rang and he arose and went back and put on all the wet clothes and came down thus dressed for dinner!

One thing I do know that without Lady Spring Rice many official engagements would not have been met on time. I have been at the embassy when she has gone into his sitting room and said "Your appointment with the French ambassador is in ten minutes and the car is at the door," and a very reluctant Springy would get up from his book and his fire, put on his hat and go to meet the French ambassador or the Secretary of State or whomever it might be.

Our two eldest children Anna and James and later Elliott our second boy, attended a dancing class at the embassy and so Lady Springy as she was called and I had a number of contacts and my admiration for the quiet way in which she managed her life was great. She never seemed to interfere, and yet she saw that her husband's absorption in books or study did not lead him into some diplomatic lapse which would hurt his relationship with his colleagues and render his contacts less effective.

The French ambassador and his charming wife had many friends. M. Jusserand had been one of Theodore Roosevelt's walking cabinet. He was a small man and had grown up in the mountains of France and was an expert climber and all his life had taken long walking trips so he was not in the least daunted by Theodore Roosevelt's excursions through Rock Creek Park even when the excursion required crossing the brook in some deep spot.

Here, too, we were welcome because of our family connections and before long we had found a very congenial couple in the second secretary of the embassy M. de Laboulaye and his wife Marie de Laboulaye and I became great friends. She had had an extremely strict bringing up as her father was in the French army and gave the girls a deep sense of duty. This was her most marked characteristic and coincided in some ways with the results of my own early training. Our lives and ideas ran along similar lines. We have remained friends and though life has changed me more than it has her I think still I understand and respect the ideals and principles which make Marie de Laboulaye one of the finest characters it has ever been my good fortune to know.

One other person stands out among the people we knew well in these first years in Washington. While I cannot say that I knew him well the few opportunities we did have to be with him left a great impression upon us. The Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Cowles had known Mr. Henry Adams well and were constant visitors at his house on Lafayette

Square We knew some of the people who were his intimate friends and so occasionally we received one of the much coveted invitations to lunch or dine at his home

Aileen Tone who was a friend of mine was with him as a young friend and secretary and my first picture of this supposedly stern rather biting Mr Adams is of an old gentleman in a victoria outside of our house on N Street Aileen Tone and I were having tea inside the house, but Mr Adams never paid calls He did however request that the children of the house come out and join him in the victoria and they not only did join him but they brought their Scottie dog and the entire group sat and chatted and played all over the victoria No one was ever able thereafter to persuade me that Mr Adams was quite the cynic he was supposed to be

One day after lunch with him my husband mentioned something which at the time was causing him deep concern in the Government and Mr Adams looked at him rather fiercely and said Young man I have lived in this house many years and seen the occupants of that White House across the square come and go and nothing that you minor officials or the occupant of that house can do will affect the history of the world for long! True perhaps but not a very good doctrine to preach to a young man in political life!

Henry Adams loved to shock his hearers and I think he knew that those who were worth their salt would understand him and pick out of the knowledge which flowed from his lips the things which might be useful and discard the cynicism as an old man's defense against his own urge to be an active factor in the work of the world a role which Henry Adams rejected in his youth

There were other people who on account of Uncle Ted and Auntie Bie were kind to us Among them Senator and Mrs. Lodge She was one of the loveliest women I have ever known and always made me feel really at home We went occasionally too on Sunday afternoons to the Misses Patten whose house was always a popular center They were an in

teresting group of sisters who knew everyone, and because one of them could always manage to be present when anything interesting was going on, they were the source of rapid dissemination of news

So much for all the recollections of a social life which seemed above everything else important to me during the first years when we lived in Washington. It is hard for me now to realize that dinners or contacts with people in society could ever have seemed to me so important as they did in those first years. I can only explain it by the fact that, so far as I could see, they were the only connection I had with the work which my husband was doing, and which I felt was important, though I knew nothing about it at that time.

I always put my children first, in that their lives were planned in a manner which I felt was right for them, but I think for the good of our own relationship and of my husband's work we did far more of the social round in Washington than was either necessary or wise. Why I had this feeling of compulsion about it, I cannot now understand, but it was undoubtedly there at the time and I simply never thought I could do anything else.

Circumstances, however, occasionally forced me back into a more peaceful, normal existence.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

OUR YOUNGEST CHILD IS BORN

IN MARCH 1916 our youngest child was to be born and I had a faint hope that he might arrive on our wedding anniversary, the seventeenth of March, which was also my mother's birthday. Now in early March I was naturally seeing more of my intimate friends and particularly Mrs

William Phillips, who was waiting for her second baby. Her first child had died and so we were all very anxious that everything go well with her. She expected her baby ahead of mine. We were dining together one evening and my husband had gone out after dinner to some business meeting. She and I sat quietly together until ten o'clock, when she went home. I went upstairs and called Miss Spring, who called the doctor. When my husband came home my youngest son was almost in the world and soon after made his appearance.

We named this youngest boy John Aspinwall, after Franklin's uncle, who was many years younger than Franklin's father.

That winter of 1916 had been rather a hard winter on my husband, because of a throat infection. He had had such a bad time with this throat that he had had to go to Atlantic City, where his mother met him. He was supposed to take a two-weeks vacation, but the inactivity was more than he could bear, and in a week he was back at work again. I hoped we were through with serious illness.

However, the baby was scarcely two days old when Elliott developed a bad cold and swollen glands. I thought this would amount to very little but in another day we had a trained nurse for him and he was worse instead of better. Anything more trying than to be in bed and have a child in a room on the floor above you who is very ill, I do not know, so I look back on this spring as another trying experience. Finally we sent for an old friend of Miss Springs, who came down from New York to take charge of Elliott and gradually nurse him back to comparative health.

From that time on until he went to boarding school at the age of twelve, he was a delicate small boy whom we had to watch very carefully. Sometimes when I look at the strong man he has grown to be, it is hard to realize the years of anxiety which went into his upbringing. From the spring of 1916 on he seemed to have everything more seriously than the others. I suppose his resistance was lowered, and I often

wonder if he remembers the days and weeks that he spent in bed. Whatever else it may have done for him it gave him a taste for books, and I think of all the children he had—throughout his earlier years at least—the greatest pleasure in reading and developed a real appreciation of literature.

All our babies were christened in the house or in the little Episcopal Church at Hyde Park, so when we moved up this summer the usual christening took place. All the boys in the family have worn their father's christening dress. Anna was christened in the dress in which I had been christened and which was made for me by my father's Aunt Ellen whom you will remember my having first visited in Liverpool when I went abroad to school. All the children have worn on their christening day a little Russian gold charm which my mother-in-law keeps carefully put away because it was given to my husband by his godmother Miss Eleanor Blodgett when he was christened. Some of the grandchildren who have been brought to Hyde Park for their christening have been privileged to wear this charm also but my mother-in-law guards it very carefully and I do not think she would allow it to be taken from Hyde Park to be used in any other place!

THE FIRST INFANTILE PARALYSIS EPIDEMIC

That summer of 1916 I went up with the children as usual to Campobello. Franklin came occasionally. Toward the end of the summer everybody with little children began to wonder how if they had to move them they were going to get them from wherever they might be to any other place. That was the summer when we had a very bad infantile-paralysis epidemic among children. I had never stayed in Campobello late into September but there I was entirely alone with the children marooned on the island and apparently I was going to be there for some time. Finally Franklin was allowed to use the *Dolphin* again and in early October he came up put the entire family on board and landed us on our own dock in the Hudson River.

There were beginning to be wild rumors of German submarines crossing the ocean and being seen at different places along the coast, and on the one stop which we made on the way down we heard the news that a German submarine had been sighted, and I believe its officers had landed.

The children remained at Hyde Park until it was safe for them to travel, and I went back to Washington. From a life centered entirely in my family, I became conscious on returning to the seat of Government in Washington, that there was a sense of impending disaster hanging over all of us.

FRANKLIN IN HAITI

The various attacks on our shipping were straining our relationship with Germany and more and more the temper of the country was gradually turning against the Germans. Stories drifted in of the atrocities in Belgium and were believed but in spite of an increasing tenseness we had not actually broken off our diplomatic relations with Germany and that winter my husband started on a trip to Haiti. The Marines were in control. Franklin took with him the president of the Civil Service Commission Mr. John McIlhenny. Mr. McIlhenny was an old friend of Theodore Roosevelt's and one of his Rough Riders. His family owned large plantations in Louisiana. Later he was made financial adviser to Haiti and managed his rather difficult job extremely well with the ultimate result that we later returned to the Haitian government the control of their own financial affairs.

This trip of my husband's was an extremely interesting trip and took him on horseback through a good part of the island. He was far away from the coast of Santo Domingo up in the mountains, when a cable came from the Secretary of the Navy announcing that political conditions required his immediate return to Washington and that a destroyer would meet him at the nearest port. We had severed diplomatic connections with Germany and the ambassador had been given his papers and asked to leave the United States. The

naval attaché, Captain Boy Ed, and others finally succeeded in thoroughly arousing the antagonism of the American people by spying into American affairs. This, however, my husband did not know. When he went to the dinner which was given him by the Marine officers in charge of this station he showed the decoded telegram which he had just received to the lady who sat next to him. She had lived so long in the parts of the world where revolutions were uppermost in people's minds, that she promptly said "Political conditions! Why, that must mean that Charles Evans Hughes has led a revolution against President Wilson."

Without any knowledge of what had occurred my husband and his party started down the mountains on a rather perilous trip, but reached their destination safely and sailed for home hearing the news on the way of the severed diplomatic relations.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

WAR PREPARATIONS

BACK in Washington my husband plunged into intensive work, for the possibility of the United States' being drawn into the war seemed imminent. The Navy must be ready for action immediately on this declaration of war.

We found it necessary to move the autumn of 1916 because five children were more than Auntie Byes (Mrs. William Sheffield Cowles) house on N Street was designed to hold comfortably. No. 2131 R Street was a pleasant house. It had a small garden in the back where Anna and James with their friends, often played ball. I remember one shattering experience when the ball went over the wall, through the window of an apartment house across the street and landed in an

elderly lady's lip. It took many apologies to reinstate us in good favor; and I went through the struggle which I imagine every family goes through with every small boy trying to make James pay for that window out of his allowance so that he would not forget to be careful of the direction in which he threw a ball in the future!

All too soon we were to find ourselves actually in the war and during these spring months of 1917 my husband and I were less and less concerned with social life except where it could be termed useful or necessary to the work which had to be done. My husband frequently brought people home for luncheon because he had to talk to them and we often entertained particular people who came from other nations because it was necessary that they should get to know the people with whom they were dealing.

Everyone was anxious and finally after weeks of tension I heard that the President was going to address Congress as a preliminary to a declaration of war. Everyone wanted to hear this historic address and it was with the greatest difficulty that Franklin got me a seat. I went and listened breathlessly and returned home still half dazed by the sense of impending change but continued the daily routine in much the same way as usual. Some protective instinct makes us all attempt to keep our everyday lives on an even keel though we feel the world rocking all around us.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR

War was declared on April 6th 1917 and from then on the men in the Government worked from morning until night and late into the night. The women in Washington paid no more calls. They began to organize at once to meet the unusual demands of war time. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman called a meeting to form a motor corps for Red Cross work. I attended that meeting but at that time I could not drive a car so I decided that that was not my field of work.

No work was fully organized until the next autumn but I

joined the Red Cross canteen helped Mrs Daniels to organize the Navy Red Cross and began to distribute free wool for knitting provided by the Navy League

I found myself very busy also that spring entertaining members of foreign missions who continued to come to this country to talk over the type of co-operation that we were to give the Allies Mr Balfour came over with a mission from England and arrived three days before the French mission This was a quiet unspectacular mission but he had men with him who had served at the front and been wounded They found their way at times to our home.

In the first French mission were Marshal Joffre and former Premier Viviani They arrived in this country on April 25th 1917

Franklin's cousin Warren Robbins was at that time attached to the State Department and was given the responsibility of accompanying the French mission and making their trip in the country as comfortable and pleasant as possible A great crowd greeted them in Washington and Joffre who had been the hero of the stand at the Marne was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm People knew that his soldiers had called him "Papa Joffre" and his whole appearance suited this name so well that the crowds over here would often hail him in this way

Viviani was not an agreeable personality but he was a brilliant speaker They had of course a number of people in their party and the man who appealed to me most was Lieutenant Colonel Fabry who walked with a cane He was Joffre's personal aide and was known as the Blue Devil of France Before and after the war he was a newspaper editor a gentle quiet person to whom this nickname seemed hardly appropriate! Badly wounded many times, when he was in Washington he was in constant pain

Before our entry into the war many foolish people like myself said that only our financial resources would be needed and that the only branch of the service which would be called

on to fight would be the Navy. However on our entry to the war both services were called into action and the first idea made by the French mission was that some American soldiers be sent to France in July instead of in October, as our government had planned. The argument was that the Allies were tired and that the sight of new uniforms and of fresh men at the front would restore their morale which was being subjected to such a long strain.

The one thing I remember most vividly are the trips from Washington down to Mt Vernon on the *Sylph* especially the first one with Mr Balfour, Marshal Joffre and Premier Viviani, Secretary and Mrs Daniels and my husband and myself with other members of the Cabinet accompanied them and their first duty was to lay a wreath on the tomb of George Washington. It was a ceremonious occasion and as we gathered around the open iron grille at the tomb each man made a speech. It struck me suddenly how odd it must seem to Mr Balfour to be paying honor to the memory of the man who had severed from the mother country some rather profitable colonies but Mr Balfour was graceful and adequate as always in this rather peculiar situation.

Only when someone on the lawn at Mt Vernon told him the story of George Washington throwing a silver dollar across the Potomac to the other shore did his eyes twinkle as he responded "My dear sir he accomplished an even greater feat than that. He threw a sovereign across the ocean!" (Note—a sovereign is an English piece of money and also a title for king.)

Unfortunately during that spring the three older children had developed whooping cough. I was terrified on account of the baby and promptly fell back upon my mother in law who took all three older children with their governess into her New York house until she moved to Hyde Park where she took them up there with her. In this way the two youngest boys Franklin Junior and John escaped the disease which I have always dreaded for babies.

I was distressed that Anna and James and Elliott, who were old enough to remember seeing some of these celebrities, should not be given the opportunity to meet Marshal Joffre. I confided my regrets to Colonel Fabry, who kindly told the Marshal, and when they went to New York City Colonel Fabry remembered to ask my mother in law and the three children to come to the Frick house and meet the Marshal.

In spite of the whooping cough, the Marshal kissed all the children and was extremely kind to them, and to my mother in law. I really doubt however, whether meeting celebrities makes much impression on children, for though I know my mother in law told them at the time what a remarkable man this French general was being kissed by a stranger was the only thing which made much of an impression, and the fact that an organ was playing in a private house as they went up the stairs intrigued them more than all the celebrities.

These two missions sailed back one day apart, the French on May twenty fourth and the English on May twenty fifth.

Immediately after the declaration of war, Uncle Ted came to Washington to offer his services to the President. He had already a large group of men who wished to go to the front with him. He felt he could easily raise a division and in it would be many of the best officers in the Army who wished to serve under him, such as General Wood and many of the old Rough Riders and probably the pick of American youth. Uncle Ted could not bear the thought that his boys should go and he be left behind. He was strong and able enough, he contended, to fight in this war as he had in the Spanish War, and as he had urged the people to enter on the side of the Allies he wanted to be among the first to enlist.

On this visit he stayed with his daughter, Alice Longworth, and I went with Franklin to see him. Though he was kind to us, as he always was, he was completely preoccupied with the war and after he had been to see President Wilson and the President had not immediately accepted his offer, but had said he must think it over, Uncle Ted returned in a very

unhappy mood. I think he knew from the noncommittal manner in which he had been received that his proposal was not going to be accepted. I hated to have him disappointed and yet I was loyal to President Wilson, and was much relieved later on, when I knew that Uncle Ted's offer had been submitted to General Pershing and the War Department and that the consensus of opinion had been that it would be a grave mistake to allow one division to attract so many of the men who would be needed as officers in many divisions. Uncle Ted certainly did his best to go overseas, but it was felt that the prominence of his position and his age made it unwise for him to be in Europe. I think the decision was a bitter blow from which he never quite recovered.

I did very little war work that summer beyond the inevitable knitting which every woman undertook and which became a constant habit. No one moved without her knitting. I had always done a certain amount but never had achieved the ease which the war brought as a natural result. Even if your life seemed to call you away from where you could render some kind of direct service you could be knitting all the time.

The Navy Department was co-operating so closely with England and France that my husband hardly left Washington, but I went back and forth. He came for short periods of time only to the coast of Maine. It was decided that we had no right to keep the boat which we had always used at Campobello and so the *Half Moon* was sold, much to the regret of both my husband and my mother-in-law. The latter had a real sentimental attachment for it on account of the pleasure her husband had had in sailing her.

My brother Hall, who was at this time working for the General Electric Company in Schenectady, had a second little boy, born in July of 1917. Hall was forbidden to enlist under the rules which barred a man from everything but aviation if he was responsible for the production of war materials in the General Electric Company plant. He had been

so close to Uncle Ted and his family that he felt when all those boys enlisted he must join also. He slipped away from work on the plea that he wanted to visit his uncle, and he and Quentin Roosevelt went together on July fourteenth, and enlisted in the only branch of the service which was permissible for Hall under the circumstances—aviation.

I think both Hall and Quentin must have memorized the card for the eye test, because neither of them had eyes which would allow them to pass the test otherwise. They were both brilliant and a little thing like remembering all the letters on the card meant nothing to either of them.

Hall was called to the first school of aviation in Ithaca in late July or August. My grandmother felt very strongly that he should not leave his wife and little children, and I remember my feeling of utter horror when I went to see her one day and she demanded of me why he did not buy a substitute! I had at that time never heard of buying a substitute and said that no one did such a thing. Her old eyes looked at me curiously and she said: "In the Civil War many gentlemen bought substitutes. It was the thing to do." I hotly responded that a gentleman was no different from any other kind of citizen in the United States and that it would be a disgrace to pay anyone to risk his life for you, particularly when Hall could leave his wife and children with the assurance that at least they would have money enough to live on.

This was my first really outspoken declaration against the accepted standards of the surroundings in which I had spent my childhood and marked the fact that either my husband or an increasing ability to think for myself, was changing my point of view.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

A CHANGING EXISTENCE

THAT autumn, back in Washington, real work began in earnest, and all my executive ability, which had been more or less dormant up to this time, was called into play. The house must run more smoothly than ever, we must entertain and I must be able to give less attention to it than ever before. The children must lead normal lives, Anna must go to the Eastman school every day, and James and Elliott must go to the Cathedral school, which was out in the opposite direction. All this required organization.

My mother-in-law used to laugh at me and say I could provide my chauffeur with more orders to be carried out during the day than anyone else she had ever listened to, but this was just a symptom of developing executive ability. My time was now completely filled with a variety of war activities, and I was learning to have a certain confidence in myself and in my ability to meet emergencies and deal with them.

WAR WORK FOR THE WOMEN

One afternoon of every week I gave out wool from my own house and took in finished articles. Marie de Laboulaye and I went over them for she volunteered to help in American war work, feeling that that was a way of showing her gratitude for the help which our Government was giving her country. Mrs. Charles Munn was a young and very pretty bride at that time and drove her own car. She collected the bundles of knitted garments and delivered them to their destination.

Two or three shifts a week I spent in the Red Cross canteen in the railroad yards. During the winter I took chiefly

day shifts in the canteen for I was obliged to be at home if possible to see my children before they went to bed and I frequently had guests for dinner I can remember one or two occasions when I arrived in my uniform as my guests arrived and I think it was during this period that I learned to dress with rapidity a habit which has stayed with me ever since. We had some wonderful women in charge of the canteen and were very fortunate in the direction which they gave us Miss Mary Patten worked on a number of shifts with me and I would often stop for her in the car so I came to know her very well and I grew to have great affection and respect for her character and willingness to work.

Everyone in the canteen however was expected to do any work that was necessary even mopping the floor and no one remained long a member of this Red Cross unit who could not do anything that was asked of her I remember one lady who came down escorted by her husband to put in one afternoon I doubt if she had ever done any manual labor before in her life and she was no longer young The mere suggestion that she might have to scrub the floor filled her with horror and we never again saw her on a shift

We had an army kitchen in a little tin building where we made coffee We cut the bread with the cutting machine spread it with jam and wrapped the finished sandwiches in paper Large caldrons of coffee and large baskets of sandwiches were ready for the trainloads of men as they went through

I had one disastrous experience with the bread cutting machine On a particularly busy day rather early on my shift I cut part of my finger almost to the bone There was no time to stop so I wrapped something tightly around it and proceeded during the day to wrap more and more handkerchiefs around it until it finally stopped bleeding When I got home late in the afternoon I sent for the doctor and asked him if I should have it sewed up he said it would probably be too painful so long after cutting it and though it might leave a

scar, it would heal. The doctor bandaged it and left it as it was and I still have the scar!

We sold post cards, candy and cigarettes to the boys and we had to censor the cards so they would not give any forbidden information. Later on, as the warm weather came, we had some showers in a building near us, a very makeshift arrangement, but very welcome, as the heat increased, to the boys who had spent days and nights on trains.

Once a week I visited the Naval Hospital and took flowers, cigarettes and any little thing that might cheer the men who had come back from overseas. There were a number of Navy units stationed in different parts of France, for instance, those who went with our Navy guns, those stationed at Dunkirk and various other places on the coasts of Europe, those with the destroyers and the transports, besides our Marines who fought with the Second Division in some of the hottest fighting of the war, in Belleau Wood and the Argonne.

The Naval Hospital filled up very rapidly and we finally took over one building in St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the so-called shell-shocked patients. The doctors, of course, explained that these were men who had been submitted to great strain and cracked under it. Some of them came back to sanity, others remained permanently in our veterans' hospitals for mental care.

St. Elizabeth's was the one Federal hospital for the insane in the country and I had never seen it before. A fine man was at the head of it, but he always had been obliged to run his institution on an inadequate appropriation, and as yet the benefits of occupational therapy were little understood in the treatment of the insane. I did, however, know that in some hospitals this work was being done with a measure of success for the patients.

I visited our naval unit there and had my first experience of going into a ward of people who while they were not violent, were more or less incalculable because they were not

themselves. Those who were not under control were kept in padded cells or in some kind of confinement.

When the doctor and I went into the long general ward where the majority of men were allowed to move about during the daytime, he unlocked the door and locked it again after us. We started down that long room speaking to different men on the way. Quite at the other end stood a young boy with fair hair. The sun in the window placed high up well above the patients' heads touched his hair and seemed almost like a halo around his head. He was talking to himself incessantly and I inquired what he was saying. He is giving the orders, said the doctor, which were given every night in Dunkirk where he was stationed. I remembered my husband telling me that he had been in Dunkirk and that every evening the enemy planes came over the town and bombed it and the entire population was ordered down into the cellars. This boy had stood the strain of the nightly bombing until he could stand it no longer, then he went insane and repeated the orders without stopping, not being able to get out of his mind the thing which had become an obsession.

I asked what chances he had for recovery and was told that it was fifty-fifty, but that in all probability he would never again be able to stand as much strain as before he had had this illness.

The doctor told me that many of our men in the Naval Hospital unit were well enough to go out every day, play games and get air and exercise, and that we had sufficient attendants to do this. In the rest of the hospital, however, they were so short of attendants since the war that the other patients practically never got out. The doctor also told me that in spite of the fact that wages had gone skyrocketing during this period, the hospital had never been able to pay its attendants more than thirty dollars a month and their board, which was low wages in comparison with what men were getting in other occupations.

I drove through the grounds and was horrified to see poor

demented creatures with apparently very little attention being paid them gazing from behind bars or walking up and down on enclosed porches

This hospital was under the Department of the Interior, so I could hardly wait to reach Secretary Lane, to tell him that I thought an investigation was in order, and that he had better go over and see for himself. He confided to me that the last thing he wanted to see was a hospital for the insane. He did, however, appoint a committee which later appeared before Congress and asked for and obtained an increased appropriation. I believe this action of the secretary enabled Doctor White to make this hospital what every Federal institution in Washington should be—a model of its kind which can be visited with profit by interested people from the various parts of our country.

In the meantime, I was so anxious that our men should have a meeting place that I went to the Red Cross and begged them to build one of their recreation rooms, which they did. Then, through Mrs. Barker, I obtained five hundred dollars from the Colonial Dames, which started the occupational therapy work, and in a short time they were able to sell what they produced and to buy new materials for themselves.

In the Naval Hospital I was seeing many tragedies enacted. There was a woman who sat for days by the bed of her son who had been gassed and had tuberculosis. There was a chance that he might be saved if he could get out West. She could not afford to go with him but we finally obtained permission to send a nurse. Only a few years ago I had a letter from her reminding me of our contact in the hospital and telling me that her boy had died.

Another boy from Texas, with one leg gone, wanted so much to get home, finally, with the help of the Daughters of the Confederacy, some of whom were our most faithful workers, he achieved his desire and I think became self-supporting.

These are just examples of the many things touching the

lives of individuals which came to all of us in those days and so far as I was concerned they were a liberal education. Some of the stories were sordid, all of them filled with a mixture of the heroism in human nature and its accompanying frailties.

I think I learned then that practically no one in the world is entirely bad or entirely good and that motives are often more important than actions. I had spent most of my life in an atmosphere where everyone was sure of what was right and what was wrong and as life has progressed I have gradually come to believe that human beings who try to judge other human beings are undertaking a somewhat difficult job. When your duty does not thrust ultimate judgments upon you, perhaps it is as well to keep an open and charitable mind and to try to understand why people do things instead of condemning the acts themselves.

Out of these contacts with human beings during the war I became a more tolerant person, far less sure of my own beliefs and methods of action, but I think more determined to try for certain ultimate objectives. I had gained a certain assurance as to my ability to run things and the knowledge that there is joy in accomplishing a good job. I knew more about the human heart which had been somewhat veiled in mystery up to now.

By 1918 there were many men in Europe or in training in whom I was deeply interested. Little by little it seemed as though some of our interest must turn to the other side of the ocean as well. My youngest aunt Maude had some years before finally made up her mind that she could no longer stand the physical and mental strain of the uncertainty of life with Larry Waterbury. She finally went to live in Maine and obtained a divorce. After a time David Gray, who had long known her and had been devoted to her, persuaded her to marry him. He was a writer and life in Maine was possible for him and they settled down to peace and quiet.

The war disrupted their existence. He went to France, she

went to work for a time in one of the intelligence bureaus of the Post Office Department in New York City. My aunt Tissie, Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, had a son doing naval patrol work out of Newport so she was living in Newport giving lessons in French to our boys who might find a knowledge of the language useful when they went overseas.

One by one all of Uncle Ted's boys sailed. Auntie Corinne's two sons were enlisted and Monroe Robinson went overseas as did another cousin James Alfred Roosevelt. Harry Hooker, one of my husband's former law partners in New York City, sailed with his division.

My brother when his period of school was over had been sent first to a new aviation field in Lake Charles, Louisiana. Having developed into a good aviator, he was made pursuit instructor and transferred to a camp in Florida where they were establishing the first pursuit school for aviators. Margaret and the little boys joined him and she again managed what seemed like a very difficult life very well. I was fearful lest the children should be bitten by snakes when she wrote me how cozily the snakes lived under their little house. Luckily nothing of that kind happened.

Over and over again my brother tried to be assigned to work overseas. Over and over again he was refused with the admonition that his value was greater where he was. He pulled every wire possible, besought my husband to use his influence, got Uncle Ted to use his and ate his heart out because he could not get to the other side of the ocean. In spite of the fact that we pointed out to him that he took his life in his hands more frequently in instructing novices than he would at the front, he was never satisfied. I think he has always felt that if some of us had just tried a little harder we could have put him on a transport and given him his heart's desire.

I will have to own up to the fact that though I never lifted a finger to prevent him or anyone else from going, I certainly never lifted a finger to send him over! I felt that if he was no

killed over here, it must mean that he was intended to do something else in life and it was not up to me to make a decision in the matter

All the time I knitted incessantly and worked in various ways. I wished that I might offer my services to go overseas. I was very envious of another Eleanor Roosevelt—Col Theodore Roosevelt's wife who had gone over before her husband and in spite of the regulation against wives of officers going to France was serving in a canteen in France. Many other women whom I knew were there and I felt as though the work which we did in this country was of comparatively little importance. Yet I knew that no one would help me to get permission to go and I had not acquired sufficient independence to go about getting it for myself. I think I also felt that my first obligation was to stay with my children and do what work I could at home. I did not want to feel this or to acknowledge it, but down in the bottom of my heart I felt it nevertheless.

My husband was engaged in naval operations and of necessity had to keep in close touch with the members of the English and French embassies. Gradually the foreign offices of England and France began to feel that their representatives were not being active enough and Sir Cecil Spring-Rice was recalled by his government much to the regret of his many friends in this country who realized that he and his wife were rendering a great service to the Allied cause.

They were followed in January, 1918, at the British embassy by Lord and Lady Reading. Everyone in Washington recognized his great ability and liked them both. Our contact with them was casual but we did know a great number of the younger members of the embassy staff quite well and with some of them we have always kept in touch. Mr Hohler who came over for a while as counselor, Mr Nosworthy, Mr and Mrs Barclay (she is now the charming Lady Vansittart) and two really young attachés, one from Australia and one from England, come to mind at once. Mr Hulow the Englishman

had enlisted at eighteen and been through the retreat at the Marne, the fighting at Gallipoli and in the Allenby campaign in Palestine. Because of his wounds he was transferred to the diplomatic service.

One incident in connection with these two youngsters I will always remember with amusement. Mr. Hadow confided to us that it was his duty to write the reports on the labor situation in this country and he had to glean all his information from the newspapers. We suggested mildly that the American Federation of Labor had a building filled with officials in the city of Washington. We knew, however, that a diffident young Englishman would never dream of calling on people whom he did not know. We arranged a luncheon for the two of them and they met Mr. Morrison and a number of the heads of various unions and from that time on they were able to write more comprehensive reports as they could verify newspaper stories by actual contact with the people involved.

We saw a good deal of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Willert and their young son. Mr. Willert was a correspondent for the *London Times* and they spent ten years, I think, in Washington. The Willerts were a delightful couple and we came eventually to know them very well and have seen something of them ever since and have kept in fairly close touch. He has been a member of the foreign office and only lately retired to write and lecture. They are now Sir Arthur and Lady Willert and the little fat boy whom I knew is in the publishing business. With his wife and baby they are now living in New York as his firm sent him over to represent them in this country. It seems he is following rather closely in his father's footsteps.

M. Jusserand remained French ambassador until after the war was over but a special envoy M. Tardieu was sent over in 1918 to take up certain financial questions. My recollection is that this was not an entirely happy arrangement. M. Tardieu was an able man but had not perhaps the temperament which appealed to the French ambassador. However the

mission was successful in carrying through its business M. Tardieu returned to France.

The winter of 1918 wore away and remains to me a kaleidoscope of work and entertainment and home duties so crowded that sometimes I wondered if I could live that way another day. Strength came, however, with the thought of Europe and a little sleep, and you could always begin a new day. When summer came I decided that I would spend most of it in Washington to help out at the canteen for so many people had to be away.

Hot though the Hudson River was I felt the children were old enough to stand it, particularly as my mother-in-law had built a large addition to the old house and the rooms which the children occupied were less hot than they had been because of the new insulation. I took the children with the nurse to Hyde Park for the summer and stayed with them a while to get them settled.

FRANKLIN GOES OVERSEAS

I was making preparations to return to Washington for I had promised to be on duty during the month of July. In June my husband got word that he was to go to Europe. Franklin had spoken and written to various people ever since we had entered the war seeking to get into uniform. He stated that

Even though this means doing far less important work for the Navy than if I continue the organization and operations, supervision not only in the department itself, but also in the patrol bases in the transport service and in the many shipyards, I will be in active service. Then came these orders to go overseas and report on the operations and needs of the many American naval and aviation bases and ships in European waters. He obtained a promise that when this was done he would be permitted to return to Europe as a lieutenant commander attached to the naval railway battery of fourteen inch guns under Admiral Plunkett.

Of course I waited until his preparations were made and

sailed on the destroyer Dyer July 9th, 1918. The Dyer was conveying a number of transports taking troops to France. Franklin was naturally much excited at the prospect of this trip and I think it gave him great satisfaction to feel that he was going to the front.

Neither his mother nor I could see him off, because they sailed under secret orders, and I realized at the time that it was for her a fearful ordeal, for he was the center of her existence. Luckily, she had the grandchildren with her to keep her busy, and there were numerous wartime activities in which she took her full share in Hyde Park and Poughkeepsie.

I went back to Washington and stayed a month in the empty house with one maid as sole company. I needed very little attention for I spent all day and most of the night at the canteen. I had nothing else to do. Many of the members were away, and in the heat to which I was quite unaccustomed I was anxious to keep busy. No place could have been hotter than the little corrugated tin shack with the tin roof and the fire burning in the old army kitchen. We certainly were kept busy for we were sending troops over just as fast as we could train them and we knew now that it was manpower that the Allies wanted as much as our financial resources or the assistance of the Navy.

It was not an unusual thing for me to work from nine in the morning until one or two the next morning and be back again by ten A.M. The nights were hot and it was possible to sleep only if you were exhausted. When my month was up and others came to take my place I went to Hyde Park to be with the children and my mother-in-law.

In early September we began to expect to hear of my husband's start for home but before that news came I received word on September 12, 1918, that my uncle Douglas Robinson had died. I went to the funeral. I joined the family and friends in Poughkeepsie on the train which took us all to Herkimer for the services. We drove the nine miles up the

mountain and after the services assembled in the little family burying ground, where every member of the Robinson family has been laid to rest. It is a very sweet place surrounded by woods, the birds come in great numbers in the spring and of all the cemeteries I know, it is the least lonely place to leave someone you love.

FRANKLIN'S RETURN

We finally heard that my husband had sailed from Brest to return to this country. A day or so before the ship was due, my mother-in-law and I received word through the Navy Department that Franklin had pneumonia and that we were to meet him on arrival with a doctor and an ambulance. We left the children at Hyde Park and went to my mother-in-law's house in New York for our own house was rented. Our doctor was away, but we got Dr. William K. Draper to meet us at the dock with an ambulance. The flu had been raging in Brest, and Franklin and his party had attended a funeral before leaving in the rain. The ship on which they returned was a floating hospital—men and officers died on the way home and were buried at sea.

When the boat docked and we went on board I remember visiting several of the men who were still in bed. My husband did not seem to me so seriously ill as the doctors implied, but Doctor Draper went up with him in the ambulance and we soon had him settled in his mother's house.

All but one member of my husband's party were seriously ill. Fortunately, they all recovered. With them on the boat, coming to this country for a visit, were Prince Axel of Denmark and his aides. When they felt the flu coming on they consulted no doctor but took to their berths with a quart of whisky each. In the course of a day or two, whether because of the efficacy of the whisky or whether because of their own resistance, they were practically recovered.

Franklin was still fairly ill in New York City when we received a wire from our daughter who was then twelve years

"She had a great love of animals and never had had a dog of her own. Our Scotties had always belonged to the family as a whole. The Saturday before leaving to meet my husband, my mother-in-law had taken Anna up to a fair held in Rhinebeck, a village about fifteen miles from us, where every Saturday morning things were sold for the benefit of the Red Cross and everyone donated what he could to the fair. Someone had donated a police-dog puppy and my mother-in-law had taken one chance on it. Her brother, Warren Delano, had donated one of his Norwegian ponies. She felt she would be glad to have a pony and so took four chances on that.

The wire from my daughter said "I have won the puppy. He is here in my lap. May I have him for my own?" Of course, the answer had to be yes, and from that time on he spent the greater part of his young life in her lap. He was named Chief and became a member of the family. We never made a major move without him, and I have never known a gentler or more intelligent dog. That telegram arrived at a turning point of her father's illness and caused him a great deal of amusement, for it was the first thing he had been physically able to enjoy.

Elliott's birthday was approaching, and naturally, since her anxiety about Franklin was relieved, my mother-in-law felt she could return to Hyde Park, at least for a short time. She went up and down from Hyde Park at short intervals until we were able to move Franklin up there.

The question of the children's schooling was beginning to weigh heavily upon my mind, so soon after Franklin was better I moved the children who had to be in school back to Washington and commenced commuting back and forth until the whole family was settled together again.

Franklin improved steadily but he required good nursing and care for some time, for the pneumonia left him very weak. He went to Hyde Park for two weeks, and about the middle of October was well enough to return to Washington and turn in his official reports. These were his firsthand ob-

servations of naval activities in the North Sea the Irish and English Channels and portions of the Belgian British and French ports. He was preparing to resign and join the naval battery in France when word came late in October that Germany had suggested to President Wilson that peace would be discussed.

As soon as we returned to Washington the flu epidemic which had been raging in various parts of the country struck us with full force. The city was fearfully overcrowded the departments had had to expand and take on great numbers of clerical workers. New bureaus had been set up girls were living two and three in a room all over the city and when the flu came to us there were naturally not enough hospitals to accommodate those who were stricken. The Red Cross organized temporary hospitals in every available building and those of us who could were asked to bring food to these various units which often had no kitchen space at all.

Before I knew it all my five children and my husband were down with the flu and three of the servants. We succeeded in getting one trained nurse from New York as Miss Spring was not available. This nurse was put in charge of Elliott who had double pneumonia. My husband was moved into a little room next to mine and John the baby had his crib in my bedroom for he had bronchial pneumonia. There was very little difference between day and night for me and Doctor Hardin who worked as hard as he possibly could every minute of the time came in once or twice a day and looked over all my patients. He remarked that we were lucky that some of us were still on our feet for he had families with nobody able to stand up.

In the intervals of cooking for this galaxy of invalids my cook prepared food to go out as we had pledged ourselves to send it regularly every afternoon. If all the children were asleep I went in the car and visited the Red Cross unit I had been assigned to supply and tried to say a word of cheer to the poor girls lying in the long rows of beds. More often how

the chauffeur had to take the food and deliver it at the door. Like all other things the flu epidemic finally came to an end.

These little emergencies of domestic and family life were extremely good training. Gradually I was learning that what one has to do usually can be done, and my long association with Miss Spring and her friends who had come to us when we needed trained nurses had made of me a fairly practical nurse. Fear of being left alone to care for my children had vanished. In fact I had had sense enough in the past few years to send my nurse away in the summer for short vacations and take charge of my last two babies myself. This proved to be no easy enough task except for the fact that I could not just be a nurse. I had to appear at stated times for meals dressed like a lady, and with the manner of a lady who had nothing to do—which was not always the case! At least I was no longer the inexperienced timid mother and the older children say that in consequence the younger ones were never so well disciplined as they were! Of course the truth of the matter was that I had gained a sense of values and no longer fussed about unessentials nor allowed myself to be stampeded by the likes and dislikes of a nurse or governess.

I tried two French governesses with the older children. They taught the children the language but they were very odd for their dispositions and I returned to English and Scotch nurses.

The feeling was growing everywhere that the end of the war was in sight. President Wilson's messages to the people of other nations made a deep impression. Ever since the Allied armies had been under the supreme command of Marshal Foch a turn had come for the better in the military affairs of the Allies. Suddenly on November 7th we got word that an armistice had been signed and pandemonium broke loose but a few hours later it was declared a mistake and everybody's spirits sank.

Four days later on November 11th 1918 the real Armistice

was signed and the city of Washington, like every other city in the United States, went completely mad, bells rang whistles blew, and people went up and down the street throwing confetti or anything else which they could find a hand. The feeling of relief and thankfulness was beyond description.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

ABROAD TOGETHER

SOON after the Armistice my husband heard that he would have to go abroad after the New Year to wind up Navy affairs in Europe dispose of what could be sold and ship home what could be used here again.

It was so soon after his recovery from pneumonia that it seemed a trifle dangerous for him to be subjected to the winter climate of either France or England and therefore it seemed wise for me to sail with him. Now that the war was over I obtained permission to go though there was still a dislike on the part of our government to grant passports to any women except those who went over for some special piece of work. We were not to sail until early January so we could be home for Christmas with the family. My mother-in-law usually came to spend Christmas with us if we did not go to her. Our only other guests as a rule were Louis Howe and his family.

As I remember it we were in Washington this year and just before leaving Franklin's cousin and godchild Sally Collier was married to Charles Fellowes Gordon, a very charming young Scotchman who had come over with a visiting English Admiral. Franklin gave her away and then we left on the first of January to sail for Europe on the second from New York City.

Uncle Ted was ill in the hospital when we sailed but

ther of us dreamed that it was anything really very serious. We started and quite a party went with us. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spellacy of Hartford, Connecticut, he was to be the unseller on any legal questions that might arise, John Hancock, paymaster in the Navy—a most efficient officer from Admiral McGowan's and Admiral Peoples' division of Supplies and Accounts, and Mr. Livingston Davis, an old friend of my husband's whom he had taken on as his special assistant during the war.

A special Marine Corps aide was to meet my husband on arrival in Brest.

Our ship was the *George Washington* with Eddie McCauley in command who had been my husband's aide on his previous trip. We had most comfortable quarters. It was the first time that I had ever occupied a two-room and bath suite on an ocean liner and I felt extremely luxurious. In spite of this I cannot say that I was extremely happy or comfortable on this trip but I had ceased to be a prey to seasickness. I could sit at table, eat or dress or do whatever life required with a certain amount of assurance that I would get through the ordeal without being really ill.

There were a number of interesting people on board. I remember Mr. Charles Schwab and Walter Camp who took all the gentlemen on the upper deck in the afternoons and put them through setting up exercises. We had on board two Chinese delegations going over to join the Peace Conference for President Wilson had already sailed some time before, and the negotiations which were finally to terminate in the Treaty of Versailles were already in full swing.

These two Chinese delegations belonged to opposing Chinese factions. As far as we could see that made no difference in their personal relations.

Another very interesting man was a Belgian, M. de Codd, who was counsellor to the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Navy provided us with plenty of entertainment. We

had movies concerts some given by a string quartette and some by the entire Navy Band There was much talent in this particular band for we found several members had belonged to well known orchestras and even to church choirs I walked miles and sat for hours reading

On the way over we were saddened to receive by radio on January 6th the news of Uncle Ted's death I knew what his loss would mean to his close family but I think I realized even more keenly that a great personality had gone from active participation in the life of his people The loss of his influence and example was what I seemed to feel most keenly

Of course when the picturesque town of Brest came in sight I was thrilled We did not go ashore on arrival but spent an extra night on board after everyone else had landed Secretary Daniels son who was an officer in the Marines stationed at Brest at the time came on board to greet us Major Halgore of the Marines who was to be my husband's aide during his entire time in Europe also joined us here I liked him at once and more and more as time went on I have always regretted his untimely death a few years later

Admiral Wilson in command at Brest came aboard with Admiral Moreau when we arrived Admiral Wilson boasted that he had the best apartment to be obtained in Brest in which he had the only bathtub of the town but the water ran only during certain hours of the day Most of the people in the town carried all their water from taps which you saw at intervals along the streets. One could not wonder that living conditions were somewhat dirty in the poorer sections of the town

The Chinese and Mexican delegations left the ship at three o'clock first lunching with us and then we all went ashore for the afternoon

Admiral Wilson took me to see something of the country while Franklin returned Admiral Moreau's call and worked with Captain Craven General Smedley Butler had finally succeeded in lifting the camp somewhat out of the mud by

building duckboard paths everywhere but constant rain still made it no paradise. Admiral Wilson and I drove along the coast and saw some old churches and houses, then went to see some of the German submarines tied up at the dock and the French Naval Academy. The most striking building, however, was the old chateau or fort where we landed.

The next morning we had another and most interesting drive, for it was market day and the roads were crowded with two-wheeled carts, picturesquely dressed women with their coiffes and men with broadbrimmed black hats. All Frenchmen over forty were already demobilized. The weather was better. We had arrived in such a cold gray atmosphere that I heard the sailors on our boat murmuring "Sunny France indeed," with subdued scorn. In our first brief afternoon we glimpsed the sun fleetingly, had thunder, lightning and hail!

On the second day at twelve thirty we lunched with the French Commandant Admiral Moreau and his wife. It was a delicious luncheon, but I became acutely conscious of the fact that knowing French customs, I should have forewarned my compatriots that the little glass holders beside the plates were meant to rest their knives and forks on between courses, because the frugal French people do not give you a fresh knife and fork with each change of plates. I had lived with a French family and knew this but all the other Americans were blissfully unaware of it and all I could do was to whisper to the old butler that the Americans would not understand and please to bring fresh knives and forks and spoons with each course.

In the afternoon I visited the hospital in Brest, a gloomy rough building, an old church and monastery taken over for this purpose but with few conveniences. The sisters were doing all they could. In the garden at the back was an enormous tent house in which the meningitis patients were put. I was not allowed to go beyond the door of this tent house.

made me feel very unhappy to think how lonely those youngsters must be so far away from home and so seriously ill!

PARIS

My husband's business completed, we proceeded to Paris late in the afternoon, and we went at once, of course to see my husband's aunt, Mrs Forbes, where we found his Uncle Fred (Mr Frederic Delano) who held a colonel's commission in the army in charge of transportation. In Paris my husband spent some very busy days.

Of course my first duty was to call on all our superiors. Luckily they all lived in the same hotel except of course President and Mrs Wilson. My husband and I went together to call on the President of France and sign his book. Later we went again to be received formally and pay our respects. We lunched with Admiral de Bon and his family in an apartment on the Faubourg of the Ministry of Marine.

I went with my husband's aunt, Mrs Forbes, to the oldest military hospital in Paris the Val de Grace, where the most remarkable plastic surgery was being done I dreaded this but it was not quite as bad as I feared, though I saw all I care to see of people whose faces were being made over by an operation after another

We also visited what is known as the Phare, the hospital for the blind where the blind were being taught to manage for themselves as best they could and perhaps acquire a skill that would enable them to earn a living or at least keep their hands busy

We dined one night with Belle and Kermit Roosevelt, and Teddy Roosevelt who was a colonel in the Army left their apartment that night to go to the American hospital to have an operation on his leg This hospital I visited later with Mrs Woodrow Wilson and Miss Edith Benham her secretary Miss Benham later married Admiral James Helm and today is in charge of our social secretarial work at the White House I knew her slightly at this time but we made the rounds of the hospitals together and I remember how kind she was to the Mrs Wilson left a few flowers at each boy's bed and I was lost in admiration because she found something to say to each one I stood tongue-tied and thankful that all that could possibly be expected of me was a smile

I did however, pay a special visit to Ted Roosevelt and to David Gray my uncle, who had a leg broken in two places David said he would be out soon and would drop in at our hotel to see us I felt that if possible he should go home with us and went back and begged my husband to see if some arrangement could be made by which he could accompany us home

Very few people came to France at this period without picking up some kind of germ, and the day before we left for London I realized that I was running quite a temperature with considerable pain in my side We were to be on our way the next day, driving over the front where our soldiers

hat during the German advance every bit of iron around fountain or on public buildings had been removed and t to Germany. We sat around that fountain and ate our ich, which consisted of sandwiches procured by Major gore from the Army commissary. They were made of yish French bread and had some kind of beef mixture as ing. I decided that the pain in my side would not allow of y making the effort to chew that sandwich so I made an use that I had to see what was left of the church. I was uoned against going inside for fear something might fall e me, but I managed to steal away by myself long enough bury that sandwich!

In Albert we passed under the figure of Christ swung out ver the street from its niche over the church door and held y one wire. They told us that the soldiers were very super itious about these religious images and they did not dare ake them down. The streets and roads were almost painfully dy and clear of obstruction but the houses for the most part ere mere shells.

When we reached Amiens that night, I had to confide in my husband that I had a pain and thought I might have caught cold. However, I was not so far gone that I could not enjoy a little incident which occurred as we entered the city. A young English officer, Lieutenant Makin, announced that he was deteled to look after us, take us to the hotel and show the party around the battlefields on the next day, but that unfortunately women were not allowed to go, and there fore I would have to stay in Amiens. Very quietly my hus band explained that we had already been over the battlefields and were proceeding on our way to Boulogne the next day, r but we would be delighted to look at the cathedral before we started. The young officer was visibly annoyed but agreed to take us to see the cathedral in the morning. This young Lieutenant would not ask the French sergeant who had also been sent to escort us, and who knew the town, how to find

our hotel and so we wandered all over the town before we stumbled on it by some lucky chance!

After dinner I obtained a hot water bottle and managed to sleep fairly well and was up and able to be interested in the cathedral when we started out at eight o'clock the next morning. The bags of sand which had been placed around the cathedral to protect it made it a little difficult for us to appreciate its beauty.

When we started our route lay through Doullens and Hesdin, and on the way we turned off to lunch with Colonel Robert Bacon in a French country house which he had taken near the headquarters to which he was attached as an interpreter. He was the kindest and most charming host imaginable.

We almost missed the boat at Boulogne because one of our cars broke down. Finally we were on the boat and though it was crowded I obtained a little stateroom where I could lie down during the passage which was quite a long one.

Commander Royes met us at Folkestone and when we reached London at seven ten, we were met by Admiral Sims and Naval Constructor Smith who took us to the Ritz Hotel. The next day an English doctor came and looked me over. I had pleurisy and he told me to stay in bed. I attempted to obey his orders for one day, but as the men all had to be about their business and the telephone and doorbell rang incessantly, I was in and out of bed so often that I decided, even if I could not go out, it was better to be up and dressed.

In the course of a few days I began to feel better. The doctor, however, shook his head gloomily and was quite convinced I was going into a rapid decline. In fact, he told me to be examined for tuberculosis as soon as I reached home. He was fooled by the fact that I did not have a pink and white English complexion.

I was quite sure, however, that I was recovering and Major Kilgore and Commander Hancock did everything possible to make me comfortable. These two men realized that a fire

would mean a great deal to my comfort so they brought in cannel coal in their suitcases to burn in our sitting room and make a little pleasanter atmosphere. Soon I began to enjoy the friends who came to see us at the hotel. England was living under war restrictions as far as food went. We were fortunate in that we could get sugar from the Navy commissary.

Franklin's cousin Muriel Marneau lived in England with her children and came in almost every day. Finally I was able to take a short walk with her and then only did I realize how weak I was as a result of that foolish illness. I thought I would never get home and at that time if you did not have a car of your own it was impossible to pick up a taxi for they simply did not exist in the streets of London.

Frances Archer Shee, another old friend of my husband's and my mother-in-law's, and many of my old school friends came to see us. My old friend Marjorie Bennett Vaughan had lost her husband and seemed frailer, but Leonie and Helen Gifford and Hilda Fitzwilliams seemed little changed.

Finally his work was done and Franklin with his aide left to cross to Belgium and then go down to see the Marines who were stationed at Coblenz on the Rhine. Major Archer Shee joined him on the way.

Livv Davis knew that he could not go all the way with my husband but he went as far as Zeebrugge.

I could not, of course, go on this trip. Commander Hancock was remaining in London to finish up certain details. Mrs. Spellacy had trouble with her eyes and she and her husband had not been able to do many of the social things nor any of the sight-seeing which they might have enjoyed. They had returned to France.

I moved over from the hotel to Muriel's house and spent four days there. It was an interesting experience to be in a family for I discovered what it meant to live on restricted war rations. Everything was rationed—butter, meat, sugar, and so forth, and books were given out to you according to the number of people in your household and you could buy

nothing except with these little books. This gave me a far better understanding of the real deprivations the people of England had been through. I thought that when we had been asked to do without things such as certain foods and gasoline by our Food Administrator, Mr. Herbert Hoover, that we had undergone hardships. I realized now that we had lived in an unrestricted land for in England you could not buy more than a certain amount of any kind of food. We were only asked not to drive our cars on Sunday, but here you could at no time buy more than a given quantity of gas nor could you run a car that consumed a large amount unnecessarily. Rich and poor alike obeyed these rules.

The day came when Commander Hancock and I were going to travel back to Paris. We made the crossing easily and reached the Ritz Hotel in Paris at the same time that Livy Davis walked in. He had been obliged to leave Franklin in Brussels but had found a young officer and had motored with him back to Paris through miles of devastation which made the little episode which occurred as we met even funnier.

A very polite manager assured me that though his difficulties were many, for he had to retain a certain quota of rooms for officers who might turn up, still my husband and I were to have our same suite—a sitting room, bedroom and bath. The other people with us were to be housed in other hotels except that he had a room for Mr. Davis but not the one Mr. Davis wanted. I suddenly realized that Livy was much upset. He expected to have a room immediately next to ours and the fact that the hotel had to live up to Government orders was something which life in the United States had not accustomed Livy to understand. He felt if he had asked them to reserve a room in a certain place that that was sufficient. We did our best to persuade him to take his disappointment cheerfully, urged him to join us at dinner but nothing would cheer him up and he went gloomily to the only room the manager could give him!

Of course, he did come in later and I think it dawned on

him how funny it was to fuss about a particular spot where you wished to have a room when you had just been driving through areas of complete devastation where a whole population could find no shelter of any kind, and hardships of every kind were endured by men, women and children alike. Being a most generous person he had probably given much of his money to alleviate just such suffering. Yet with the inconsistency which all of us have when a little discomfort touches us for a brief period, he was as much upset as though he had been a refugee in one of the devastated areas. His discomfort did not last long for he obtained the room he wanted within twenty-four hours I think, and his sense of humor came to his rescue. I am sure he bore with great equanimity the many discomforts which he must have endured in Czechoslovakia where he was later sent by Mr. Hoover. Instead of returning with us, Lavy Davis volunteered to help in Mr. Hoover's organization which by this time was feeding a good part of Europe. He was an excellent executive and I am told that he proved an extremely efficient administrator.

Two days after I returned to Paris Franklin arrived. I knew there would be several people with my husband when he came, and as the hour grew late I ordered cold food brought upstairs and placed in our sitting room and several people settled down there to talk until Franklin appeared around twelve-thirty. Sir Martin Archer Shee and Major Kilgore were with him.

They were laden with souvenirs from the battlefields and the next day two of our enlisted men came to pack the various helmets, empty shells and souvenirs collected on this trip.

I sat for hours at my desk and listened to the hacking coughs which both of them seemed to have, and finally inquired if they were ill. They said it was just the French climate and that they would be glad to be home again. No one could get rid of the cough while in France, they said.

It is a curious fact that the little French soldiers, under-sized and looking undernourished, could stand the hardships better

than could our men who were accustomed to greater comforts in their homes and better food and perhaps a less trying climate

TRAVELLING WITH THE PRESIDENT AND MRS WILSON

We were to sail for home on the same ship with President and Mrs Wilson and on February 4th we left by train for Brest. Our train ran twenty minutes ahead of the President's. I remember our great excitement when Mr Grasty, the *New York Times* correspondent brought us a copy of the League of Nations. What hopes we had that this League would really prove the instrument for the prevention of future wars and how eagerly we read it through! Little did we dream at that time what the future held.

President Wilson had been acclaimed by the French people as a Saviour his position in his own country seemed impregnable. No organized opposition had developed over here as yet. His trip had been a triumphant one and now the people stood everywhere to watch for his train in the hopes of getting a glimpse of him.

Our first glimpse of the President and Mrs Wilson and their party was when they came on board the *George Washington*. We were already on the ship and stood back of the captain to welcome them. One funny little incident occurred which threw the naval officers into quite a bustle of excitement. Instead of following the prescribed procedure the President refused to go ahead of his wife and Miss Benham and they boarded the battleship first a situation unheard of in navy regulations. Nothing happened however, and when the President came over the side ruffles rolled out from the drums and the *Star Spangled Banner* was played and nothing really essential was left out of his welcome.

We lunched one day with the President and Mrs Wilson. At the table was Ambassador Francis returning from his post in Russia a kindly humorous man giving one a feeling of latent strength. The other guests were Captain McCauley

Doctor Grayson and Miss Benham In my diary I noted that the talk was, as usual on such occasions, largely an interchange of stories, but the President spoke of the League of Nations, saying 'The United States must go in or it will break the heart of the world, for she is the only nation that all feel is disinterested and all trust' Later he said he had read no papers since the beginning of the war, that Mr Tumulty clipped them all for him, giving him only important news and editorials, and my diary comment was 'This is too much to leave to any man'

Miss Benham came in often to talk to us in our little sitting room David Gray came home with us as I had hoped and also Sheffield Cowles, Auntie Bye's only son There were other young people whom we knew on the ship We progressed steadily enough along our way for the *George Washington* was a very steady boat, though our escorting ships had a hard time and finally had to be told not to try to keep up with us.

On February 22nd a great celebration took place They had boxing bouts which the men enjoyed I did not enjoy them as much as I should, but I never would have had the courage to say so President Wilson however was firm and when invited to look on announced that he neither cared for boxing nor had he the time to waste He seemed to have very little interest in making himself popular with groups of people whom he touched though he had such a remarkable sense of the psychology of the people as a whole

Charles Schwab had captivated the entire personnel of the ship going over He made a speech to the men at their mess, and presented them with the money for the movie machine and the applause was deafening He had an easy popular appeal which President Wilson lacked in his personal contacts, though he had it when viewed from afar The President came down under pressure to watch the show which the men put on just before we approached the end of our trip He received only perfunctory applause and seemed very little in

terested in that, but his understanding of young people and his innate sense of fairness were to be exemplified before the evening was over

He sat on the aisle and directly back of him sat the commanding officer of the ship, Captain Edward McCauley. At the end of one of the popular songs the ladies of the chorus attired in pink tulle and pink socks in spite of hairy legs arms and chests still most coy ran down into the audience. One boy, carried away by the spirit of the play apparently as he passed the President chucked him genially under the chin. I thought Captain McCauley would have apoplexy and everyone held his breath. You almost heard the unspoken order

Put him in irons on bread and water. When it was over and the President's party had retired Captain McCauley received a message from the President to the effect that he hoped the young man would receive no punishment.

The day before we landed we had been enveloped in a fog for some time. I was reading in my deck chair when suddenly the bells began to ring the engines stopped and people began to run along the deck. Someone passed me and said We are almost on the beach. Franklin was below and I knew that he would want to know whatever was going on so I dashed down to find him already conscious that something was wrong and preparing to make for the bridge. I might have known he would need no word from me!

I went back on deck to find that the fog had lifted just in time and we could see our escort of destroyers apparently surrounded by rocks and land just ahead. We backed out, changed our course and proceeded without any further mishaps to make for Boston. Everyone with any pretense of seamanship continued to argue out how our course had been so much out of the way.

HOME AGAIN

We landed in Boston and proceeded through the streets in a long procession. Our car was fifth in the line and we had

with us Miss Benham, Mrs Spellacy and Mrs Livingston Davis who had come to meet us. We had left Commander Hancock to wind up the details in France, and as I said, Mr Davis had remained under Mr Hoover. Major Kilgore also remained on duty overseas. Our party was considerably depleted.

We could see the President and Mrs Wilson ahead of us, the President standing up and waving his hat at intervals to the crowds which lined the streets. Everyone was wildly enthusiastic and he never sat down until we reached the Copley Plaza Hotel.

At the hotel, word was brought to us that Governor and Mrs Calvin Coolidge would be glad to have us lunch with them and Mayor and Mrs Andrew Peters. The President was to make an after luncheon speech and he and Mrs Wilson did not feel that they could attend a social gathering beforehand.

Thus it fell to my lot to meet a future President of the United States and to know perhaps before the rest of the country did how silent the gentleman could be! I regarded his silence on that occasion as a sign of the disappointment he felt at not having Mrs Wilson to talk to, but I have since decided that even Mrs Wilson would not have brought forth a flow of conversation!

Immediately after lunch we went to Mechanics Hall and the Mayor in greeting the President came out for the League. We were all very much stirred by the President's speech which was one of the best I ever heard him make. Strange as it may seem, the Governor of Massachusetts, Mr Calvin Coolidge, committed himself to feeling sure the people would back the President.

We proceeded to Washington and in the confusion some of the luggage was lost and I still have the wire sent to my husband which reached us on the train assuring us that one of his bags had been found and forwarded.

At every station cheering crowds greeted the President till

long after dark. My first experience of the kind and very moving, because the people seemed to have grasped his ideals and to want to back them

Before dinner we went to say goodbye and Mrs. Wilson gave Mrs. Spellacy and myself some of her flowers. She has the same gracious manner which characterizes her today.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

READJUSTMENT

WE HAD been gone not quite two months, but it was a great relief to be back with the children. I soon discovered that certain things were not running smoothly. You cannot go away and leave a household without a head and have the various personalities composing it not rub up against one another when there is no direction. I frequently found this to be the case after a new baby arrived and I spent several weeks in bed. Nearly always it took a few weeks to restore the machinery to its smooth running efficiency. On this trip abroad I had been gone a little too long and drastic steps had to be taken. Two of the servants who had been with me about seven years decided that they would prefer to return to New York, and I decided that life in Washington would be simpler if I took colored servants who could be obtained there, which would obviate my having to go to New York to find new white ones.

In a day or two I had a new cook, kitchenmaid, butler and housemaid. Perhaps it is my early association with Auntie Gracie, and her tales of the old and much loved colored people on the plantation, perhaps it is just the Southern blood of my ancestors, but ever since I had been in Washington I had enjoyed my contact with such colored people as came to work for me. I have never regretted the change which I made

when I completely staffed my house with colored servants in the spring of 1919.

Mrs. Selmes, 3 years ago, told me that, properly trained, the colored people were the most faithful and efficient servants in the world, and I had always known and admired Isabella's mammy. She was a fine character and had a strong and resting personality.

I acquired in the person of my cook, Nora, a real personality who more or less ran the other servants, with occasional appeals to my higher authority, and who looked upon my children with as much affection and indulgence as though they had been her own. Many years later I was obliged to retire her and supplement her savings with a small pension, but until that time arrived she gave us all the greatest devotion, and I think every member of the family remembers her with gratitude.

The colored race has the gift of kindness and a fund of humor. Many difficulties of life are met with easy laughter and a kindly tolerance toward other people's failings. Though their eyes may mirror the tragedies of their race, they certainly have much to teach us in the enjoyment of the simple things of life and the dignity with which they meet their problems.

My household soon functioned as smoothly as ever and my life was not so filled with war work, though much of the hospital work continued unabated and the pathetic funerals in Arlington were frequent in the spring. The Government brought back the bodies of many of our men from the battlefields or hospitals in Europe. Sometimes men died on the transports. The funerals were held in Arlington Cemetery if the family desired, and some members of the family usually attended. The Red Cross would detail some of its members to attend and take flowers, and I can never go to a military funeral today without the vision of these scenes and the picture of certain faces rising before me.

We did have more time to spend with the children, and

our pleasant custom of that year I remember well. Several young American couples with their children and a number of the British Embassy people made it a habit to play field hockey on Sunday afternoons and we occasionally joined them. On Saturday afternoons we often went on purchases and picnicked for lunch or supper somewhere in the park ending up with an occasional game of baseball.

That spring of 1919 on the side of my official duties I had my first personal contact with the cause of woman suffrage. Back in the Albany days you will remember my husband had been for woman suffrage. Through the years courageous women carried on a constant fight for ratification of woman's suffrage by the different states. It looked as though their fight was nearing a successful end and therefore the opposition rallied its forces.

Coming down on the train one day to Washington from New York I happened to meet Alice Wadsworth wife of Senator James Wadsworth who with her husband had always been much opposed to woman suffrage. We lunched together and she spent the time trying to persuade me to come out against the ratification. I was very noncommittal for I considered any stand at that time was quite outside my field of work. I think she had hopes that she might make a convert of me. Fortunately before she succeeded the amendment was ratified and soon after I undertook work which proved to me the value of a vote. I became a much more ardent citizen and feminist than anyone about me in the intermediate years would have dreamed possible.

The Navy Department was of course busy liquidating a war setup as rapidly as possible. Secretary and Mrs. Daniels went abroad in March which left my husband in charge during their short trip. Any absence on the part of the Secretary made the Assistant Secretary acting head and gave him opportunity for closer contact with the President when the President was in Washington.

The President after presenting his plan to Congress was

having a very hard fight Senator Lodge felt that Congress should have been consulted sooner, in fact, should have had representatives on the European delegation. Lodge became the leader of the criticism of the President's plan. The fight went on all through the spring.

President Wilson went back to Europe on March 6, 1919, to sign the Treaty of Versailles feeling sure that the people were with him. The tension between the President and Congress during this period was very great and thoughtful people both here and abroad were wondering about a situation in which the Executive, charged with the duty of dealing with foreign nations, might come to an agreement and the agreement be turned down by the Senate, as had been done before.

Perhaps the answer is that these agreements should always be worked out in conjunction with the leaders of Congress instead of by the Executive alone, but one cannot always be sure that even the leaders in Congress can carry all their followers with them. It is interesting, however, to find out how often Congress has not agreed with the Executive and has refused to ratify treaties negotiated by the President and the Secretary of State, and it leads one to wonder if some more satisfactory means should not be found.

The President returned July 8th, 1919, and on September 3rd he started out on a campaign to take the cause of the League of Nations to the American people. The President was first taken ill on this trip, but recovered enough to be able to walk off the train and into his car and into the White House when he returned on September twenty-eighth.

That spring and summer we followed much the usual routine on leaving Washington when the children's schools closed—first to Hyde Park and then, instead of going to Campobello, I took the children to Fairhaven in July. I decided to be a little more in Washington, so after settling the children and nurses I joined my husband on July 28th in Washington. A nice hot time and the street in front of our house positively sizzled in the sun, but I had the satisfaction

knowing that Mrs Charles Hamlin who had a fine beach at Mattapoisett, near Fairhaven was letting the children go there and spend a good part of every day

MY GRANDMOTHER'S DEATH

This same spring many of us realized that my Grandmother Hall was failing and on August 14th word came that she had died at her home in Tivoli where she would have wished to be I was in Washington and Franklin and went on to Tivoli to help my aunts in the last few things that could be done

My grandmother had been devoted to her own children and she treated my brother and myself more like her children than her grandchildren Her interest had always been centered in her family and even my children her great grandchildren were never forgotten by her I used to take them to see her in her little apartment in Gramercy Square during the last years of her life and she always had a toy or a game for them to play with She always expected Mrs Winter her companion or her Irish maid Molly, to have some particular treat which would please them

I think as my grandmother grew older she developed a stronger character and there was certainly no sign of weakness in her bringing up of my brother and myself With her own children however she was obstinate in certain things and her love clouded her judgment and particularly as a young woman the responsibilities thrust upon her without any preparation were too great and she was not strong enough to cope with her young and growing family in an adequate way Her life was a sad one in many ways and yet those who were closest to her mourned her deeply and sincerely when she died and perhaps that is more than many of us can expect

I wondered then and I wonder now if her life had been a little less centered in her family group if that family group might not have been a great deal better off If she had had

some kind of life of her own, what would have been the result? I think I remember that when she was young she painted rather well. Could she have developed that talent? I know that when she was young she might have had friends of her own, might even have married again. Would she have been happier and would her children have been better off? She was not the kind of person who would have made a career independently, but she was the kind of woman who needed a man's protection. Her willingness to be subservient to her children isolated her, whether they realized it or not, and it might have been far better, for her boys at least, had she insisted on bringing more discipline into their lives simply by having a life of her own.

My grandmother's life had a considerable effect on me, for even when I was young I determined that I would never be dependent on my children by allowing all my interests to center in them. The conviction has grown through the years. In watching the lives of those around her I have felt that it might have been well in their youth if they had not been able to count on her devotion and her presence whenever they needed her.

Up to a certain point it is good for us to know that there are people in the world who will give us love and unquestioned loyalty to the limit of their ability. I doubt, however, if it is good for us to feel assured of this without the accompanying obligation of having to justify this devotion by our behavior.

My grandmother could judge others, but never her own children. She seemed to be able to wipe their faults out of her consciousness and to let them begin after each failure with a clean slate. Her gratitude for their affection was something almost pathetic and showed how little else she had in life. It is hard sometimes to realize what factors in our experience have influenced our development, but I am sure that my grandmother's life has been a great factor in determining some of my reactions to life.

Immediately after the funeral Franklin and I left for Fair haven and reached there late at night in order to have the next day, which was little Franklin Junior's birthday with our son I stayed on with the children while Franklin returned to Washington. He came up again for the following Sunday.

On August 28th I moved Elliott Franklin Junior and John and their nurses back to Hyde Park and on September first I went back to Washington with Franklin.

As I go over these years I find that I did a great deal of traveling back and forth taking the children from one place to another. Franklin did even more than I did. We evidently thought very little of a trip from Washington to Hyde Park and I find that I journeyed back to Hyde Park on the tenth of September to take Anna to Herkimer to stay with my aunt Mrs. Douglas Robinson. Franklin with a naval aide came up to Herkimer on the fourteenth in order to speak on the following day in Utica, New York. This must have been a county fair I imagine for I noted in my diary that one of the speakers failed to hold the people's attention because the contest to climb the greased pole was going on and that proved a successful counterattraction.

On the thirtieth of September I took Anna and James and Elliott back to Washington to start school on the first of October and that very night Franklin and I returned to New York and to Hyde Park the next day. We were leaving Franklin Junior and John and their nurse at Hyde Park with my mother in law hence this constant moving backward and forward. The following Sunday we took the midnight back to Washington.

About the eighteenth of October Franklin left Hyde Park and joined Lily Davis and Dick Byrd in Boston and they proceeded to New Brunswick on a hunting trip. I divided my time between the babies at Hyde Park and the children in Washington and judging from my diary I was considerably torn as to where I should be the greater part of the time.

ROYALTY AND OTHERS IN WASHINGTON

On October 28th I went to the House of Representatives when the King and Queen of the Belgians and the Crown Prince were received there. It was an interesting occasion and was particularly impressed by the soldierly bearing of the King and the Queen's graciousness.

My husband arrived back from his hunting trip in time to take the usual trip down the Potomac with the royal party. Franklin had visited them at the front and again on his trip in 1919 and felt great admiration for them. He had been much drawn to their daughter the Princess Marie Jose who reminded him of his own daughter Anna. When we went to Mt. Vernon my husband was most anxious that the older children should meet the King and Queen. We arranged that the children should motor down. The road was not so good as it is today but they arrived in ample time. I had instructed them very carefully telling Anna she must kiss the Queen's hand and curtsy and James that he must be sure to bow. When they finally did meet the King and Queen on the lawn at Mt. Vernon they were so concerned with their own behavior that I think they forgot to really have a look at the faces of the King and Queen the first crowned heads they had ever seen.

I could not help feeling a little sorry for the Crown Prince. He was so very carefully watched and his constant companion was an army officer many years older than himself. If he was out of his parents sight for a few minutes they were sure to inquire where he was. There were no "off the record" trips or entertainments for this young prince and we had glimpses of what it meant to be trained to be a king.

In October also I had my first contact with women's organizations interested in working conditions for women. The International Congress for Women Workers with representatives from nineteen nations met in Washington. Because of the number of foreign delegates to be present

they tried to find wives of Government officials who could speak foreign languages to attend various social functions, and so Lily Polk and I went to tea one afternoon. I liked all the women whom I met very much indeed, but I had no idea how much more I was going to see of them in the future.

On November 10th 1919 the Prince of Wales later King Edward VIII arrived in this country and there was again the usual wreath laying at Mt. Vernon, and we met the young Prince at several formal dinners. I shall never forget how I marvelled at the ease with which he conversed with older people. His usual neighbors at dinner were the Vice-President's wife, Mrs. Marshall, and Mrs. Lansing wife of the Secretary of State. He did, however manage to break away and go to some dances with younger people when formal official things were over.

There was great excitement in my household, because I had two British subjects, a governess and a nurse, and they longed to see the Prince and perhaps shake hands with him. My English nurse, Ada Jarvis, and my Scotch governess Miss Elspeth Connachie, finally achieved their hearts desire. The opportunity came for them when it was arranged that the Prince of Wales should start early one morning for Annapolis by a special electric train. My husband was to accompany him, together with various other officials and they were all to meet at the station at nine o'clock.

Franklin took in the car with him our youngest son, John, and the two excited Britishers. They arrived in plenty of time. Connie, as we called her with Ada, stood behind Franklin and John. John was barely able to reach his father's cane, but he clung to it with all his might. When the young Prince came and made the round of officials John was introduced and then my husband asked if two of the Prince's loyal subjects might also shake hands with him. They came forward and had the thrill of their lives.

Lord Edward Grey had come over that autumn to take up the work at the British Embassy for a short time. He was al

most blind and was being treated by Doctor Wilmer, our eye doctor. Lord Grey had insisted that he could not take over the responsibility of this office unless his old friend and colleague, Sir William Tyrrell, came with him and so this delightful pair spent a few months in this country.

On account of Sir Edward Grey's affection for Uncle Ted, the name of Roosevelt was a key to his affections and we saw a good deal of him.

We invited Sir Edward Grey and Sir William Tyrrell to have their Christmas dinner with us and attend our Christmas tree, our only other guests being my husband's mother and, as usual, Louis Howe and his family. He was of English descent and always got on well with our English cousins. They accepted, much to our joy.

Alice Longworth, Mrs. Leavitt, my Grandmother Roosevelt's old friend, and Miss Spring who was now with her most of the time, came over to join us for our Christmas party. Everything went very well until I noticed that James seemed very quiet. When I went over and put my hand on his forehead, I discovered that he was not only quiet but very hot. I took him upstairs and isolated him in a spare room. The party went on and everyone went home, and then I discovered that James had German measles.

When I later telephoned Sir Edward Grey he remarked that he did not think he was subject to childish diseases. I think we were even fortunate enough not to give it to the Howe children. If any of our other children had it at that time, it was so light that we were entirely unconcerned about it.

TRAGEDY

ON FEBRUARY 4th, 1920 I received a telegram in Washington from Forbes Morgan Pussie who had been away in California for some time on her return to New York had taken over an old stable on Ninth Street which had been done over into a house. She made the house charming as she always did but as usual she could not make life in it an easy matter. I remember on one occasion going to see her and having the door opened by the youngest girl Eileen who told me that they had no maid and that she was doing everything as best she could—at the age of nine I think! For the practical things of life Pussie had no gift but she still had all her charm and much of her beauty and her spell fell on everyone who came in contact with her.

The wire I received stated simply that the house had burned and Pussie and the two little girls had died in it. I realized what a tragedy this would be to Forbes and took the next train to New York getting there before Maude Gray could get down from Portland Maine. It was one of those horrors I can hardly bear to think of and it made a deep and indelible impression on me. To this day I cannot bear any funeral parlor.

New York was enveloped in a blizzard and while you could still manage to get up or down town getting across town was practically impossible so from my mother in law's house on Sixty fifth Street I walked across Central Park on necessary errands several times. Finally all the details were arranged and a sad little group went up to Tivoli and placed the three bodies in the vault where the summer before, we had laid my grandmother. I could not help being devoutly

CHAPTER NINETEEN

NOMINATION FOR VICE PRESIDENT

IN JUNE, 1920, my husband went out to the San Francisco Convention of the Democratic National Party and I took the children to Campobello while he was off on this trip. I was quietly in Campobello when I received a telegram saying that my husband had been nominated as candidate for Vice President to run with Mr. James M. Cox, who was the Democratic nominee for President. Secretary Daniels wired me as follows to Washington and the wire was forwarded to me at Campobello:

WASHINGTON JULY 7 1920 1000 AM
MRS FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT
CAMPOBELLO NB

IT WOULD HAVE DONE YOUR HEART GOOD TO HAVE SEEN THE SPONTANEOUS AND ENTHUSIASTIC THRILL PAID WHEN FRANKLIN WAS NOMINATED UNANIMOUSLY FOR VICE PRESIDENT TODAY STOP ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS AND GREETINGS STOP WILL YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO SEND MY CONGRATULATIONS AND GREETINGS ALSO TO HIS MOTHER AS I DO NOT KNOW HER ADDRESS

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

I am sure that I was glad for my husband but it never occurred to me to be much excited. I had come to accept the fact that public service was my husband's great interest and I always tried to make the necessary family adjustments as easy as I could on the children's lives and my own as calm as could be, and while I was always a part of the public aspect of our lives still I felt detached and objective as though I were looking at someone else's life. This seems to have it

ained with me down to the present day. I cannot quite scribe it, but it is as though you lived two lives, one of your own and the other which belonged to the circumstances that surround you.

My husband stopped to see Mr. Cox on the way home. Both of them later visited President Woodrow Wilson, preliminary to laying the plans for the issues which would be fought out in the campaign. It was decided that the League of Nations should be the main issue.

My husband sent me word that his notification would take place at Hyde Park and to bring Anna and James down from Campobello for the occasion, and to arrange to go back to Washington for a few days and then start West to attend Mr. Cox's notification at Dayton, Ohio. I was to take Anna on this trip and send James back to Campobello with his grandmother.

This notification meeting was the first really mammoth meeting to be held at Hyde Park. This gathering was the predecessor of many others, but I sympathized with my mother-in-law when I saw her lawn being trampled by hordes of people. My admiration for her has grown through the years as I've realized how many political guests she has had to entertain in her house, where for so many years only family and friends were received. The friends were chosen with great discrimination and invitations were never lightly given by my husband's father and mother to their home. Mrs. Roosevelt has, however, been quite remarkable about this plunge into the national political picture and has made the necessary adjustments in her life in a remarkable way.

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., now Secretary of the Treasury, and the committee of Hyde Park and Poughkeepsie friends arranged the details of Franklin's home-coming and his notification.

Anna and I went with Franklin to Washington for a few days of terrible heat. While there I made the arrangements for giving up the house and Franklin resigned as Assistant

Secretary of the Navy, and that period of our life in Washington was over

We proceeded on to Dayton Ohio, and attended a very delightful luncheon at Mr Cox's house which was charmingly situated. There followed a very colorful ceremony. Anna's first excursion into a real political gathering was quite a success. She was pretty, her light golden hair which at that time was long attracted a good deal of attention and everyone was as kind to her as could be. For her the day was over far too quickly.

Franklin returned with us to Campobello for a brief rest and then started a strenuous campaign. I stayed with the children, got James ready for school and took him to Groton in late September. He seemed to me very young and very lonely when I left him but it was a tradition in the family that boys must go to boarding school when they reached the age of twelve and James would be thirteen the following December so of course we had to send him. I never thought to rebel then but now it seems to me too ludicrous to have been bound by so many conventions. I unpacked his trunk, saw his cubicle was in order, met some of the masters, said goodbye to Mr and Mrs Endicott Peabody the heads of the school and finally said goodbye to James and went back to Hyde Park.

MY FIRST CAMPAIGN TRIP

I did not stay there however but started immediately on the last campaign trip with my husband a four week trip which took us out as far as Colorado. I was the only woman on the car. He had a private car attached to different trains and on it were his secretary Mr Camellier a young man who did general secretarial work Mr James Sullivan Louis Howe Marvin McIntyre who was in charge of the train the working out of itineraries and so on Tom Lynch our old friend from Poughkeepsie who acted as disbursing officer paying all bills and so on and Stanley Precosil who

the only newspaperman assigned continuously to cover the vice-presidential candidate

I had never had any contacts with the newspaper people. My grandmother had taught me that a woman's place was not in the public eye, and that had clung to me all through the Washington years. It never occurred to me to answer through my secretary any questions that the reporters asked about social events. I gave as little information as possible, feeling that that was the only right attitude toward any newspaper people where a woman and her home were concerned.

But the years had taught me a certain adaptability to circumstances and I did receive an intensive education on this trip and Louis Howe played a great part in this education from that time on. Ever since the Albany days he had been a very intimate friend and co-worker of my husband's. At times I resented this intimacy and at this time I was very sure of my own judgment about people. I frequently tried to influence those about me and there were occasions when I thought that Louis Howe's influence and mine where my husband was concerned had clashed and I was of course sure that I was right.

Louis was entirely indifferent to his appearance. He not only neglected his clothes but gave the impression at times that cleanliness was not of particular interest to him. The fact that he had rather extraordinary eyes and a fine mind I was fool enough not to have discovered as yet and it was by the externals alone that I had judged him in our association prior to this trip.

In later years I learned that he had always liked me and thought I was worth educating and for that reason he made an effort on this trip to get to know me. He did it very cleverly. He knew that I was somewhat bewildered by some of the things that were expected of me as a candidate's wife. I never before had spent my days going on and off platforms listening apparently with rapt attention to much the same

speech, looking pleased at seeing people no matter how tired I was or greeting complete strangers with effusion.

Being a sensitive person, Louis knew that I was interested in the new sights and the new scenery, but that being the only woman was at times rather embarrassing. The newspaper fraternity was not so familiar to me at that time as it was to become in later years and I was a little afraid of it. Largely because of Louis Howe's early interpretation of its standards and ethics of the newspaper business I came to look with interest and confidence on the writing fraternity and gained a liking for it which I have never lost.

My husband was busy most of the day when not actually out on the platform of the car or at meetings in the various cities where we stopped. He had speeches to write, letters to answer and policies to discuss. In the evenings after they got back to the train all the men sat together in the end of the car and discussed the experiences of the day from their various points of view and the campaign in general from the point of view of what news might be coming in from newspapers and dispatches.

Frequently for relaxation they started to play a card game, which went on until late. I was still a Puritan thought they were an extremely bad example and was at times very much annoyed with my husband for not conserving his strength by going to bed. Little did I realize in those days how much he received through these contacts and how impossible it would have been for him after the kind of days he was putting in to go to sleep placidly.

On one thing alone I think I was probably right. Romeo the porter on our car was studying for the ministry and always was called upon to lend his Bible when questions of accuracy in quoting the Scriptures were involved. The porter man slept in the end of the car where the men talked and could never go to bed until they did. But neither he nor they seemed to mind while I fussed superfluously and quite uselessly.

Louis Howe began to break down my antagonism by occasionally knocking at my stateroom door and asking if he might discuss a speech with me. I was flattered and before long I found myself discussing a wide range of subjects. I began to be able to understand some of our newspaper "chitren," and to look upon them as friends instead of enemies.

Stephen Early had been borrowed from the Associated Press, and he acted in a personal capacity as advance man for his trip and went ahead of us for publicity purposes. He only now and then joined us on the train but was always in close touch. All these men were to become very good friends of mine in the future.

West Virginia was our first stamping ground, and here Izetta Jewell Brown, now Mrs. Miller, joined us and made some speeches with my husband. We had a meal with Mr. Clarence Watson, but I was not sufficiently conversant with politics to know very much about the people whom we met. I thought Izetta Jewell quite remarkable because she was able to make a political speech, and her charm and beauty impressed me very much.

While we were still only a few days out we received a wire from Groton School that James had gone to the infirmary with what seemed to be a digestive disturbance. I was all prepared to return home, for up to this time the children had always been my first consideration. However, a wire came from my mother-in-law stating that she was going to Groton, and so my husband suggested that I wait until I hear from her again. She wired again shortly that she had taken James to Boston and that he was much improved and seemed to have a case of nervous indigestion. She took him home for a few days to Hyde Park and then returned him to school quite well again.

His illness, I think, was brought on by the difficulty of adjustment to boarding-school life, and by real homesickness which he suppressed valiantly. He had a very hard first year.

at school for his preparation was not sufficiently good for the standards of the school and it took him several years really to make up his deficiencies. He soon became popular with the boys however loved the routine and got on well with the masters. By his second year he felt that he had a place in the school.

This was the first time I ever remember not being on hand if one of the children was ill and it was very hard for me, but it was probably a very good thing for the children to learn that they could not always be my first consideration.

That trip had many amusing incidents and as the news papermen and I became more friendly they helped me a great deal to see the humorous side. They would stand at the back of the hall when Franklin was making the same speech for the umpty umph time and make faces at me trying to break up the apparent interest with which I was listening. When I followed my husband down the aisle and the ladies crowded around him and exclaimed over his looks and charm they would get behind me and ask if I wasn't jealous.

I saw a great deal of our country on this trip which I had never seen before though I had not begun to look at the countryside or the people with the same keenness which the knowledge of many social problems brought me in the future. Still I was thrilled by new scenery and the size of my own country with its potential power was gradually dawning upon me.

We ended this trip very weary for four weeks is a long time to be on the road but when we reached Buffalo New York I who had never seen Niagara Falls insisted on seeing them. Though my husband went to Jamestown New York for political meetings I took the day off and Louis Howe went with me to Niagara Falls.

One of the standing jokes of that campaign has always been a reference to the day in Jamestown and certain photographs which were taken of lovely ladies who served lunch for my husband and who worshipped at his shrine. He has

to stand much teasing from the rest of the party about "particular day"

My first view of Niagara Falls was all that I had hoped it would be, a really great sensation. Louis proved to be a very pleasant person with whom to sight see, silent when I wished to be silent and full of information on many things of which I knew nothing. I think one of Louis' great bonds with my husband was the fact that both of them had such a fund of general information and had done so much reading on various subjects. They had apparently retained all the knowledge which they had acquired through books or travel or from any other source.

It was impossible, of course, to make any arrangements for the children. Our house in New York was still rented for another year to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, and so we decided that whatever happened it would be better for Anna and Elliott to spend the winter at Hyde Park. I went to Vassar College to find a tutor to take over their schooling. A very charming girl, Jean Sherwood, was recommended and we all liked her so much that she came to us that autumn and spent the entire winter with the two children at Hyde Park.

It still remained a question as to what would happen to the rest of us in case of either election or defeat, but most of us were fairly sure that defeat was in store. Even then I was beginning to wonder what the point was of these long campaign trips when the majority of people who came to hear you were adherents of your own party. Only now and then would a heckler appear in the audience and he was usually the type who could never be changed from the opposition point of view.

I still think campaign trips by anyone except the presidential candidates themselves are of little value. The radio reaches of course an audience which never used to be reached in the old days, and the reasonable element of our citizenry, which votes according to its convictions and not

on party lines is now largely a radio audience. In 1920 however, the kind of campaign my husband made was considered reasonable.

Come what might we had to live somewhere and my husband would probably go to work somewhere. He had already made arrangements to resume the practice of law. The old firm of Marvin Hooker & Roosevelt had ended with the war and he decided to form a partnership with Grenville Emmet and Langdon Marvin under the firm name of Emmet Marvin & Roosevelt.

The election was an overwhelming defeat which was accepted very philosophically by my husband who had been completely prepared for the result. In this campaign I had taken no active part in the work at headquarters but I had been in once or twice and had met my husband's office manager Mr Charles McCarthy. Mr McCarthy had a young secretary during the campaign Miss Marguerite Le Hand. It was through this association that she first came to my husband as a secretary and she has remained with him as his private secretary ever since.

Before he settled down to work my husband decided to go with my brother on a short hunting trip in Louisiana. A friend of Hall's Mr Conover whom he had known during the wartime aviation days undertook to make all the arrangements. Mr and Mrs Conover were delightful hosts. My husband brought home much game and later there arrived some very lovely mink skins which were made up into fur neckpieces for me and various other members of the family.

BACK TO WORK IN NEW YORK

FRANKLIN was home for Christmas and we all enjoyed it at Hyde Park that year. Then work began in earnest in New York. We all stayed with my mother-in-law—that is to say the two youngest boys and their nurse stayed with her all the time I spent from Monday to Thursday in New York and from Thursday to Monday in Hyde Park every week with Anna and Elliott and Miss Sherwood. Franklin usually came up on Friday afternoon or Saturday and left on Sunday night or very early Monday morning.

Franklin Junior began at the Buckley School. I took him to be examined and was seriously troubled because they thought he was not up to normal. I walked home with him after the examinations and asked him why he had not answered any of the questions which I knew he could answer quite well. Shades of my own mother! His answer was "I do not want to go to school and I thought if I didn't answer the questions I wouldn't have to go!" Which shows that tests cannot always be relied on as a measure of a child's intelligence. Once in school, however, he did very well and they assured me at the end of a week that he was rather above the average in intelligence.

John felt badly at not being able to go to school with Franklin Junior, so we found a little class which met just across the street in Miss Hewitt's School and sent him for that winter so that he need not feel inferior to his brother.

This was the first time since my marriage that I had spent a very long period in somebody else's house and had had no housekeeping to do. Many women feel the burden of housekeeping and like to get away from it, but it had never been a burden to me—perhaps because I never had either the ability

or the necessity for doing the manual work I had become a good executive which made housekeeping seem easy

THE BUDDING OF A LIFE OF MY OWN

I did not look forward to a winter of four days in New York with nothing but teas and luncheons and dinners to take up my time. The war had made that seem an impossible mode of living so I mapped out a schedule for myself. I decided that I would learn to cook and I found an ex-cook now married who had an apartment of her own and I went twice a week and cooked an entire meal which I left with her for her family to criticize. I also attended a business school and took a course in typewriting and shorthand every day that I was in New York.

Before I had been in New York many days I was visited by Mrs. Frank Vanderlip who was at that time *chairman* of the League of Women Voters for New York State. She asked if I would join the board and be responsible for reports on national legislation. I explained that I had had little or no contact in Washington with national legislation that I had listened a great deal to the talk that went on around me, and that I would be interested but doubted my ability to do this work. Mrs. Vanderlip said she was sure that I had absorbed more than most of the New York members of the board knew and that I would have the assistance of a very able woman lawyer Miss Elizabeth Read. She would take the Congressional Record go through it and mark the bills which she thought were of interest to the league send for them and even assist me to understand them if I required any assistance.

With this assurance, I finally agreed that I would attempt to do the work. I decided that I would go to Miss Read's office one morning a week and devote that time to the study of legislation and bring home the bills that needed further study before I wrote my monthly reports.

I felt very humble and very inadequate to the job when I

presented myself to Elizabeth Read, but I liked her at once and she gave me a sense of confidence. It was the beginning of a friendship with her and with her friend, Miss Lape, which was to be a lasting and warm friendship. Then on Elizabeth and Esther had a small apartment. Esther has a brilliant mind and a driving force, and of nervous power. Elizabeth seemed calmer, more practical and domestic, but I came to see that hers was a keen and analytical mind and in its way as brilliant as Esther's. I have years thought that Providence was particularly wise and seeing when it threw these two women together, for their mutual complement each other in a most extraordinary way. From their association has come much good work which has been of real service in a good many causes. Gradually I think they came to feel an affection and a certain respect for me because I was willing really to work on these reports and not to expect them to do my work for me.

My husband was working hard, he went occasionally to men's dinners, and I remember many a pleasant evening spent with Elizabeth and Esther in their little apartment. Their standards of work and their interests played a great part in what might be called the intensive education of Eleanor Roosevelt during the next few years.

My mother in law was distressed and felt that I was not always available, as I had been when I lived in New York before I joined the Monday Sewing Class of which she had always been a member. It is now more of a social and charitable institution than an actual sewing group. Some of the ladies still take home sewing but most of them pay their dues and give the work to women who need it. The garments made are distributed to charity. The ladies lunch together every Monday and enjoy one another's company. It pleased my mother in law to have me with her and it gave us a definite engagement together once a week.

I had long since ceased to be dependent on my mother in law, and the fact that my cousin, Mrs. Parish, suffered

from a long illness, lasting several years had made me dependent on her. I wrote fewer letters and asked fewer questions and gave fewer confidences, for I had begun to realize that in my development I was drifting far afield from the influences. I do not mean to imply that I was the better for this. Far from it, but I was thinking things out for myself and becoming an individual. Had I never done this, perhaps I might have been saved some difficult experiences, but I have never regretted even my mistakes. They all added to my understanding of other human beings, and I came out in the end a more tolerant, understanding and charitable person. Life has made life and the study of people more interesting than it could have been if I had remained in the conventional pattern.

I was back on one or two boards for charities, such as the Bryson Day Nursery, but I had developed an aversion to serving on boards and having no personal contact with actual work. I tried to seize whatever opportunities for actual contact with people the nursery presented, but it was not very satisfactory.

Anna and Elliott loved their winter in the country. They had occasional difficulties with Miss Sherwood which she settled in a very satisfactory manner. Elliott built quite a wonderful dam on one of the little brooks that winter in the lower woods, and around it erected a village and farm. He began collecting flowers and tadpoles to put into the pool created by the dam. This was the beginning of an interest which developed into aquariums and collections of all types of aquatic life taken from brooks and ponds during the following winter.

It was a very healthy winter for Anna and Elliott, but in the late spring Miss Sherwood and Anna had an unfortunate accident. They were jumping in one of the burns and jumped into what they thought was a thick pile of hay and found it just a thin layer over the floor. Both of them broke little bones in their feet and were laid up for a time.

James Easter holiday was spent largely in Hyde Park was still very much a little girl and quite content with life she was living with few friends except her brothers and dogs and horses

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

TRIAL BY FIRE

THE summer of 1921 found us all going to Campobello again and various visitors coming up for short or long periods. There was a certain amount of infantile paralysis in some places again this summer, but it was not an epidemic particularly among children as it had been a few years before. My husband did not go up with us but came early in August after we were settled bringing quite a party with him. He did a great deal of navigating on Mr. Van Lear Black's boat which he had joined on his way up the coast.

While Mr. Black and his party were with us we were quite busy and spent days on the water fishing and doing all we could to give them a pleasant time. My husband loved these waters and always wanted everybody who came up to appreciate the fact that they were ideal for sailing and fishing. The fishing is deep-sea fishing and rather uninteresting unless you go outside and into the Bay of Fundy or have the luck to do some casting into schools of fish as they come in.

Everyone who comes up there is always interested in seeing a weir seined. These weirs were built primarily to catch herring which were largely used as domestic sardines. A long line of posts with brush woven in and out leads out from the shore, then a circle with an opening on either side of the straight line is built. The fish that swim in schools are often

chased by larger fish, they strike the line and swim along it until they find the opening and get inside the circle. This circular part of the weir has nets all around it.

Whenever fish are discovered in the weir by the watchman, he blows a horn and all the owners come tearing over with their fishing boats. Frequently this is very early in the morning occasionally it is at night, when flares are used which makes it even more picturesque. The nets around the weir are drawn up from the bottom and of course the openings are closed by nets. The men go inside in their little boats leaving the larger boats outside. After they pull the net up they fill the boats with fish.

The men in their rubber boots, sweaters and sou'westers look like the pictures in the Bible stories and you cannot help thinking of how the apostles drew in their nets and brought their boats in laden with fish.

Mr. Black had left and we were out sailing one afternoon in the little *Vireo* which my husband had bought after giving up the *Half Moon*, in order that the boys might learn to sail. On our return trip we spied a forest fire and of course we had to make for shore at once and go fight the fire. We reached home around four o'clock and my husband who had been complaining of feeling lousy and tired for several days decided it would do him good to go in for a dip in a land locked lake called Lake Glen Severn inside the beach on the other side of the island. The children were delighted and they started away. After their swim Franklin took a dip in the Bay of Fundy and ran home.

When they came in a good deal of mail had arrived and my husband sat around in his bathing suit which was not completely dry and looked at his mail. In a little while he began to complain that he felt a chill and decided he would not eat supper with us but would go to bed and get thoroughly warm. He wanted to avoid catching cold.

In retrospect I realize he had had no real rest since the war. Undoubtedly the hunting trip after the campaign had been

" strenuous and no real rest. Plunging back into business had not given him any opportunity to relax and he probably been going on his nerves.

We had Mrs. Louis Howe and her small boy, Hartley, living in the house with us. Mr. Howe arrived a little later. He had stayed in the Navy Department after my husband had left to look after his papers and be of any assistance to the incoming Assistant Secretary who happened to be Col. Theodore Roosevelt. When Louis finally left the Navy Department he was considering an offer to go into business on a rather lucrative salary and decided to take his holiday at Campobello before he actually made up his mind.

Jean Sherwood and her mother Mrs. Sidney Sherwood were also with us for Mrs. Sherwood and I had become friends while Jean was tutoring the children. I had planned to go on a camping trip with the children who were old enough to go such elders as wanted to go and Captain Calder who was to take charge of the party. He had long been our friend both on the water and on shore during our summer stays on the island. The arrangements were well under way the tents and food on hand and we were to go up a certain river and reach some inland fishing grounds where there were small shacks ready for our use.

The next day however my husband felt less well. He had quite a temperature and I sent for our faithful friend Doctor Bennett in Lubec. Doctor Bennett thought my husband had just an ordinary cold and I decided that the best thing to do was to get everybody else off on his camping trip though I was sufficiently worried not to consider going myself. I put Mrs. Sherwood in charge and Mrs. Howe went along to look after her own small boy.

The camping trip lasted three days and by the time they were back it was very evident that my husband's legs were getting badly paralyzed. Doctor Bennett wanted a consultation and we found that Doctor Keen was in Bar Harbor, Maine. Though he was an old man he readily agreed to come

over By now Mr Howe had arrived and he went with Captain Calder to meet Doctor Keen Doctor Keen decided that it was some form of paralysis but could not explain it My husband's lower legs by this time were paralyzed

For a little while he showed no improvement The days dragged on and the doctors kept saying he must have a nurse but it was hard to get one so I kept on taking care of him and slept on a couch in his room at night His temperature at times was very high It required a certain amount of skilled nursing and I was thankful for every bit of training which Miss Spring had given me

Finally my husband's uncle Mr Frederic Delano begged us to have the well known infantile-paralysis doctor, Doctor Lovett come up from Newport He examined my husband very carefully and after consultation he told me it was *infantile paralysis*

I was in a panic because besides my own children we had Mr Howe's little boy with us I asked Doctor Lovett what the chances were that some of the children would come down with it He calmly said that none of them probably would do so and that they were probably all immune since they were not already ill He added that no one knew at that time how the disease was communicated He took the precaution to change all his garments when he went near his own grand children after visiting a case but he thought it was an entirely useless thing to do This was a great relief to me

After Doctor Lovett's visit we finally got a nurse from New York called Miss Rockey but Doctor Lovett had been so flattering as to certain aspects of my husband's care not knowing that I had been the only nurse on the case that it was decided that I should continue a certain amount of the nursing This I did until we were finally able to move him back to New York

Mrs Howe and her little boy went home in September My mother in law came back from abroad and came up to see my husband and then returned to New York to get things

ready for us. When it was considered safe we obtained a private car in which to move my husband Doctor Bennett agreed to go down with us and it was arranged that the car was to be switched around in Boston so we would be able to go straight into New York without any change. This move required a great deal of planning.

MR HOWE TAKES CHARGE

Mr Howe had made up his mind to give up all idea of taking the position which was open to him and to come back to his old boss, because he saw quite plainly that his help was going to be needed. From that time on he put his whole heart into working for my husband's future. The handling of his mail and the newspapers all fell entirely into Louis' hands.

At first we tried to keep all news out of the papers, not wanting to say anything until we knew something definite about the future. Of course we were anxious to make the trip home as inconspicuous and unsensational as possible. We put Franklin on a stretcher which Captain Calder had improvised and took him down from the house over the rough ground and stony beach and put him into the small motor boat. Chugged two miles across the bay, carried him up the steep gangway and placed him on one of the drays used for luggage in that northern part of the country. Every jolt was painful so we walked to the station and the stretcher went into his compartment in the car through the window.

The strain of this trip must have been very great for my husband. First of all, a sense of helplessness when you have always been able to look after yourself makes you conscious every minute of the ease with which someone may slip and you may be dropped overboard in transferring from the dock to the boat. In addition he had not wanted crowds to witness his departure and of course there was not only kindly interest in Eastport but there was a certain amount of interest inspired by newspapers in other parts of the country that were trying to find out just what was the matter.

MORE READJUSTMENTS

We finally reached New York and here again my husband was taken out of the car through the window and then taken up by ambulance to the Presbyterian Hospital. I have a faint recollection that some of his friends met him at the New York station. I think Tom Lynch, George Draper, who was to be his doctor, and Livy Davis were there. In the next few years Livy was always most attentive and thoughtful always doing the things which you would not expect a man to think of doing.

There followed days and weeks at the Presbyterian Hospital. Doctor Lovett came occasionally but his young associate Dr. George Draper was in charge most of the time.

My brother Hall was now living in Schenectady with his wife, but he was working so hard he rarely came to New York and we saw very little of him. However a number of Franklin's friends were very faithful about visiting him. The children were all back at school and stopped in to see him every day with the exception of James who was in Groton. The time seemed endless but he actually came home before Christmas.

His mother was really very remarkable about this entire illness. It must have been a most terrific strain for her and I am sure that out of sight she wept many hours but with all of us she was very cheerful. She had however made up her mind that Franklin was going to be invalid for the rest of his life and that he would retire to Hyde Park and live there. Her anxiety over his general health was so great that she dreaded his making any effort whatsoever.

Though Franklin was in bed most of the time Miss Buckley took charge of him except in the afternoons. Then I had to be at home. He was tall and heavy to lift but somehow both of us managed to learn to do whatever was necessary. For several weeks that winter his legs were placed in plaster casts in order to stretch the muscles and every day a little of the

cast was chipped out at the back which stretched the muscles a little bit more. This was torture and he bore it without the slightest complaint just as he bore his illness from the very beginning. I never but once have heard him say anything, ordering on discouragement or bitterness. That was some years later when he was debating whether to do something which would cost considerable money and he remarked that he supposed it was better to spend the money on the chance that he might not be quite such a helpless individual.

In many ways this was the most trying winter of my entire life. It was the small personal irritations as I look back upon them now which made life so difficult. My mother-in-law thought we were tiring my husband and that he should be kept completely quiet which made the discussions as to his care somewhat acrimonious on occasion. She always thought that she understood what was best particularly where her child was concerned regardless of what any doctor might say. I felt that if you placed a patient in a doctor's care you must at least follow out his suggestions and treatment. The house was not overlarge and we were very crowded.

Miss Rockey had to have a place to sit in the daytime. My husband's bedroom was in the back of the house on the third floor because it was quieter there. I had given my daughter who was fifteen that winter the choice of whether she would have a large room in the front on the third floor which she would be obliged to share with the nurse Miss Rockey during the afternoon and early evenings or whether she would take a small room on the fourth floor rear next to Elliott's room. This she would have entirely to herself. She chose the latter.

Mr. Howe took the big room on the third floor as he had come to live with us during the week because his wife could find no apartment in New York which was suitable to both their needs and their purse. During the week ends he journeyed to Poughkeepsie where his wife and little boy were installed in a house and his daughter was at Vassar College.

He was downtown most of the day at my husband's office so the nurse could use his room undisturbed

We had a connecting door into a room in my mother in law's house on the fourth floor so the two little boys and their nurse had those rooms. This accounted for all the bedrooms and left me with no room. I slept on a bed in one of the little boys' rooms. I dressed in my husband's bathroom. In the daytime I was too busy to need a room.

Various members of the family thought it their duty to criticize the arrangements which I had made but that never troubled me greatly for I realized that no one else could plan our very complicated daily lives.

The boys soon became entirely oblivious of the fact that their father had ever been ill. By spring he would sit on the floor with the little boys in the library and they would play with him without the slightest idea that he was not able to do anything he wished to do in the way of roughhousing with them.

Anna however felt the strain of the overcrowded house and the atmosphere of anxiety. I had put her in Miss Chapin's School. I canvassed several schools and decided that Miss Chapin had the kind of personality which would appeal to me. I hoped the same relationship would grow up between Anna and Miss Chapin as I had with Miss Souvestre. I did not realize how set and rigid New York schools were and that the girl coming in from outside would be looked upon by all the children as an outsider and could hardly be noticed by the teachers. Anna was very unhappy though I did not realize it. She felt completely lost and the different methods of teaching rather bewildered her. She tried to hide her feelings by being rather devil may-care about her marks and her association with the other girls.

Someone had suggested to her that it was unfair that she should have a little fourth floor room and Mr. Howe should have the large room on the third floor front. Because of constant outside influences the situation grew in her mind to

a point where she felt that I did not care for her and was not giving her any consideration. It never occurred to her that I had far less than she had. There were times at the dinner table when she would annoy her father so much that he would be severe with her and a scene would ensue then she would burst into tears and retire sobbing to her room.

I knew nothing of course of what had been said to her and went rather blindly on thinking that girls of fifteen were far more difficult to bring up than boys were and wondering if as the boys grew older they were going to be so complicated to understand.

I realize now that my attitude toward her had been wrong. She was an adolescent girl and I still treated her like a child and thought of her as a child. It never occurred to me to take her into my confidence and consult with her about our difficulties or tell her just what her father was going through in getting his nerves back into condition.

I have always had a very bad tendency to shut up like a clam particularly when things are going badly and that attitude was accentuated. I think as regards my children I had done so much for them and planned everything and managed everything, as far as the household was concerned for so many years that it never occurred to me that the time comes particularly with a girl when it is important to make her your confidante. If I had realized this I might have saved Anna and myself several years of real unhappiness. I would have understood her a great deal better because she would have been able to talk to me freely and she would have understood me and probably understood her father and all he was fighting against.

As it was I am responsible for having given her a most unhappy time and we can both of us be extremely grateful for the fact that finally the entire situation got on my nerves and one afternoon in the spring when I was trying to read to the two youngest boys I suddenly found myself sobbing as I read. I could not think why I was sobbing nor could I stop

Elliott came in from school dashed in to look at me and fled Mr Howe came in and tried to find out what was the matter with me but he gave it up as a bad job The two little boys went off to bed and I sat on the sofa in the sitting room and sobbed and sobbed I could not go to dinner in this condition Finally I found an empty room in my mother in law's house as she had moved to the country I locked the door and poured cold water on a towel and mopped my face I eventually pulled myself together for it requires an audience as a rule to keep on these emotional jags That is the one and only time I ever remember in my entire life having gone to pieces in this particular manner From that time on I seemed to have got rid of nerves and uncontrollable tears for never again have either of them bothered me

The effect however was rather good on Anna because she began to straighten out, and at last she poured some of her troubles out and told me she knew she had been wrong and that I did love her and from that day to this our mutual understanding has constantly improved

Today no one could ask for a better friend that I have in Anna or she has in me Perhaps because it grew slowly the bond between us is all the stronger No one can tell either of us anything about the other and though we might not always think alike or act alike we always respect each other's motives and there is a type of sympathetic understanding between us which would make a real misunderstanding quite impossible

Doctor Draper felt very strongly that it was better for Franklin to make the effort to take an active part in life again and lead as far as possible a normal life with the normal interests which had always been his Even if it tired him it was better for his general condition

Franklin the previous January had accepted an offer made by Mr Van Lear Black to become vice-president of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Baltimore in charge of the New York office and had worked there until his illness.

Mr Black was a warm friend and kept his place for him until he was well enough to resume his work.

Mr Howe felt that the one way to get my husband's interest aroused was to keep him as much as possible in contact with politics. That seemed to me an almost hopeless task. However, in order to accomplish his ends Mr Howe began to urge me to do some political work. I could think of nothing which I could do but during the spring I was thrown on two or three occasions with a young woman who interested me considerably. Her name was Marion Dickerman. She was interested in working conditions for women and I also understood that she taught in a school. I too was interested in working conditions for women harking back to the interests of my young girlhood. Mrs James Lees Laidlaw asked me to attend a luncheon of the Women's Trade Union League and become an associate member. I went to the luncheon listened attentively to the speeches joined the organization and have been a member ever since. This luncheon was my second contact with some of the women whom I had first met in Washington at the International Conference for Working Women and this resulted in a long association. I have never lost touch with this group. Many of them were interested in politics and I soon found that Marion Dickerman was also interested.

Through my acquaintance with Miss Dickerman I met her friend Nancy Cook. Miss Cook invited me to preside at a luncheon to raise funds for the women's division of the Democratic State Committee. I had been carrying on to a very limited extent my work for the League of Women Voters but I had never done anything for a political organization before nor had I ever made a speech in any sizable gathering in my life. Occasionally during the war of course we had to gather our workers together and give them instructions but that could not be considered speech making. Here I found myself suddenly presiding at a luncheon without the faintest idea of what I was going to say or what work the

organization was really doing. That was the beginning of a warm and lasting friendship with both Miss Dickerman and Miss Cook and through them I met Miss Harriet Myr Mills and Mrs. Caroline O'Day and went to work with the Democratic women of New York State.

CHILDREN DO EDUCATE THEIR PARENTS

We moved to Hyde Park bag and baggage that summer and we spent the whole summer there except for a short time when I took the younger children to Fairhaven for a change of air and some sea bathing. I did not even stay with them all the time but there I became conscious of the fact that I had two young boys who had to learn to do the things that boys must do—swim and ride and camp. I had never done any of these things. I had ridden when I was a child and up to the age of twenty but that was far behind me. I had no confidence in my ability to do physical things at this time. I could go into the water with the boys but I could not swim. It began to dawn upon me that if these two youngest boys were going to have a normal existence without a father to do these things with them I would have to become a good deal more companionable and more of an all around person than I had ever been before.

I began by learning to drive a car. I might as well own up at once that I had two accidents. I drove into the stone gate post of the Hyde Park avenue because I tried to turn while going too fast. I bucked the entire family downhill off the road and down a steep bank and came to a stop because I struck a tree which held us as I was driving through a wood road to a picnic. It was pure luck that I did not overturn the car and seriously injure someone but in both cases no one was hurt. From then on I seemed through sheer determination to gain self-confidence and I have had no further accidents though I knock on wood whenever I say it.

All that summer at Hyde Park my husband struggled to do a great number of things which would make it possible for

him to be more active. He learned to use crutches and walked every day to gain confidence. Each new thing he did took not only determination but great physical effort.

The children also had to do some adjusting, for I realized that I must make a change in the care of the two youngest boys. They had an English nurse, who kept them well but was extremely strict. Now I found for them a young Swiss girl, Mlle. Seline Thiel, who had never held any other position in this country. She came from Neuchâtel, where the French is good. She was pretty and had a wonderful influence on the boys. At first they appalled her, for American children are different from those of any European nationality. They are freer, not so restrained and much more vocal. After she grew accustomed to that she became interested in them, liked their good qualities, learned how to handle them and how to discipline them. She stayed with us until both of them went to boarding school. We were devoted to her and I shall always remember her with gratitude, though she has gone back to her own country and we have not seen her for a good many years.

This autumn of 1922 I took Elliott to Groton School. I drove him up myself, unpacked for him and left a much more miserable little boy than even James had been. I felt that he would settle down as James had done. He was far better prepared, in his work, for he had had one year at the Buckley School, where he had done very well. He passed his examinations without any conditions. My hopes were vain, however, he never really loved the school as James did.

When we went back to New York and when my husband was in New York, he followed an ordinary businessman's routine. He now had a chauffeur to take him back and forth between his office and our house every day.

Through my interest in the League of Women Voters, the Women's Trade Union League and the Democratic State Committee, where now I had become finance chairman, I was beginning to find the political contacts that Louis wanted. I

drove a car on election day and brought people to the polls. I began to learn a good deal about party politics in a small place. It was rather sordid in spots. I worked with our county committee and our associate county chairwoman. I saw how people took money or its equivalent on election day for their votes and how much of the party machinery was geared to crooked business. On the other hand I saw hard work and unselfish public service and fine people in unexpected places. I learned again that human beings are seldom all good or all bad and that few human beings are incapable of rising to the heights now and then.

We were rid of a trained nurse and we never treated my husband as an invalid. Anna had graduated to the large room and we were much less crowded with James and Elliott at school. In the holidays we usually went to Hyde Park. The whole family relationship was simpler. Anna continued to tell me about things which upset her, and her trials and tribulations away from home, and I was able more intelligently to manage the various elements of our existence.

The boys at school had on the average one accident each autumn during the football season which would necessitate my bringing them home or taking them to a hospital for a short time. We had of course a certain amount of illness among the children at home but my husband's general health was good and I had not been ill since John was born. There was really no time for me to think of being ill. In winter my husband had to go South so for two winters we had a houseboat and cruised around the Florida waters. I went down and spent short periods with him and this was my first glimpse of the South in winter. I had never considered holidays in winter or escape from cold weather an essential part of living, and I looked upon it now as a necessity and not a pleasure. I tried fishing but had no skill and no luck. When we anchored at night and the wind blew it all seemed eerie and menacing to me. The beauty of the moon and the stars only added to the strangeness of the dark waters and the tropic vegetation.

and on occasion it could be colder and more uncomfortable than tales of the sunny South led me to believe was possible. West was the one place I remember as having real charm. Miami remains in my mind a nightmare of crowded busy streets, congested with traffic. I was frantically trying to provision the boat there on one occasion with no knowledge of stores or traffic rules.

MY FIRST POLITICAL WORK

In New York I had begun to do a fairly regular job for the women's division of the Democratic State Committee, and was finding work very satisfactory and acquiring pride in doing a semiprofessional job. We started a small mimeographed paper with which Mr. Howe gave me considerable help. We finally had it printed, and in an effort to make it pay for itself, I learned a great deal about advertising, circulation and make up. From Mr. Howe I learned how to make a dummy for the printer, and though he never considered I was really capable of writing the headlines, I became quite proficient in planning, pasting and so on.

Miss Cook and Miss Dickerman and I had become friends in just the way that Miss Lape and Miss Read and I had been first drawn together through the work which we were doing together. This is, I think, one of the most satisfactory ways of making and keeping friends.

Many of my old friends I saw very little, because they led more or less social lives. I had dropped out of what is known as society entirely, as we never went out. Now and then I would go to the theater with a friend, but my free hours were few. Ever since the war my interest had been in doing real work, not in being a dilettante. I gradually found myself more and more interested in workers, less and less interested in my old associates, who were busy doing a variety of things, but who were doing no job in a professional way.

Slowly a friendship grew through all these years with a young couple who lived in Dutchess County, New York. Not

far from us—Mr and Mrs Henry Morgenthau Jr. They were younger and perhaps for that reason we did not at first see so much of one another. We had many interests in common in the county and Mr Morgenthau and my husband were thrown more and more together. Mrs Morgenthau came eventually to work in the women's division of the Democratic State Committee and she and I grew gradually to have a warm affection for each other. Good things are all the better for ripening slowly but today this friendship with Elinor and Henry Morgenthau is one of the things I prize most highly.

During these years I also came to know Mrs. Corne Chapman Catt, Mrs. Raymond Brown, Mrs. Louis Slade, Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach, Lillian Wald, Mary Simkovitch and many other women who had a great influence on me. To all of them I shall be deeply grateful always for opening up so many new avenues of thought and work.

I found time that winter to go with Miss Dieckerman and Miss Cook to the Y. W. C. A. to learn to swim. Miss Dieckerman did a great deal better than I did. Miss Cook never could manage to trust herself in water that was above her waist and I realized that at my age whatever I did would require a long period of practice and was quite content to find myself able to swim a few strokes. By spring I felt prepared to start in teaching the boys.

We began to find the weekends rather complicated and occasionally I went up for the weekend to Hyde Park with the children. While I drove a car quite well now I did not yet trust myself in New York City so we journeyed up and down by train.

SUBSTITUTING FOR FATHER

I made up my mind that the coming summer I must take the youngest boys on a camping trip ending up with a few weeks at Campobello. My mother-in-law took Anna and James and Russell Clark, a cousin who was tutoring James, to

Europe. My husband stayed at Hyde Park and I took Miss Cook, Miss Dickerman and four small boys—Franklin John my nephew, Henry Roosevelt and young George Draper—on a camping trip. Our equipment consisted of two tents, a stove which Miss Cook operated and on which she produced some very good meals, a few pots and pans, a Red Cross kit and as few clothes as we could possibly take.

We went up through New York State, stopped to show the boys Ausable Chasm and Fort Ticonderoga, camping one night in a farmer's field by the Ausable River. We found there another gypsying car with a man who had a family with him. They were taking a swim in the river, much to my joy, for I still had no great faith in my swimming prowess. Should one of the boys get into trouble beyond his depth? Our neighbors were pleasant and I began the process of striking up chance acquaintances which has been one of my chief enjoyments ever since.

We stopped in Montreal just long enough to order the necessary groceries for Campobello, where we were to stay for a couple of weeks. We spent the next night on a French farm halfway to Quebec, where the boys first discovered that there was some point in knowing how to speak the French language. Here Franklin Junior gave himself a nasty cut on the leg with a hatchet. I administered first aid, but did not sew it up or take him to a doctor to have it done, which proved in the long run a great mistake, as it took weeks to heal.

We went on to Quebec, lost George and John, our two youngest boys, from the hotel for a short time, only to discover them blandly strolling back. When I took them to task, I was informed that they had gone out to see the town. A plausible-enough excuse, considering that that was what we were all there for.

I acquired a love for this city, "in the shadow of the rock" which I have never lost. We visited the shrine of St. Anne and proceeded on our way, spending a couple of nights in

the White Mountains. We went up Mt. Washington by the little cog railway and let the boys have the joy of climbing another mountain on tiny burros' backs. Everybody had great fun over the burros except Miss Cook. Her burro lay down every few minutes and tried to roll. The next night we stayed with Miss Mary Dewson at Castine, Maine, and the boys and I shared a guest cottage down by the water. Then to Campobello which I had not seen since my husband's illness and which I found in spite of all our trials was still so serene beautiful and enjoyable.

Miss Dickerman's sister came up with another party and they drove our car home and used our camping equipment. We took the train down, turning our visiting boys back to their respective families and were home before the end of August.

MUST A FAMILY HAVE A PIVOT?

In the autumn of 1921 my sister-in-law Margaret's fourth baby, a little girl named after me, was born, and one evening the following winter my brother appeared at the New York house and asked if I would go out to dinner with him. I sensed that this was no pleasure jaunt and that he wanted to see me alone.

We went out together and over a small restaurant table with people all around us he told me that he had decided to get a divorce. I knew what this would mean to the family, all of whom believed that when you had made your bed you had to lie in it. However, I had long watched the relationship with a constantly growing anxiety. My brother at that time was young and impatient, at times ruthless, quicker than any of anyone I had ever known and with a brilliant mind. Margaret tried to enter into his life and understand the various undertakings and responsibilities which he picked up, but by the time she had begun to understand them he had found other fields to explore.

I kept remembering as he talked a vision of Mrs. Selmes'

advice was, Have something you want to say, say it and sit down

Under Mrs O'Day, who was state vice-chairman of the Democratic State Committee I did a certain amount of organization work each summer among the Democratic women of the state I usually went with either Miss Dickerman or Miss Cook I paid my own traveling expenses and so did Mrs O'Day because money raising was hard for the women we felt every expense must be kept down Miss Cook did wonders of economical management All the work among the women had been started by Miss Harnet May Mills, who for many years was the outstanding Democratic woman leader of New York State Even after her retirement as vice-chairman of the state committee she always responded to every call for assistance I was always glad of this experience because I came to know my state the people who lived in it and rural and urban conditions extremely well

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

FRANKLIN'S RETURN TO POLITICS

SINCE his illness my husband had undertaken the presidency of the Boy Scout Foundation the presidency of the American Construction Council the chairmanship of the American Legion campaign and a number of other nonpolitical activities His only political effort during those years was in the summer of 1922 when he helped to persuade Al Smith to run again for the governorship

He was entirely well again and lived a normal life in every way restricted only by his inability to walk On the whole his general physical condition improved year by year until

he really was stronger in some ways than before his illness. He always went away in the winter for a time and in summer for a long vacation, trying in each case either to take treatment or at least to keep up exercises which would improve his ability to get about.

In the spring of 1924, before the National Democratic Convention met in New York, Al Smith, who was a candidate for the presidential nomination, asked him to manage his pre-convention campaign. This was the first time that my husband was to be in the public eye since his illness. A thousand and one little arrangements had to be made and Louis was much excited and very carefully planned each step of the way. I fear I did not understand the importance of many things as he did.

I was fairly busy, for I had been asked to take charge of the committee to present to the resolutions committee of the convention some of the planks of interest to women. This was to be a new step in my education. I knew a little now about local politics, a good deal through the League of Women Voters and through my Democratic organization work, about my state legislation and state politics, and I was to see for the first time where the women stood when it came to a national convention. I shortly discovered that they were of very little importance. They stood outside the door of all important meetings and waited. I did get my resolutions in but how much consideration they got was veiled in mystery behind closed doors.

James was old enough to act as a page and to be fairly near his father during the entire convention. Few people will forget the heat of New York and the way that convention dragged itself out. I had opened our New York house in spite of the fact that it was fairly well closed for the summer, and had taken in a number of women from upstate New York. I had not expected to have them for quite such a long time, but at least we were in our own home. The women's day

of the state committee also had rooms in a hotel, which were hospitably open to the women at all times

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF 1924

I heard rumors of all kinds of maneuvers and all the different things that the men were talking about drifted my way but most of the time at the convention I sat and knitted suffered with the heat and wished it would end

At this convention I caught my first glimpse of Will Rogers when he wandered by the box one day and asked "Knitting in the names of the future victims of the guillotine?" I felt like saying that I was almost ready to call any punishment down on the heads of those who could not bring the convention to a close

Mrs ODay and I together gave a reception which was supposed to be for New York State delegates but it turned out to include delegates from many other states in the union In the midst of it we got word that Mrs ODay's younger son Charlie had caught his leg in diving and broken it She had to leave early and go out to her home in Rye New York

The brightest spot in the whole convention for me was the fact that Isabella Ferguson who had now remarried had come on for the convention She was now Mrs John C. Greenway, and he was a delegate from Arizona Isabella had been a widow only a short while when her mother became very ill but happily Mrs Selmes lived to see Isabella married to John Greenway so she knew that her beloved daughter would be cared for with love and devotion How closely interwoven all through life are happiness and sorrow! I think there was very little sorrow in Mrs Selmes death She had a zest for life and she was not a good invalid Those who loved her missed her greatly and if I may judge by my own feelings, I imagine she has lived on in the hearts of all those who knew her well

John and Isabella asked if they could take Anna back with them to spend some weeks with Isabella's daughter Martha

and we gladly agreed. It is rare that one's children pick up the thread of their parents' friendship, but in this case our two daughters carry on our affection and are happy in each other's company. So before the convention finally came to an end, John and Isabella started for the West with the most excited companion Anna could see little of interest in a convention, but a trip to the West, with prospects of any number of horses and new country and customs to discover, was a real adventure for an eighteen year-old girl.

Finally, in spite of all that could be done, in spite of a really fine nominating speech by my husband and the persuasion and influence of many other people in the convention, Al Smith lost the nomination. My husband stepped gracefully out of the political picture, though he did make one or two speeches, I think, for Mr John W Davis.

I took my politics so seriously that in the early autumn I came down to the state headquarters and went seriously to work in the state campaign.

The Democratic national ticket lost but Governor Smith was again elected governor of New York State and there was great rejoicing in our state headquarters.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

THE END OF A PERIOD

And now I have come to the last chapter, at least for the time being of *My Story* for the record of the next few years is a gradual increase in my husband's political activity and the time for that story to be written is not yet. It occurs to me to wonder why any one should ever have the courage, or as many people probably think, the vanity to write an autobiography!

In analyzing my own reasons I think I had two objectives—one was to give a picture if possible of the world in which I grew up and which seems to me today to be changed in many ways. The other to give as truthful a picture as possible of a human being. A real picture of any human being seems to me interesting in itself and it is especially interesting when we can follow the play of other personalities upon that human being and perhaps get a picture of a group of people and of the influence on them of the period in which they lived.

The great difference between the world of the 1880s and today seems to me to be in the extraordinary speeding up of our physical surroundings.

I was for many years a sounding board for the teachings and influences of my immediate surroundings. The ability to think for myself did not develop until I was well on in life and therefore no real personality developed in my early youth. This will not be so of young people of today; they must become individuals responsible for themselves at a much earlier age because of the conditions in which they find themselves in their everyday lives. The world of my grandmother was a world of well-ordered custom and habit, more or less slow to change. The world of today accepts something new overnight and in two years it has become the old and established custom and we have almost forgotten it was ever new.

The reason that fiction is more interesting than any other form of literature to those of us who really like to study people is that in fiction the author can really tell the truth without hurting any one and without humiliating himself too much. He can tell what he has learned through observation and experience of the inner workings of the souls of men. In an autobiography this is hard to do, try as you will. The more honest you can be about yourself and others, however, the more valuable what you have written will be in the future as a picture of the people and their problems during the period covered by the autobiography.

Every individual as he goes through life has different problems and reacts differently to the same circumstances. Different individuals see and feel the same things in different ways. Something in them colors the world and their lives. Their experiences and their lessons will be different in each individual case.

To me who dreamed so much as a child who made a dream world in which I was the heroine of an unending story the lives of the people around me have continued to have a certain storybook quality. I have tried to give enough of a sketch of the young aunts and uncles with whom I lived for you to realize I hope what they meant in my development.

In later years I came to feel toward Vallie and Eddie that I was grown up and that they were children because they lost their power of self-control. But in the years when I was small they were wonderful people to me.

The fact for instance that Eddie would come to the quiet house on the Hudson in summer take a volume of Dickens or Scott from the library shelf and settle himself in a chair on the porch and read that volume through in a day gave me the desire to read those particular authors.

Both Vallie and Eddie were stars at tennis good in fact in all athletic sports and I admired them greatly. I gained from them an appreciation of skill and grace and good sportsmanship. I learned that you won with modesty and accepted defeat gracefully.

I was always timid and a real physical coward but the fact that I knew they would not understand my fears made me do many things I would not have done otherwise. I remember the first time they suggested that I try to shoot one of their guns I was terrified of the noise and the kick but it took more courage to refuse than to pull the trigger!

Vallie was more at home than Eddie and so he took more interest in the farm and in actually working on the place.

but to us today it is a mere platitude and our children and grandchildren will accept it without turning a hair

On the other side of my family, of course many people whom I have mentioned will be described far better and more fully by other people except in the case of my father whose short and happy early life was so tragically ended With him I have a curious feeling that as long as he remains to me the vivid, living person that he is he will after the manner of the people in the Blue Bird be alive and continue to exert his influence which was always a very gentle, kindly one

The more the world speeds up the more it seems to me necessary that we should learn to pick out of the past the things that we feel were important and beautiful then One of these things was a quality of tranquillity in people which you rarely meet today Perhaps one must have certain periods of life lived in more or less tranquil surroundings in order to attain that particular quality I read not long ago in David Grayson's "The Countryman's Year" these words "Bick of tranquillity lies always conquered unhappiness. That may be so but perhaps these grandparents of ours found it a little easier to conquer unhappiness because their lives were not lived at high tension so constantly All of us must conquer some unhappiness in our lives. Why not try occasionally what a little dose of quiet nature with a day in and day out routine of necessary ordinary things to do close to the realities of life will do for us?"

Autobiographies are after all only useful as the lives you read about and analyze may suggest to you something that you may find useful in your own journey through life I do not expect of course that any one will find exactly the same experiences or the same mistakes or the same gratifications that I have found but perhaps my very foolishness may be helpful The mistakes I made when my children were young may give some help or consolation to some troubled and groping mother The fear I had of my very well trained